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THOMAS HARDY

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NELLA BRADDY

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JUNE 1-14

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JUNE

*Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us;
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the Devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
There is no price set on the lavish summer;
And June may be had by the poorest comer.*

*And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
As tilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?*

*Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbd away
Comes flooding back, with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!*

*Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green, or skies to be blue,—
'Tis the natural way of living:
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.*

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

THE genesis of the University Library lies in a compilation of "Little Masterpieces," the first of which were published more than twenty-five years ago. The material included in these volumes was selected by able editors and writers whose experience was great and whose taste was excellent. Out of the "Little Masterpieces" grew a course in liberal education which was known as the Pocket University, and out of the Pocket University grew, finally, the University Library.

The publishers most gratefully acknowledge their debt to the editors who compiled the original volumes: Bliss Perry, Henry van Dyke, Hardin Craig, Thomas L. Masson, Asa Don Dickinson, the late Hamilton W. Mabie, George Iles, the late Dr. Lyman Abbott, and others.

Some of the most important material contained in the Pocket University is, of course, included in the University Library but the sequence has been entirely changed and the scope of the work greatly broadened. Fully two thirds of the material is new and the literature of the world has been ransacked to find appropriate text to fit the basic educational needs of the modern public.

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READING FOR JUNE 1-14

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JUNE 1

(Christopher Marlowe, died June 1, 1593)

I

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

COME live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Wood or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my Love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my Love.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

II

HER REPLY

IF ALL the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy Love.

But Time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb;
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward Winter reckoning yields:
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither—soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,—
All those in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy Love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy Love.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

PORCELAIN CUPS*

I

Of Greatness Intimately Viewed

OH, BUT they are beyond praise," said Cynthia Allonby, enraptured, "and certainly you should have presented them to the Queen."

"Her Majesty already possesses a cup of that ware," replied Lord Pevensey. "It was one of her New Year's gifts, from Robert Cecil. Hers is, I believe, not quite so fine as either of yours; but then, they tell me, there is not the like of this pair in England, nor indeed on the hither side of Cataia."

He set the two pieces of Chinese pottery upon the shelves in the south corner of the room. These cups were of that sea-green tint called *céladon*, with a very wonderful glow and radiance. Such

*From "The Line of Love," published, 1921, by Robert M. McBride and Company, copyright by the author.

oddities were the last vogue at court in this year of grace 1593: and Cynthia could not but speculate as to what monstrous sum Lord Pevensey had paid for this his last gift to her.

Now he turned, smiling, a really superb creature in his blue and gold. "I had to-day another message from the Queen——"

"George," Cynthia said, with fond concern, "it frightens me to see you thus foolhardy, in tempting alike the Queen's anger and the Plague."

"Eh, as goes the Plague, it spares nine out of ten," he answered, lightly. "The Queen, I grant you, is another pair of sleeves, for an irritated Tudor spares nobody."

But Cynthia Allonby kept silence, and did not exactly smile, while she appraised her famous young kinsman. She was flattered by, and a little afraid of, the gay self-confidence which led anybody to take such chances. Two weeks ago it was that the painted terrible old Queen had named Lord Pevensey to go straightway into France, where, rumor had it, King Henry was preparing to renounce the Reformed Religion, and making his peace with the Pope: and for two weeks Pevensey had lingered, on one pretence or another, at his house in London, with the Plague creeping about the city like an invisible, incalculable flame, and the Queen asking questions at Windsor. Of all the monarchs that had ever reigned in England, Elizabeth was the least used to having her orders disregarded. Meanwhile, Lord Pevensey came every day to the Marquis of Falmouth's lodgings

at Deptford; and every day Lord Pevensey pointed out to the marquis's daughter that Pevensey, whose wife had died in childbirth a year back, did not intend to go into France, for nobody could foretell how long a stay, as a widower. Certainly it was all very flattering. . . .

"Yes, and you would be an excellent match," said Cynthia, aloud, "if that were all. And yet, what must I reasonably expect in marrying, sir, the famous Earl of Pevensey?"

"A great deal of love and petting, my dear. And if there were anything else to which you had a fancy, I would get it for you."

Her glance went to those lovely cups and lingered fondly. "Yes, dear Master Generosity, if it could be purchased or manufactured, you would get it for me——"

"If it exists I will get it for you," he declared.

"I think that it exists. But I am not learned enough to know what it is. George, if I married you I would have money and fine clothes and soft hours and many lackeys to wait on me, and honor from all men. And you would be kind to me, I know, when you returned from the day's work at Windsor—or Holyrood or the Louvre. But do you not see that I would always be to you only a rather costly luxury, like those cups, which the Queen's minister could afford to keep for his hours of leisure?"

He answered: "You are all in all to me. You know it. Oh, very well do you know and abuse your power, you adorable and lovely baggage, who

have kept me dancing attendance for a fortnight, without ever giving me an honest yes or no." He gesticulated. "Well, but life is very dull in Deptford village, and it amuses you to twist a Queen's adviser around your finger! I see it plainly, you minx, and I acquiesce because it delights me to give you pleasure, even at the cost of some dignity. Yet I may no longer shirk the Queen's business—no, not even to amuse you, my dear."

"You said you had heard from her—again?"

"I had this morning my orders, under Gloriana's own fair hand, either to depart to-morrow into France or else to come to-morrow to Windsor. I need not say that in the circumstances I consider France the more wholesome."

Now the girl's voice was hurt and wistful. "So, for the thousandth time, is it proven the Queen's business means more to you than I do. Yes, certainly it is just as I said, George."

He observed, unruffled: "My dear, I scent unreason. This is a high matter. If the French King compounds with Rome, it means war for Protestant England. Even you must see that."

She replied, sadly: "Yes, even I! oh, certainly, my lord, even a half-witted child of seventeen can perceive as much as that."

"I was not speaking of half-witted persons, as I remember. Well, it chances that I am honored by the friendship of our gallant Béarnais, and am supposed to have some claim upon him, thanks to my good fortune last year in saving his life from the assassin Barrière. It chances that I may per-

haps become, under providence, the instrument of preserving my fellow countrymen from much grief and trumpet-sounding and throat-cutting. Instead of pursuing that chance, two weeks ago—as was my duty—I have dangled at your apron strings, in the vain hope of softening the most variable and hardest heart in the world. Now, clearly, I have not the right to do that any longer.”

She admired the ennobled, the slightly rapt look which, she knew, denoted that George Bulner was doing his duty as he saw it, even in her disappointment. “No, you have not the right. You are wedded to your state-craft, to your patriotism, to your self-advancement, or christen it what you will. You are wedded, at all events, to your man’s business. You have not the time for such trifles as giving a maid that foolish and lovely sort of wooing to which every maid looks forward in her heart of hearts. Indeed, when you married the first time it was a kind of infidelity; and I am certain that poor dear mouse-like Mary must have felt that often and over again. Why, do you not see, George, even now, that your wife will always come second to your real love?”

“In my heart, dear sophist, you will always come first. But it is not permitted that any loyal gentleman devote every hour of his life to sighing and making sonnets, and to the general solacing of a maid’s loneliness in this dull little Deptford. Nor would you, I am sure, desire me to do so.”

“I hardly know what I desire,” she told him ruefully. “But I know that when you talk of

your man's business I am lonely and chilled and far away from you. And I know that I cannot understand more than half your fine high notions about duty and patriotism and serving England and so on," the girl declared: and she flung wide her lovely little hands, in a despairing gesture. "I admire you, sir, when you talk of England. It makes you handsomer—yes, even handsomer!—somehow. But all the while I am remembering that England is just an ordinary island inhabited by a number of ordinary persons, for the most of whom I have no particular feeling one way or the other."

Pevensey looked at her for a while with queer tenderness. Then he smiled. "No, I could not quite make you understand, my dear. But, ah, why fuddle that quaint little brain by trying to understand such matters as lie without your realm? For a woman's kingdom is the home, my dear, and her throne is in the heart of her husband——"

"All this is but another way of saying your lordship would have us cups upon a shelf," she pointed out—"in readiness for your leisure."

He shrugged, said "Nonsense!" and began more lightly to talk of other matters. Thus and thus he would do in France, such and such trinkets he would fetch back—"as toys for the most whimsical, the loveliest, and the most obstinate child in all the world," he phrased it. And they would be married, Pevensey declared, in September: nor (he gaily said) did he propose to have any further

argument about it. Children should be seen—the proverb was dusty, but it particularly applied to pretty children.

Cynthia let him talk. She was just a little afraid of his self-confidence, and of this tall nobleman's habit of getting what he wanted, in the end: but she dispiritedly felt that Pevensey had failed her. He treated her as a silly infant: and his want of her, even in that capacity, was a secondary matter: he was going into France, for all his petting talk, and was leaving her to shift as she best might, until he could spare the time to resume his love-making. . . .

II

What Comes of Scribbling

Now when Pevensey had gone the room seemed darkened by the withdrawal of so much magnificence. Cynthia watched from the window as the tall earl rode away, with three handsomely clad retainers. Yes, George was very fine and admirable, no doubt of it: even so, there was relief in the reflection that for a month or two she was rid of him.

Turning, she faced a lean, dishevelled man, who stood by the Magdalen tapestry scratching his chin. He had unquiet bright eyes, this out-at-elbows poet whom a marquis's daughter was pleased to patronize, and his red hair to-day was unpardonably tousled. Nor were his manners beyond reproach, for now, without saying any-

thing, he, too, went to the window. He dragged one foot a little as he walked.

"So my lord Pevensey departs! Look how he rides in triumph! like lame Tamburlaine, with Techelles and Usumcasane and Theridamas to attend him, and with the sunset turning the dust raised by their horses' hoofs into a sort of golden haze about them. It is a beautiful world. And truly, Mistress Cyn," the poet said, reflectively, "that Pevensey is a very splendid ephemera. If not a king himself, at least he goes magnificently to settle the affairs of kings. Were modesty not my failing, Mistress Cyn, I would acclaim you as strangely lucky, in being beloved by two fine fellows that have not their like in England."

"Truly you are not always thus modest, Kit Marlowe——"

"But Lord, how seriously Pevensey takes it all! and himself in particular! Why, there departs from us, in befitting state, a personage whose opinion as to every topic in the world is written legibly in the carriage of those fine shoulders, even when seen from behind and from so considerable a distance. And in not one syllable do any of these opinions differ from the opinions of his great-great-grandfathers. Oho, and hark to Deptford! now all the oafs in the Corn-market are cheering this bulwark of Protestant England, this rising young hero of a people with no nonsense about them. Yes, it is a very quaint and rather splendid ephemera."

A marquis's daughter could not quite approve of

the way in which this shoemaker's son, however talented, railed at his betters. "Pevensey will be the greatest man in these kingdoms some day. Indeed, Kit Marlowe, there are those who say he is that much already."

"Oh, very probably! Still, I am puzzled by human greatness. A century hence what will he matter, this Pevensey? His ascent and his declension will have been completed, and his foolish battles and treaties will have given place to other foolish battles and treaties, and oblivion will have swallowed this glistening bluebottle, plumes and fine lace and stately ruff and all. Why, he is but an adviser to the queen of half an island, whereas my Tamburlaine was lord of all the golden ancient East: and what does my Tamburlaine matter now, save that he gave Kit Marlowe the subject of a drama? Hah, softly though! for does even that very greatly matter? Who really cares to-day about what scratches were made upon wax by that old Euripides, the latchet of whose sandals I am not worthy to unloose? No, not quite worthy, as yet!"

And thereupon the shabby fellow sat down in the tall leather-covered chair which Pevensey had just vacated: and this Marlowe nodded his flaming head portentously. "Hoh, look you, I am displeased, Mistress Cyn, I cannot lend my approval to this over-greedy oblivion that gapes for all. No, it is not a satisfying arrangement that I should teeter insecurely through the void on a gob of mud, and be expected by and by to relinquish

even that crazy foothold. Even for Kit Marlowe death lies in wait! and it may be, not anything more after death, not even any lovely words to play with. Yes, and this Marlowe may amount to nothing, after all: and his one chance of amounting to that which he intends may be taken away from him at any moment!"

He touched the breast of a weather-beaten doublet. He gave her that queer twisted sort of smile which the girl could not but find attractive, somehow. He said: "Why but this heart thumping here inside me may stop any moment like a broken clock. Here is Euripides writing better than I: and here in my body, under my hand, is the mechanism upon which depend all those masterpieces that are to blot the Athenian from the reckoning, and I have no control of it!"

"Indeed, I fear that you control few things," she told him, "and that least of all do you control your taste for taverns and bad women. Oh, I hear tales of you!" And Cynthia raised a reproving forefinger.

"True tales, no doubt." He shrugged. "Lacking the moon he vainly cried for, the child learns to content himself with a penny whistle."

"Ah, but the moon is far away," the girl said, smiling—"too far to hear the sound of human crying: and besides, the moon, as I remember it, was never a very amorous goddess——"

"Just so," he answered: "also she was called Cynthia, and she, too, was beautiful."

"Yet is it the heart that cries to me, my poet?" she asked him, softly, "or just the lips?"

"Oh, both of them, most beautiful and inaccessible of goddesses." Then Marlowe leaned toward her, laughing and shaking that disreputable red head. "Still you are very foolish, in your latest incarnation, to be wasting your rays upon carpet earls who will not outwear a century. Were modesty not my failing, I repeat, I could name somebody who will last longer. Yes, and—if, but I lacked that plaguey virtue—I would advise you to go a-gypsying with that nameless somebody, so that two manikins might snatch their little share of the big things that are eternal just as the butterfly fares intrepidly and joyously, with the sun for his torch-boy, through a universe wherein thought cannot estimate the unimportance of a butterfly, and wherein not even the chaste moon is very important. Yes, certainly I would advise you to have done with this vanity of courts and masques, of satins and fans and fiddles, this dallying with tinsels and bright vapors; and very movingly I would exhort you to seek out Arcadia, traveling hand in hand with that still nameless somebody." And of a sudden the restless man began to sing.

Sang Kit Marlowe:

"Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods or steepy mountain yields.

“And we sill sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals——”

But the girl shook her small, wise head decisively.

“That is all very fine, but, as it happens, there is no such place as this Arcadia, where people can frolic in perpetual sunlight the year round, and find their food and clothing miraculously provided. No, nor can you, I am afraid, give me what all maids really, in their heart of hearts, desire far more than any sugar-candy Arcadia. Oh, as I have so often told you, Kit, I think you love no woman. You love words. And your seraglio is tenanted by very beautiful words, I grant you, though there is no longer any Sestos builded of agate and crystal, either, Kit Marlowe. For, as you may perceive, sir, I have read all that lovely poem you left with me last Thursday——”

She saw how interested he was, saw how he almost smirked. “Aha, so you think it not quite bad, eh, the conclusion of my ‘Hero and Leander’?”

“It is your best. And your middlemost, my poet, is better than aught else in English,” she said, politely, and knowing how much he delighted to hear such remarks.

“Come, I retract my charge of foolishness, for you are plainly a wench of rare discrimination. And yet you say I do not love you! Cynthia, you are beautiful, you are perfect in all things.

You are that heavenly Helen of whom I wrote, some persons say, acceptably enough—— How strange it was I did not know that Helen was dark-haired and pale! for certainly yours is that immortal loveliness which must be served by poets in life and death."

"And I wonder how much of these ardors," she thought, "is kindled by my praise of his verses?" She bit her lip, and she regarded him with a hint of sadness. She said, aloud: "But I did not, after all, speak to Lord Pevensey concerning the printing of your poem. Instead, I burned your 'Hero and Leander.'"

She saw him jump, as under a whip-lash. Then he smiled again, in that wry fashion of his. "I lament the loss to letters, for it was my only copy. But you knew that."

"Yes, Kit, I knew it was your only copy."

"Oho! and for what reason did you burn it, may one ask?"

"I thought you loved it more than you loved me. It was my rival, I thought——" The girl was conscious of remorse, and yet it was remorse commingled with a mounting joy.

"And so you thought a jingle scribbled upon a bit of paper could be your rival with me!"

Then Cynthia no longer doubted, but gave a joyous little sobbing laugh, for the love of her disreputable dear poet was sustaining the stringent testing she had devised. She touched his freckled hand caressingly, and her face was as no man had ever seen it, and her voice, too, caressed him.

"Ah, you have made me the happiest of women, Kit! Kit, I am almost disappointed in you, though, that you do not grieve more for the loss of that beautiful poem."

His smiling did not waver; yet the lean, red-haired man stayed motionless. "Do I appear perturbed?" he said. "Why, but see how lightly I take the destruction of my life-work in this, my masterpiece! For I can assure you it was a masterpiece, the fruit of two years' toil and of much loving repolishment——"

"Ah, but you love me better than such matters, do you not?" she asked him, tenderly. "Kit Marlowe, I adore you! Sweetheart, do you not understand that a woman wants to be loved utterly and entirely? She wants no rivals, not even paper rivals. And so often when you talked of poetry I have felt lonely and chilled and far away from you, and I have been half envious, dear, of your Heros and your Helens, and your other good-for-nothing Greek minxes. But now I do not mind them at all. And I will make amends, quite prodigal amends, for my naughty jealousy; and my poet shall write me some more lovely poems, so he shall——"

He said "You fool!"

And she drew away from him, for this man was no longer smiling.

"You burned my 'Hero and Leander'! You! you big-eyed fool! You lisping idiot! you wriggling, cuddling worm! you silken bag of guts! had not even you the wit to perceive it was immortal

beauty which would have lived long after you and I were stinking dirt? And you, a half-witted animal, a shining, chattering parrot, lay claws to it!" Marlowe had risen in a sort of seizure, in a condition which was really quite unreasonable when you considered that only a poem was at stake, even a rather long poem.

And Cynthia began to smile, with tremulous, hurt-looking young lips. "So my poet's love is very much the same as Pevensey's love! And I was right, after all."

"Oh, oh!" said Marlowe, "that ever a poet should love a woman! What jokes does the lewd flesh contrive!" Of a sudden he was calmer: and then rage fell from him like a dropped cloak, and he viewed her as with respectful wonder. "Why, but you sitting there, with goggling innocent bright eyes, are an allegory of all that is most droll and tragic. Yes, and indeed there is no reason to blame you. It is not your fault that every now and then is born a man who serves an idea which is to him the most important thing in the world. It is not your fault that this man perforce inhabits a body to which the most important thing in the world is a woman. Certainly it is not your fault that this compost makes yet another jumble of his two desires, and persuades himself that the two are somehow allied. The woman inspires, the woman uplifts, the woman strengthens him for his high work, saith he! Well, well, perhaps there are such women, but by land and sea I have encountered none of them."

All this was said while Marlowe shuffled about the room, with bent shoulders, and nodding his tousled red head, and limping as he walked. Now Marlowe turned, futile and shabby-looking, just where Pevensey had loomed resplendent awhile since. Again she saw the poet's queer, twisted, jeering smile.

"What do you care for my ideals? What do you care for the ideals of that tall earl whom you have held from his proper business for a fortnight? or for the ideals of any man alive? Why, not one thread of that dark hair, not one snap of those white little fingers, except when ideals irritate you by distracting a man's attention from Cynthia Allonby. Otherwise, he is welcome enough to play with his incomprehensible toys."

He jerked a thumb toward the shelves behind him.

"Oho, you virtuous pretty ladies! what all you value is such matters as those cups: they please the eye, they are worth sound money, and people envy you the possession of them. So you cherish your shiny mud cups and you burn my 'Hero and Leander': and I declaim all this dull nonsense, over the ashes of my ruined dreams, thinking at bottom of how pretty you are, and of how much I would like to kiss you. That is the real tragedy, the immemorial tragedy, that I should still hanker after you, my Cynthia——"

His voice dwelt tenderly upon her name. His fever-haunted eyes were tender, too, for just a moment. Then he grimaced.

"No, I am wrong—the tragedy strikes deeper. The root of it is that there is in you and in all your glittering kind no malice, no will to do harm nor to hurt anything, but just a bland and invincible and, upon the whole, a well-meaning stupidity, informing a bright and soft and delicately scented animal. So you work ruin among those men who serve ideals, not foreplanning ruin, not desiring to ruin anything, not even having sufficient wit to perceive the ruin when it is accomplished. You are, when all is done, not even detestable, not even a worthy peg whereon to hang denunciatory sonnets, you shallow-pated pretty creatures whom poets—oh, and in youth all men are poets!—whom poets, now and always, are doomed to hanker after to the detriment of their poesy. No, I concede it: you kill without premeditation, and without ever suspecting your hands to be anything but stainless. So in logic I must retract all my harsh words; and I must, without any hint or reproach, endeavor to bid you a somewhat more civil farewell."

She had regarded him, throughout this preposterous and uncalled-for harangue, with sad composure, with a forgiving pity. Now she asked him, very quietly, "Where are you going, Kit?"

"To the Golden Hind, O gentle, patient, and unjustly persecuted virgin martyr!" he answered, with an exaggerated bow—"since that is the part in which you now elect to posture."

"Not to that low, vile place again!"

"But certainly I intend in that tavern to get tipsy as quickly as possible: for then the first

woman I see will for the time become the woman whom I desire, and who exists nowhere." And with that the red-haired man departed, limping and singing as he went to look for a trull in a pot-house.

Sang Kit Marlowe:

"And I will make her beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

"A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold——"

III

Economics of Egeria

She sat quite still when Marlowe had gone.

"He will get drunk again," she thought, despondently. "Well, and why should it matter to me if he does, after all that outrageous ranting? He has been unforgivably insulting—Oh, but none the less, I do not want to have him babbling of the roses and gold of that impossible fairy world which the poor, frantic child really believes in, to some painted woman of the town who will laugh at him. I loathe the thought of her laughing at him—and kissing him! His notions are wild foolishness; but I at least wish that they were not foolishness, and that hateful woman will not care one way or the other."

So Cynthia sighed, and to comfort her forlorn condition fetched a hand-mirror from the shelves whereon glowed her green cups. She touched each cup caressingly in passing; and that which she found in the mirror, too, she regarded not unappreciatively, from varying angles. . . . Yes, after all, dark hair and a pale skin had their advantages at a court where pink and yellow women were so much the fashion as to be common. Men remembered you more distinctively. Though nobody cared for men, in view of their unreasonable behavior, and their absolute self-centeredness. . . . Oh, it was pitiable, it was grotesque, she reflected sadly, how Pevensey and Kit Marlowe had both failed her, after so many pretty speeches.

Still, there was a queer pleasure in being wooed by Kit: his insane notions went to one's head like wine. She would send Meg for him again tomorrow. And Pevensey was, of course, the best match imaginable. . . . No, it would be too heartless to dismiss George Bulmer outright. It was unreasonable of him to desert her because a Gascon threatened to go to mass; but, after all, she would probably marry George in the end. He was really almost unendurably silly, though, about England and freedom and religion, and right and wrong, and things like that. Yes, it would be tedious to have a husband who often talked to you as though he were addressing a public meeting. . . . However, he was very handsome—particularly in his highflown and most tedious mo-

ments. That year-old son of his was sickly and would probably die soon, the sweet, forlorn little pet, and not be a bother to anybody: and her dear old father would be profoundly delighted by the marriage of his daughter to a man whose wife could have at will a dozen celadon cups, and anything else she chose to ask for. . . .

But now the sun had set, and the room was growing quite dark. So Cynthia stood a-tiptoe, and replaced the mirror upon the shelves, setting it upright behind those wonderful green cups which had anew reminded her of Pevensey's wealth and generosity. She smiled a little, to think of what fun it had been to hold George back, for two whole weeks, from discharging that horrible old queen's stupid errands.

IV

Treats Philosophically of Breakage

The door opened. Stalwart young Captain Edward Musgrave came with a lighted candle, which he placed carefully upon the table in the room's center.

He said: "They told me you were here. I come from London. I bring news for you."

"You bring no pleasant tidings, I fear——"

"As Lord Pevensey rode through the Strand this afternoon, on his way home, the Plague smote him. That is my sad news. I grieve to bring such news, for your cousin was a worthy gentleman and universally respected."

"Ah," Cynthia said, very quiet, "so Pevensey is dead. But the Plague kills quickly!"

"Yes, yes, that is a comfort, certainly. Yes, he turned quite black in the face, they report, and before his men could reach him had fallen from his horse. It was all over almost instantly. I saw him afterward, hardly a pleasant sight. I came to you as soon as I could. I was vexatiously detained——"

"So George Bulmer is dead, in a London gutter! It seems strange, because he was here, befriended by monarchs, and very strong and handsome and self-confident, hardly two hours ago. Is that his blood upon your sleeve?"

"But of course not! I told you I was vexatiously detained, almost at your gates. Yes, I had the ill luck to blunder into a disgusting business. The two rapsallions tumbled out of a doorway under my horse's very nose, egad! It was a near thing I did not ride them down. So I stopped, naturally. I regretted stopping, afterward, for I was too late to be of help. It was at the Golden Hind, of course. Something really ought to be done about that place. Yes, and that Rogue Marler bled all over a new doublet, as you see. And the Deptford constables held me with their foolish interrogatories——"

"So one of the fighting men was named Marlowe! Is he dead, too, dead in another gutter?"

"Marlowe or Marler, or something of the sort—wrote plays and sonnets and such stuff, they tell me. I do not know anything about him—though,

I give you my word now, those greasy constables treated me as though I were a noted frequenter of pot-houses. That sort of thing is most annoying. At all events, he was drunk as David's sow, and squabbling over, saving your presence, a woman of the sort one looks to find in that abominable hole. And so, as I was saying, this other drunken rascal dug a knife into him——”

But now, to Captain Musgrave's discomfort, Cynthia Allonby had begun to weep heart-brokenly.

So he cleared his throat, and he patted the back of her hand. “It is a great shock to you, naturally—oh, most naturally, and does you great credit. But come now, Pevensey is gone, as we must all go some day, and our tears cannot bring him back, my dear. We can but hope he is better off, poor fellow, and look on it as a mysterious dispensation and that sort of thing, my dear——”

“Oh, Ned, but people are so cruel! People will be saying that it was I who kept poor Cousin George in London this past two weeks, and that but for me he would have been in France long ago. And then the Queen, Ned!—why, that pig-headed old woman will be blaming it on me, that there is nobody to prevent that detestable French King from turning Catholic and dragging England into new wars, and I shall not be able to go to any of the court dances! nor to the masque!” sobbed Cynthia, “nor anywhere!”

“Now you talk tender-hearted and angelic nonsense. It is noble of you to feel that way, of

course. But Pevensy did not take proper care of himself, and that is all there is to it. Now I have remained in London since the Plague's outbreak. I stayed with my regiment, naturally. We have had a few deaths, of course. People die everywhere. But the Plague has never bothered me. And why has it never bothered me? Simply because I was sensible, took the pains to consult an astrologer, and by his advice wear about my neck, night and day, a bag of dried toad's blood and powdered cinnamon. It is an infallible specific for men born in February. No, not for a moment do I wish to speak harshly of the dead, but sensible persons cannot but consider Lord Pevensy's death to have been caused by his own carelessness.

"Now, certainly that is true," the girl said, brightening. "It was really his own carelessness, and his dear, lovable rashness. And somebody could explain it to the Queen. Besides, I often think that wars are good for the public spirit of a nation, and bring out its true manhood. But then it upset me, too, a little, Ned, to hear about this Marlowe—for I must tell you that I knew the poor man very slightly. So I happen to know that to-day he flung off in a rage, and began drinking, because somebody, almost by pure accident, had burned a packet of his verses——"

Thereupon Captain Musgrave raised heavy eyebrows, and guffawed so heartily that the candle flickered. "To think of the fellow's putting it on that plea! when he could so easily have written some more verses. That is the trouble with these

poets, if you ask me: they are not practical even in their ordinary, everyday lying. No, no, the truth of it was that the rogue wanted a pretext for making a beast of himself, and seized the first that came to hand. Egad, my dear, it is a daily practice with these poets. They hardly draw a sober breath. Everybody knows that."

Cynthia was looking at him in the half-lit room with very flattering admiration. . . . Seen thus, with her scarlet lips a little parted—disclosing pearls—and with her naïve dark eyes aglow, she was quite incredibly pretty and caressable. She had almost forgotten until now that this stalwart soldier, too, was in love with her. But now her spirits were rising venturously, and she knew that she liked Ned Musgrave. He had sensible notions; he saw things as they really were, and with him there would never be any nonsense about top-lofty ideas. Then, too, her dear old white-haired father would be pleased, because there was a very fair estate. . . .

So Cynthia said: "I believe you are right, Ned. I often wonder how they can be so lacking in self-respect. Oh, I am certain you must be right, for it is just what I felt without being able quite to express it. You will stay for supper with us, of course. Yes, but you must, because it is always a great comfort for me to talk with really sensible persons. I do not wonder that you are not very eager to stay, though, for I am probably a fright, with my eyes red, and with my hair all tumbling down, like an old witch's. Well, let us see what

can be done about it, sir! There was a hand mirror——”

And thus speaking, she tripped, with very much the reputed grace of a fairy, toward the far end of the room, and standing a-tiptoe, groped at the obscure shelves, with a resultant crash of falling china.

“Oh, but my lovely cups!” said Cynthia, in dismay. “I had forgotten they were up there: and now I have smashed both of them, in looking for my mirror, sir, and trying to prettify myself for you. And I had so fancied them, because they had not their like in England!”

She looked at the fragments, and then at Musgrave, with wide, innocent hurt eyes. She was honestly grieved by the loss of her quaint toys. But Musgrave, in his sturdy, common-sense way, only laughed at her seriousness over such kick-shaws.

“I am for an honest earthenware tankard myself!” he said, jovially, as the two went in to supper.

JAMES BRANCH CABELL.

JUNE 2

THE NOVELIST OF PITY*

TO THOSE interested in the meaning of the generation that has now left us quivering on the beach of after war, Thomas Hardy's books are so engrossing that to write of them needs no pre-text; yet the recent publication of an anniversary edition with all his prefaces included is a welcome excuse for what I propose to make, not so much an essay as a record of a sudden understanding. Long familiarity with Hardy's novels had led to an afternoon of conversation with the author himself in the mildness of old age. But he remained for me a still inexplicable figure, belonging to an earlier century, yet in other respects so clearly abreast, if not ahead, of the emotions of our own times, that at eighty he saw the young men beginning to follow him. It was a reading of "The Dynasts," in the tall, red volumes of the new edition, that suddenly and unexpectedly seemed to give me a key.

The danger, so I had thought and think, is that Hardy bids fair to become a legendary figure with an attribute, as is the way with such figures, better known than the man himself. "Hardy, oh, yes, the pessimist" threatens to become all the school-

*From "Definitions."

boy knows and all he needs to know of him, and his alleged philosophy of gloom is already overshadowing the man's intense interest in strong and appealing life. It has been the fate of many a great artist to get a nickname, like a boy, and never be rid of it.

I do not wish by any ingenious fabrication to prove that Hardy is not a pessimist. He is the father of the English school that refuse to be either deists or moralists, and, like them, pushes his stories to an end that is often bitter. His temperament is cast in that brooding, reflective mood that concerns itself less readily with jollity than with grief, and is therefore ever slanting toward pessimism. This, even his style indicates. Like the somber Hawthorne's, his style is brooding, adumbrative, rather than incisive or brilliant, and it often limps among the facts of his story like a man in pain. Indeed, Hardy is seldom a stylist, except when his mood is somber, therefore it is by his sadder passages that we remember him. Yet the most important fact about Hardy is not that he is pessimistic.

His manner of telling a story, however, helps to confirm the popular impression. Hardy's plots are a series of accidents, by which the doom of some lovely or aspiring spirit comes upon it by the slow drift of misfortune. Tess, Grace, Eustacia, Jude—it is clear enough to what joys and sorrows their natures make them liable. But the master prepares for them trivial error, unhappy coincidence, unnecessary misfortune, until it is

not surprising if the analytic mind insists that he is laboring some thesis of pessimism to be worked out by concrete example.

Nevertheless, this is incomplete definition, and it is annoying that the dean of letters in our tongue should be subjected to a sophomoric formula in which the emphasis is wrongly placed. The critics, in general, have defined this pessimism, stopped there, and said, this is Hardy. But youth that does not like pessimism reads Hardy avidly. More light is needed.

Mr. Hardy himself does not suggest the simple and melancholy pessimist. A mild old man, gentleness is the first quality one feels in him, but at eighty he still waxed his mustache tips, and his eyes lit eagerly. I remember how earnestly he denied knowledge of science, piqued, I suppose, by the omniscient who had declared that his art consisted of applying the results of scientific inquiry to the study of simple human nature. If his treatment of nature was scientific, as I affirmed, his wife agreed, and he did not deny, then, he implied, his knowledge came by intuition, not by theory. The war was still on when I talked with him. It had lifted him to poetry at first, but by 1918 no longer interested him vitally. "It is too mechanical," he said. His novels, where fate seems to operate mechanically sometimes, he was willing that day to set aside as nil. Poetry, he thought, was the only proper form of expression. The novel was too indirect; too wasteful of time and space in its attempt to come at real issues.

Yet these real issues, it appeared as we talked, were not theories. Ideas, he said, if emphasized, destroy art. Writers, he thought, in the future would give up pure fiction (serious writers, I suppose he meant). Poetry would be their shorthand; they would be intenser language cut short to their end.

What was *his* end? Not mechanical, scientific theories, that was clear. Not mere realistic description of life. He told me he had little faith in mere observation, except for comic or quaint characterization. He had seldom if ever studied a serious character from a model. One woman he invented entirely (was it Tess?) and she was thought to be his best. What, then, was this essence which the novelist, growing old, would convey now in concentrated form by poetry which to him, so he said, was story-telling in verse.

It is easier to understand what he meant if one thinks how definitely Hardy belongs to his age, the latter nineteenth century, in spite of his reachings forward. On the one hand, his very gentleness is characteristic of a period that was above all others humane. On the other, his somber moods sprang from a generation that was the first to understand the implications of the struggle for life in the animal world all about them. They, to be sure, deduced from what they saw a vague theory of evolution in which the best (who were themselves) somehow were to come out best in the end. He, though gentle as they were, deduced nothing so cheerful, saw rather the terrible

discrepancies between fact and theory, so that his very gentleness made him pessimistic, where Browning was optimistic. Then, like Hawthorne in the generation before him, Hardy went back to an earlier, simpler life than his own, and there made his inquiries. Hawthorne, who did not accept the theology of Puritanism, was yet strangely troubled by the problem of sin. Hardy, accepting the implacability of evolution without its easy optimism, was intensely moved to pity. This is his open secret.

The clearest statement is in his poetry, where again and again, in our conversation that day, he seemed to be placing it—most of all, I think, in "The Dynasts."

"The Dynasts" was published too soon. We English speakers, in 1904-1906, were beginning to read plays again, under the stimulus of a dramatic revival, and the plays we read were successful on the stage. As I recollect the criticism of "The Dynasts," much of it at least was busied with the form of the drama, its great length and unwieldiness. We thought of it not as a dramatic epic, but as a dramatized novel—a mistake. We thought that Hardy was taking the long way around, when in truth he had found a short cut to his issues. That "The Dynasts," considering the vastness of its Napoleonic subject, was far more concise, more direct, clearer than his novels, did not become manifest, although the sharper-eyed may have seen it.

In "The Dynasts" I find all of Hardy. The

Immanent Will is God, as Hardy conceives Him, neither rational nor entirely conscious, frustrating His own seeming ends, without irony and without compassion, and yet perhaps evolving like His world, clearing like men's visions, moving toward consistency. The Sinister Angel and the Ironical Angel are moods well known to Hardy, but not loved by him. The Spirit of the Years that sees how poor human nature collides with accident, or the inevitable, and is bruised, is Hardy's reasoned philosophy. The Spirit of Pities (not always, as he says, logical or consistent) is Hardy's own desire, his will, his faint but deep-felt hope. I quote, from the very end of the great spectacle, some lines in which the Spirits, who have watched the confused tragedy of the Napoleonic age, sum up their thoughts:

AFTER SCENE

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

Thus doth the Great Foresightless mechanize
 Its blank entrancement now as evermore
 Its ceaseless artistries in circumstance. . . .
 Yet seems this vast and singular confection
 Wherein our scenery glints of scantest size,
 Inutile all—so far as reasonings tell.

SPIRIT OF PITIES

Thou arguest still the Inadvertent Mind.—
 But, even so, shall blankness be for aye? . . .

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

What wouldst have hoped and had the Will to
be? . . .

SEMI-CHORUS I OF THE PITIES

Nay;—shall not Its blindness break?
Yea, must not Its heart awake,
 Promptly tending
 To Its mending
In a genial germinating purpose, and for loving-kind-
ness' sake?

SEMI-CHORUS II

Should It never
Curb or cure
Aught whatever
Those endure
Whom It quickens, let them darkle to extinction
swift and sure.

CHORUS

But—a stirring thrills the air
Like to sounds of joyance there
 That the rages
 Of the ages
Shall be cancelled, and deliverance offered from
 the darts that were,
Consciousness the Will informing, till It fashions
all things fair!

The Spirit of the Years (which is another name
for Hardy's reflections upon life and history)
planned in sad conviction of the "blank entrance-
ment" of the Great Foresightless Will, those sad

narratives in which innocence, as in "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," is crushed, or vivid personality frustrated, as in "The Return of the Native." It is the Spirit of Pities in Hardy which wrote the stories. Philosophy constructed them, but pity worked them out.

The characters that Hardy loved—Grace, Marty South, Jude, Tess—are life, brooding, intense, potential, and lovely, struggling against a fate which they help to draw upon themselves, but which is, nevertheless, not necessary, not rational. The cruelty of this fate he assumes and depicts, but the stories are not told to describe it. It is his creatures that get the color, the interest; they are valuable to us, and would be to him, whatever the truth of his philosophy. But because he loves life, the living thing, even the lizard in the woods, he broods upon their frustrations.

Pessimistic Hardy is, as any gentle heart would be who chose to study misfortune; yet pessimist is not the right term for him. Realist he is clearly, in the philosophic sense of one who is willing to view things as they are without prejudice. I seek a term for a mild spirit who sees clearly that the sufferer is more intelligible than his fate, and so is pitiful even when most ruthless in the depiction of misfortune. Pity for the individual, not despair of the race, is his motive. And pity makes his gentle style, pity makes him regardless of artifice, and gives his often clumsy novels an undercurrent which sweeps them beyond technical masterpieces whose only merit is sharpness of thought. It is

instructive to compare the relative fortunes of Hardy and Meredith, once always bracketed—the apostle of pity in comparison with the most subtle and brilliant mind of his time. Hardy has out-ranked him.

Already it begins to appear that the inconsistent, half-conscious Will that was the sum and substance of Hardy's pessimism was given certain attributes of gloom that scarcely belonged to it. The ruthless struggle for life by which the fittest for the circumstances of the moment, and by no means the best, survive at the expense of the others is no longer conceived as the clear law of human life. Science, with the rediscovery of Mendelism and its insistence upon psychological factors has submitted important qualifications to this deduction which Hardy, in common with others intellectually honest of his age, was forced to make. But it is not Hardy's philosophy, sound or unsound, that counts in his art, except in so far as it casts the plan of his stories, or sometimes, as in "Tess," or "The Woodlanders," gives too much play to cruel accident, and therefore an air of unreality to the tenser moments of the plots. Our critical emphasis in the past has been wrong. It should, to follow Hardy's own words, be set not upon the idea, the suggested explanation of misfortune, but upon the living creatures in his novels and poems alike. It is the characters he wrought in pity, and, it would appear, in hope, that make him a great man in our modern world, although only once did he pass beyond the bounds of his

primitive Wessex. The novelist of pity and its poet, not the spokesman for pessimism, is the title I solicit for him.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

SHE HEARS THE STORM

THERE was a time in former years—
While my roof-tree was his—
When I should have been distressed by fears
At such a night as this.

I should have murmured anxiously,
“The pricking rain strikes cold;
His road is bare of hedge or tree,
And he is getting old.”

But now the fitful chimney-roar,
The drone of Thorncombe trees,
The Froom in flood upon the moor,
The mud of Mellstock Leaze,

The candle slanting sooty wick'd,
The thuds upon the thatch,
The eaves-drops on the window flicked,
The clacking garden-hatch,

And what they mean to wayfarers,
I scarcely heed or mind;
He has won that storm-tight roof of hers
Which Earth grants all her kind.

THOMAS HARDY.

THE OXEN

CHRISTMAS EVE, and twelve of the clock.
“Now they are all on their knees,”
An elder said as we sat in a flock
By the embers in hearthside ease.

We pictured the meek mild creatures where
They dwelt in their strawy pen,
Nor did it occur to one of us there
To doubt they were kneeling then.

So fair a fancy few believe
In these years! Yet, I feel,
If someone said on Christmas Eve
“Come; see the oxen kneel

“In the lonely barton by yonder coomb
Our childhood used to know,”
I should go with him in the gloom,
Hoping it might be so.

THOMAS HARDY.

JUNE 3

THE ANGLER'S WISH

I IN these flowery meads would be,
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise
I, with my angle, would rejoice,
Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love;

Or, on that bank, feel the west-wind
Breathe health and plenty; please my mind,
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And then washed off by April showers;
Here, hear my Kenna¹ sing a song:
There, see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a laverock build her nest;
Here, give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitched thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love.
Thus, free from lawsuits, and the noise
Of princes' courts, I would rejoice;

Or, with my Bryan and a book,
Loiter long days near Shawford brook;

¹"Kenna," the name of his supposed mistress, seems to have been formed from the name of his wife, which was Ken.

There sit by him, and eat my meat;
There see the sun both rise and set;
There bid good morning to next day;
There meditate my time away;
And angle on; and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

IZAACK WALTON.

THE COMPLETE ANGLER

[An angler, a falconer, and a hunter discourse upon their several recreations, each commending his own. Only the speech of the angler is given here.]

YOU know, Gentlemen, it is an easy thing to scoff at any art or recreation; a little wit mixed with ill-nature, confidence, and malice will do it; but though they often venture boldly, yet they are often caught, even in their own trap, according to that of Lucian, the father of the family of Scoffers:—

Lucian, well skill'd in scoffing, this hath writ,
Friend, that's your folly, which you think your wit:

This you vent oft, void both of wit and fear,
Meaning another, when yourself you jeer.

If to this you add what Solomon says of Scoffers, that they are an abomination to mankind, let him that thinks fit scoff on, and be a Scoffer still; but I account them enemies to me and all that love Virtue and Angling.

And for you that have heard many grave, serious men pity Anglers; let me tell you, Sir, there be

many men that are by others taken to be serious and grave men, whom we condemn and pity. Men that are taken to be grave, because nature hath made them of a sour complexion; money-getting men, men that spend all their time, first in getting, and next, in anxious care to keep it; men that are condemned to be rich, and then always busy or discontented: for these poor rich men, we Anglers pity them perfectly, and stand in no need to borrow their thoughts to think ourselves so happy. No, no, Sir, we enjoy a contentedness above the reach of such dispositions, and as the learned and ingenuous Montaigne says, like himself, freely, "When my Cat and I entertain each other with mutual apish tricks, as playing with a garter, who knows but that I make my Cat more sport than she makes me? Shall I conclude her to be simple, that has her time to begin or refuse, to play as freely as I myself have? Nay, who knows but that it is a defect of my not understanding her language, for doubtless Cats talk and reason with one another, that we agree no better: and who knows but that she pities me for being no wiser than to play with her, and laughs and censures my folly, for making sport for her, when we two play together?"

Thus freely speaks Montaigne concerning Cats; and I hope I may take as great a liberty to blame any man, and laugh at him too, let him be never so grave, that hath not heard what Anglers can say in the justification of their Art and Recreation; which I may again tell you, is so full of

pleasure, that we need not borrow their thoughts, to think ourselves happy. . . .

I hope you will not judge my earnestness to be impatience: and for my simplicity, if by that you mean a harmlessness, or that simplicity which was usually found in the primitive Christians, who were, as most Anglers are, quiet men, and followers of peace; men that were so simply wise, as not to sell their consciences to buy riches, and with them vexation and a fear to die; if you mean such simple men as lived in those times when there were fewer layers; when men might have had a lordship safely conveyed to them in a piece of parchment no bigger than your hand, though several sheets will not do it safely in this wiser age; I say, Sir, if you take us Anglers to be such simple men as I have spoke of, then myself and those of my profession will be glad to be so understood: But if by simplicity you meant to express a general defect in those that profess and practise the excellent Art of Angling, I hope in time to disabuse you, and make the contrary appear so evidently, that if you will but have patience to hear me, I shall remove all the anticipations that discourse, or time, or prejudice, have possessed you with against that laudable and ancient Art; for I know it is worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise man. . . .

I confess my discourse is like to prove suitable to my recreation, calm and quiet; we seldom take the name of God into our mouths, but it is either to praise him, or pray to him: if others use it vainly in the midst of their recreations, so vainly

as if they meant to conjure, I must tell you, it is neither our fault nor our custom; we protest against it. But, pray remember, I accuse nobody; for as I would not make a "watery discourse," so I would not put too much vinegar into it; nor would I raise the reputation of my own art, by the diminution or ruin of another's. And so much for the prologue to what I mean to say.

And now for the Water, the element that I trade in. The water is the eldest daughter of the creation, the element upon which the Spirit of God did first move, the element which God commanded to bring forth living creatures abundantly; and without which, those that inhabit the land, even all creatures that have breath in their nostrils, must suddenly return to putrefaction. Moses, the great lawgiver and chief philosopher, skilled in all the learning of the Egyptians, who was called the friend of God, and knew the mind of the Almighty, names this element the first in the creation: this is the element upon which the Spirit of God did first move, and is the chief ingredient in the creation: many philosophers have made it to comprehend all the other elements, and most allow it the chiefest in the mixtion of all living creatures.

There be that profess to believe that all bodies are made of water, and may be reduced back again to water only: they endeavour to demonstrate it thus:

Take a willow, or any like speedy-growing plant, newly rooted in a box or barrel full of earth, weigh them all together exactly when the tree begins to

grow, and then weigh all together after the tree is increased from its first rooting, to weigh a hundred pound weight more than when it was first rooted and weighed; and you shall find this augment of the tree to be without the diminution of one drachm weight of the earth. Hence they infer this increase of wood to be from water of rain, or from dew, and not to be from any other element; and they affirm, they can reduce this wood back again to water; and they affirm also, the same may be done in any animal or vegetable. And this I take to be a fair testimony of the excellency of my element of water.

The water is more productive than the earth. Nay, the earth hath no fruitfulness without showers or dews; for all the herbs, and flowers, and fruit, are produced and thrive by the water; and the very minerals are fed by streams that run under ground, whose natural course carries them to the tops of many high mountains, as we see by several springs breaking forth on the tops of the highest hills; and this is also witnessed by the daily trial and testimony of several miners.

Nay, the increase of those creatures that are bred and fed in the water are not only more and more miraculous, but more advantageous to man, not only for the lengthening of his life, but for the preventing of sickness; for it is observed by the most learned physicians, that the casting off of Lent, and other fish days, which hath not only given the lie to so many learned, pious, wise founders of colleges, for which we should be ashamed,

hath doubtless been the chief cause of those many putrid, shaking, intermitting agues, unto which this nation of ours is now more subject, than those wiser countries that feed on herbs, salads, and plenty of fish; of which it is observed in story, that the greatest part of the world now do. And it may be fit to remember that Moses appointed fish to be the chief diet for the best commonwealth that ever yet was.

And it is observable, not only that there are fish, as, namely, the Whale, three times as big as the mighty Elephant, that is so fierce in battle, but that the mightiest feasts have been of fish. The Romans, in the height of their glory, have made fish the mistress of all their entertainments; they have had music to usher in their Sturgeons, Lampreys, and Mulletts, which they would purchase at rates rather to be wondered at than believed. He that shall view the writings of Macrobius, or Varro, may be confirmed and informed of this, and of the incredible value of their fish and fishponds.

But Gentlemen, I have almost lost myself, which I confess I may easily do in this philosophical discourse; I met with most of it very lately, and I hope, happily, in a conference with a most learned physician, Dr. Wharton, a dear friend, that loves both me and my art of Angling. But, however, I will wade no deeper into these mysterious arguments, but pass to such observations as I can manage with more pleasure, and less fear of running into error. But I must not yet forsake the

waters, by whose help we have so many known advantages.

And first, to pass by the miraculous cures of our known baths, how advantageous is the sea for our daily traffic, without which we could not now subsist. How does it not only furnish us with food and physic for the bodies, but with such observations for the mind as ingenious persons would not want!

How ignorant had we been of the beauty of Florence, of the monuments, urns, and rarities that yet remain in and near unto Old and New Rome, so many as it is said will take up a year's time to view, and afford to each of them but a convenient consideration! And therefore it is not to be wondered at that so learned and devout a father as St. Jerome, after his wish to have seen Christ in the flesh, and to have heard St. Paul preach, makes his third wish, to have seen Rome in her glory: and that glory is not yet all lost, for what pleasure is it to see the monuments of Livy, the choicest of the historians; of Tully, the best of orators; and to see the bay-trees that now grow out of the very tomb of Virgil! These, to any that love learning, must be pleasing. But what pleasure is it to a devout Christian to see there the humble house in which St. Paul was content to dwell, and to view the many rich statues that are made in honour of his memory! Nay, to see the very place in which St. Peter and he lie buried together: These are in and near to Rome. And how much more doth it please the pious curiosity of a

Christian to see that place on which the blessed Saviour of the world was pleased to humble himself, and to take our nature upon him, and to converse with men: to see Mount Sion, Jerusalem, and the very sepulchre of our Lord Jesus! How may it beget and heighten the zeal of a Christian, to see the devotions that are daily paid to him at that place! Gentlemen, lest I forget myself, I will stop here, and remember you, that but for my element of water, the inhabitants of this poor island must remain ignorant that such things ever were, or that any of them have yet a being.

Gentlemen, I might both enlarge and lose myself in suchlike arguments. I might tell you that Almighty God is said to have spoken to a fish, but never to a beast; that he hath made a whale a ship, to carry and set his prophet, Jonah, safe on the appointed shore. . . .

O, Sir, doubt not but that Angling is an art; is it not an art to deceive a Trout with an artificial fly? a Trout! that is more sharp-sighted than any Hawk you have named, and more watchful and timorous than your high-mettled Merlin is bold? and yet I doubt not to catch a brace or two tomorrow for a friend's breakfast: doubt not, therefore, Sir, but that Angling is an art, and an art worth your learning. The question is rather, whether you be capable of learning it? for Angling is somewhat like poetry, men are to be born so: I mean, with inclinations to it, though both may be heightened by discourse and practice: but he that hopes to be a good angler, must not only bring

an inquiring, searching, observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself; but having once got and practised it, then doubt not but Angling will prove to be so pleasant, that it will prove to be, like virtue, a reward to itself. . . .

Then first, for the antiquity of Angling, of which I shall not say much, but only this: some say it is as ancient as Deucalion's flood: others, that Belus, who was the first inventor of godly and virtuous recreations, was the first inventor of Angling: and some others say, for former times have had their disquisitions about the antiquity of it, that Seth, one of the sons of Adam, taught it to his sons, and that by them it was derived to posterity: others say that he left it engraven on those pillars which he erected, and trusted to preserve the knowledge of the mathematics, music, and the rest of that precious knowledge, and those useful arts, which by God's appointment or allowance, and his noble industry, were thereby preserved from perishing in Noah's flood.

These, Sir, have been the opinions of several men, that have possibly endeavoured to make Angling more ancient than is needful, or may well be warranted; but for my part, I shall content myself in telling you that Angling is much more ancient than the incarnation of our Saviour; for in the Prophet Amos mention is made of fish-hooks; and in the Book of Job, which was long before the days of Amos, for that book is said to have been written by Moses, mention is made also of fish-

hooks, which must imply anglers in those times.

But, my worthy friend, as I would rather prove myself a gentleman, by being learned and humble, valiant and inoffensive, virtuous and communicable, than by any fond ostentation of riches, or, wanting those virtues myself, boast that these were in my ancestors; and yet I grant, that where a noble and ancient descent and such merit meet in any man, it is a double dignification of that person; so if this antiquity of Angling, which for my part I have not forced, shall, like an ancient family, be either an honour or an ornament to this virtuous art which I profess to love and practise, I shall be the gladder that I made an accidental mention of the antiquity of it, of which I shall say no more, but proceed to that just commendation which I think it deserves. . . .

IZAACK WALTON.

A BOY'S SONG

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to track the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

JAMES HOGG

THE BAREFOOT BOY

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,—

Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!—
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,

Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerly, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE ANGLER'S REVEILLE*

WHAT time the rose of dawn is laid across
the lips of night,
And all the little watchman-stars have fallen asleep
in light,
'Tis then a merry wind awakes, and runs from tree
to tree,
And borrows words from all the birds to sound the
reveille.

This is the carol the Robin throws
Over the edge of the valley;
Listen how boldly it flows,
Sally on sally:

*Tirra-lirra,
Early morn,
New born!
Day is near,
Clear, clear.
Down the river
All a-quiver,
Fish are breaking;
Time for waking,
Tup, tup, tup!
Do you hear?
All clear—
Wake up!*

The phantom flood of dreams has ebbed and vanished with the dark,
And like a dove the heart forsakes the prison of the
ark;

*By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

Now forth she fares thro' friendly woods and diamond-fields of dew,
While every voice cries out "Rejoice!" as if the world were new.

This is the ballad the Bluebird sings,
Unto his mate replying,
Shaking the tune from his wings
While he is flying:

*Surely, surely, surely,
Life is dear
Even here.
Blue above,
You to love
Purely, purely, purely.*

There's wild azalea on the hill, and iris down the dell,
And just one spray of lilac still abloom beside the well;
The columbine adorns the rocks, the laurel buds grow pink,
Along the stream white arums gleam, and violets bend to drink.

This is the song of the Yellow-throat,
Fluttering gaily beside you;
Hear how each voluble note
Offers to guide you:

*Which way, sir?
I say, sir,
Let me teach you,
I beseech you!
Are you wishing
Jolly fishing?*

*This way, sir!
I'll teach you.*

Then come, my friend, forget your foes and leave
your fears behind,
And wander forth to try your luck, with cheerful,
quiet mind;
For be your fortune great or small, you take what
God will give,
And all the day your heart will say, "'Tis luck
enough to live."

This is the song the Brown Thrush flings
Out of his thicket of roses;
Hark how it bubbles and rings,
Mark how it closes:
*Luck, luck,
What luck?
Good enough for me,
I'm alive, you see!
Sun shining,
No repining;
Never borrow
Idle sorrow;
Drop it!
Cover it up!
Hold your cup!
Joy will fill it,
Don't spill it,
Steady, be ready,
Good luck!*

HENRY VAN DYKE.

JUNE 4

SELECTED LETTERS OF FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

Nietzsche to His Mother

Pforta, November 10, 1862.

DEAR MAMMA:

I am very sorry that I was not able to meet you at Almrich yesterday, but I was prevented from coming by being kept in. And thereby hangs a tale which I will tell you.

Every week one of the newest Sixth Form boys has to undertake the duties of schoolhouse prefect—that is to say, he has to make a note of everything in the rooms, cupboards, and lecture rooms that requires repair, and to send up a list of his observations to the inspection office. Last week I had to perform this duty, and it occurred to me that its somewhat tedious nature might be slightly relieved by the exercise of a little humor, and I wrote out a list in which all my observations were couched in the form of jokes.¹ The stern masters, who were very much surprised that any one should

¹The remarks were very harmless, for instance: "In such and such a lecture room the lamps burn so dimly that the boys are tempted to let their own brilliance shine." "The forms of the Fifth Form Room have recently been painted and manifest an undesirable attachment for those who sit upon them."

introduce humor into so solemn an undertaking, summoned me to attend the Synod on Saturday and pronounced the following extraordinary sentence: Three hours' detention and the loss of one or two walks. If I could accuse myself of any other fault than that of thoughtlessness, I should be angry about it; but as it is I have not troubled myself for one moment about the matter, and have only drawn this moral from it: To be more careful in future what I joke about.

To-day is Martinmas Day,¹ and we have had the usual Martinmas goose for dinner (in twelve parts, of course). St. Nicholas Day, too, will soon be here. This period of transition from autumn to winter is a pleasant time; it is the preparation for Christmas which I enjoy so much. Let us thoroughly enjoy it together. Write to me soon. My love to dear uncle and Lizzie.

FRITZ.

Nietzsche to His Mother

*Thursday Morning,
Pforta, April, 1863.*

DEAR MOTHER:

If I write to you to-day it is certainly about the saddest and most unpleasant business that it has ever been my lot to relate. For I have been very wicked and do not know whether you will or can forgive me. It is with a heavy heart and most

¹The birthday of Martin Luther.—TRANSLATOR.

unwillingly that I take up my pen to write to you, more particularly when I think of our pleasant and absolutely unruffled time together during the Easter holidays. Well, last Sunday I got drunk and have no excuse but this, that I did not know how much I could stand and that I happened to be somewhat excited that afternoon. When I returned, Herr Kern, one of the masters, came across me in that condition. He had me called before the Synod on Tuesday, when I was degraded to third of my division and one hour of my Sunday walk was cancelled. You can imagine how depressed and miserable I feel about it, and especially at having to cause you so much sorrow over such a disgraceful affair, the like of which has never occurred in my life before. It also makes me feel very sorry on the Rev. Kletschke's account, who had only just shown me such unexpected confidence.¹ Through this one lapse I have completely spoilt the fairly good position I succeeded in winning for myself last term. I am so much annoyed with myself that I can't even get on with my work or settle down at all. Write to me soon and write severely, for I deserve it; and no one knows better than I do how much I deserve it.

There is no need for me to give you any further assurances as to how seriously I shall pull myself together, for now a great deal depends upon it. I had once again grown too cocksure of myself, and this self-confidence has now, at all events,

¹He had just made Nietzsche his assistant.—TRANSLATOR.

been completely shaken, and in a very unpleasant manner.

I shall go and see the Rev. Kletschke to-day and have a talk with him. By-the-bye, do not tell any one anything about it if it is not already known. Also, please send me my muffler as soon as possible, for I am constantly suffering from hoarseness and pains in my chest. Send me the comb too that I have spoken about. Now, good-bye and write to me very soon, and do not be too cross with me, mother dear.

Your very sorrowful

FRITZ.

Nietzsche to His Mother

Pforta, May, 1863.

DEAR MOTHER:

As regards my future, it is precisely my practical doubts about it that trouble me. The decision as to what subject I shall specialize in will not come of its own accord. I must, therefore, consider the question and make my choice, and it is precisely this choice which causes me so many difficulties. Of course, it will be my endeavor to study thoroughly anything that I decide to take up, but it is precisely on this account that the choice is so difficult; for one feels constrained to choose that branch of study in which one can hope to do something complete. And how illusory such hopes often are; how often does one not allow oneself to be transported by a momentary pre-

possession, or by an old family tradition, or by one's own personal wishes, so that the choice of a calling seems like a lottery in which there are a large number of blanks and very few winning numbers. Now, I happen to be in the particularly unfortunate position of possessing a whole host of interests connected with the most different branches of learning, and, though the general gratifications of these interests may make a learned man of me, they will scarcely convert me into a creature with a vocation. The fact, therefore, that I must destroy some of these interests is perfectly clear to me, as well as the fact that I must allow some new ones to find a home in my brain. But which of them will be so unfortunate as to be cast overboard? Perhaps just the children of my heart!

I cannot express myself more plainly; it is evident that the position is critical and I must have come to a decision by this time next year. It certainly won't come of its own accord, and I know too little about the various subjects.

Best wishes to you all.

FRITZ.

To Freiherr Karl von Gersdorff

Naumburg, April 7, 1866.

DEAR FRIEND:

Now and again one enjoys hours of peaceful reflection when, with mingled gladness and sorrow, one seems to hover over one's life just as those

lovely summer days, so exquisitely described by Emerson, seem to lie stretched out at ease above the hilltops. It is then, as he says, that Nature is perfect, and we feel the same; then we are free from the spell of the ever-vigilant will; then we are nothing but a pure, contemplative and dispassionate eye.¹ It is in a mood such as this—a mood desirable above all others—that I take up my pen to reply to your kind and thoughtful letter. The interests we share have become welded together to the smallest particle; once again we have realized that mere strokes of the pen—in fact, even the most unexpected whims in the past of a few individuals—determine the history of countless numbers of others; and we readily leave it to the pious to thank their God for these accidents. We may perhaps laugh at this thought when we meet again in Leipzig.

I had already made myself familiar with the thought of being a soldier. I often wished that I might be snatched from my monotonous labors; I yearned for the opposite extreme to my excitement, to the tempestuous stress of my life and to the raptures of my enthusiasm. For, despite all my efforts, it has been brought home to me more clearly every day that it is impossible to shuffle such work out of one's coat sleeve. During the holidays I have learnt, relatively speaking, a good deal, and now they are at an end. My *Theognis* finds itself at least one term further forward. I

¹This remark reveals Schopenhauerian influence.—TRANSLATOR.

have, moreover, made many illuminating discoveries which will considerably enrich my *quaestiones Theognideae*.¹

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For recreation I turn to three things, and a wonderful recreation they provide!—my Schopenhauer, Schumann's music, and, finally, solitary walks. Yesterday a heavy storm hung in the sky, and I hastened up a neighboring hill, called Leusch (perhaps you can explain the word to me?). On the summit I found a hut and a man killing two kids, with his son looking on. The storm broke with a mighty crash, discharging thunder and hail, and I felt inexpressibly well and full of zest, and realized with singular clearness that to understand Nature one must go to her as I had just done, as a refuge from all worries and oppressions. What did man with his restless will matter to me then? What did I care for the eternal "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not"? How different are lightning, storm and hail—free powers without ethics! How happy, how strong they are—pure will untrammelled by the muddling influence of the intellect!

For have I not seen examples enough of how muddling a man's intellect frequently is? Not long ago I had occasion to speak to a man who was on the point of going out to India as a mis-

¹Theognis, the aristocratic poet of Megara, awoke Nietzsche's interest even when he was still at Pförtli.—TRANSLATOR.

sionary. I put a few questions to him and learned that he had not read a single Indian work, knew nothing about the Upanishads—not even their name—and had resolved to have nothing to do with the Brahmans because they had philosophical training. Holy Ganges!

To-day I listened to a profoundly clever sermon of —'s on Christianity—the Faith that has conquered the world. It was intolerably haughty in its attitude toward all nations that were not Christian, and yet it was exceedingly ingenious. For instance, every now and then he would describe as Christian something else, which always gave an appropriate sense even according to our lights. If the sentence, "Christianity has conquered the world," be changed to "the feeling of sin," or briefly "a metaphysical need has conquered the world," we can raise no reasonable objection; but then one ought to be consistent and say, "All true Hindus are Christians," and also "All true Christians are Hindus." As a matter of fact, however, the interchange of such words and concepts as these, which have a fixed meaning, is not altogether honest; it lands the poor in spirit in total confusion. If by Christianity is meant "Faith in an historical event, or in an historical personage," I have nothing to do with it. If, however, it is said to signify briefly a craving for salvation or redemption, then I can set a high value upon it, and do not even object to its endeavoring to discipline the philosophers. For

how very few these are compared to the vast masses of men who are in need of salvation! How many of them are not actually made of the same stuff as these masses! If only all those who dabble in philosophy were followers of Schopenhauer! But only too often behind the mask of philosopher stands the exalted majesty of the "Will," which is trying to achieve its own self-glorification. If the philosophers ruled *σοφίᾳ οἱ*¹ would be lost; were the masses to prevail, as they do at present, the philosophers *rari in gurgite vasto*² would still be able, like Æschylus, *δίχα ἄλλων φρονέειν*.³

Apart from this, it is certainly extremely irksome to restrain our Schopenhauerian ideas, still so young, vigorous and half expressed; and to have weighing forever upon our hearts this unfortunate disparity between theory and practice. And for this I can think of no consolation; on the contrary, I am in need of it myself.

And now farewell, old man! Remember me to all your family. Mine wish to be remembered to you; let us leave it at that. When we meet again we shall probably smile, and rightly too!

Yours,

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

¹The Masses.

²"Few survivors in the unmeasured seas." From the famous verse in Virgil's *Æneid*, I. 118.—TRANSLATOR.

³"To differ from the opinions of others." See Æschylus, *Agamemnon* 757.—TRANSLATOR.

To Rohde

Naumburg, October 8, 1868.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

. . . Not long ago I was reading (and that at first hand) Jahn's Essays on Music, as well as his essays on Wagner. A certain amount of enthusiasm is required to do justice to such a man, but Jahn shows instinctive repugnance and listens with his ears half closed. Nevertheless I agree with him in many respects, particularly when he says he regards Wagner as the representative of a modern dilettantism which is sucking up and digesting all art interests. But it is precisely from this point of view that one cannot cease wondering at the magnitude of each artistic gift in this man and his inexhaustible energy coupled with such a versatility of artistic talent. For as to "culture," the more variegated and extensive it happens to be, the more lifeless is usually the eye, the weaker are the legs and the more effete are the brains that bear it.

Wagner has, moreover, a range of feeling which lies far beyond Jahn's reach. Jahn remains a "*Grenzbote*"¹ hero, a healthy man, to whom the Tannhäuser saga and the atmosphere of Lohengrin are a closed book. My pleasure in Wagner

¹*Grenzbote* (frontier messenger) is the title of a review published in Leipzig. Its editor and contributors acquired the nickname of *Gesunden* (healthy ones) owing to their attitude of indifference to the more subtle manifestations of imaginative genius.—TRANSLATOR.

is much the same as my pleasure in Schopenhauer—the ethical air, the redolence of Faust, and also of the Cross—death and the tomb. . . .

Your old friend,

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE,

Prussian Gunner.

To Rohde

Leipzig, November 9, 1868.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

To-day I intend to relate a whole host of sprightly experiences, to look merrily into the future and to conduct myself in such idyllic and easy fashion that your sinister guest—that feline fever—will arch its back and retire spitting and swearing. And in order that all discordant notes may be avoided I shall discuss the famous *res severa*¹ which is responsible for your second letter on a special sheet of paper, so that you will be able to read it when you are in the right mood and place for it.

The acts of my comedy are: (1) A Club-night or the Assistant Professor; (2) The Ejected Tailor; (3) A Rendezvous with X. Some old women take part in the performance. . . .

At home I found two letters, yours and an invitation from Curtius, whom I am glad to get to know better. When two friends like us write letters to each other, it is well known that the angels

¹"Serious thing."—TRANSLATOR.

rejoice. And they rejoiced as I read your letter—aye, they even giggled. . . .

When I reached home yesterday I found a card addressed to me with this note upon it: "If you would like to meet Richard Wagner, come to the Theater Café at a quarter to four. Windisch."

Forgive me, but this news so turned my head that I quite forgot what I was doing before it came, and was thoroughly bewildered.

I naturally ran there and found our loyal friend, who gave me a lot of fresh information. Wagner was staying in Leipzig with his relations in the strictest *incognito*. The press had no inkling of his visit and all Brockhaus's servants were as dumb as graves in livery. Now Wagner's sister, Frau Brockhaus, that determined and clever woman, had introduced her friend Frau Ritschl to her brother, and on this occasion was able proudly to boast of the friend to the brother and of the brother to the friend, the lucky creature! Wagner played the *Meisterlied*, which you must know, in Frau Ritschl's presence, and this good lady told him that she already knew the song very well, *mea opera*.¹ Imagine Wagner's joy and surprise! And with the utmost readiness in the world he graciously declared his willingness to meet me *incognito*. I was to be invited on Friday evening. Windisch, however, pointed out that I should be prevented from coming by my official post and duties, Saturday afternoon was accordingly proposed. On that day Windisch and I ran to the

¹"Through my offices."—TRANSLATOR.

Brockhaus's, found the Professor's family but no Wagner. He had just gone out with an enormous hat on his huge head. It was thus that I made the acquaintance of the excellent family and received a kind invitation for Sunday evening.

On these days I felt as though I was living in a novel, and you must allow that in view of the inaccessibility of the exceptional man, the circumstances leading up to this acquaintance were somewhat romantic.

As I was under the impression that a large company of guests had been invited, I decided to dress very ceremoniously, and was glad that my tailor had promised to deliver a new dress suit for this very evening. It was a horrid day with constant showers of rain and snow. One shuddered at the thought of leaving the house, and I was therefore very pleased when little Roscher paid me a visit in the afternoon to tell me something about the Eleatics and about God in philosophy—for, as *candidandus* he is working up the material collected by Ahrens in his "Development of the Idea of God up to the Time of Aristotle," while Romundt is trying for the prize essay of the University, the subject of which is "On the Will." It was getting dark, the tailor did not turn up, and Roscher left me. I accompanied him, called on the tailor myself, and found his minions busily engaged on my clothes, which they promised to send round in three-quarters of an hour.

I went on my way in a jolly mood, looked in at Kintschy's, read the *Kladderadatsch*, and was

amused to find a paragraph saying that Wagner was in Switzerland and that a fine house was being built for him in Munich, while I knew all the time that I was going to see him that evening and that the day before he had received a letter from the little monarch¹ addressed to "The Great German Tone-poet, Richard Wagner."

But at home there was no tailor awaiting me, so I sat down and read the treatise on the Eudokia at my ease, but was constantly disturbed by the sound of a shrill bell that seemed to be ringing some distance away. At last I felt certain that someone was standing at the old iron gate; it was shut, as was also the door of the house. I shouted across the garden to the man to enter the house; but it was impossible to make oneself understood through the pouring rain. The whole house was disturbed, the door was ultimately opened, and a little old man bearing a parcel came up to me. It was half-past 6, time for me to dress and get ready, as I lived a long way off. It was all right, the man had my things. I tried them on and they fitted. But what was this suspicious development? He actually presented me with a bill. I took it politely, but he declared he must be paid on delivery. I was surprised, and explained that I had nothing to do with him as the servant of my tailor, but that my dealings were with his master to whom I had given the order. The man grew more pressing, as did also the time. I snatched at the things and began to put them on. He snatched

¹Ludwig II of Bavaria.

them too and did all he could to prevent me from dressing. What with violence on my part and violence on his, there was soon a scene, and all the time I was fighting in my shirt, as I wished to get the new trousers.

At last, after a display of dignity, solemn threats, the utterance of curses on my tailor and his accomplice, and vows of vengeance, the little man vanished with my clothes. End of the First Act. I sat on my sofa and meditated while I examined a black coat and wondered whether it was good enough for Richard.

Outside the rain continued to pour.

It was a quarter past 7. I had promised to meet Windisch at half-past 7 at the Theater Café. I plunged into the dark and rainy night, also a little man in black and without evening dress, yet in a beatific mood, for chance was in my favor—even the scene with the tailor's man had something tremendously unusual about it.

At last we entered Frau Brockhaus's exceedingly comfortable drawing-room. There was nobody there except the most intimate members of the family, Richard and us two. I was introduced to Wagner and muttered a few respectful words to him. He questioned me closely as to how I had become so well acquainted with his music, complained bitterly about the way his operas were produced with the exception of the famous Munich performances, and made great fun of the conductors who tried to encourage their orchestra in friendly tones as follows: "Now, gentlemen, let's

have some passion! My good people, still a little more passion if you please!" Wagner enjoys imitating the Leipzig dialect.

Now let me give you a brief account of all that happened that evening. Really the joys were of such a rare and stimulating kind that even to-day I am not back in the old groove, but can think of nothing better to do than come to you, my dear friend, to tell you these wonderful tidings. Wagner played to us before and after supper, and went through every one of the more important passages of the "Meistersinger." He imitated all the voices and was in very high spirits. He is, by the bye, an extraordinarily energetic and fiery man. He speaks very quickly and wittily, and can keep a private company of the sort assembled on that evening very jolly. I managed to have quite a long talk with him about Schopenhauer. Oh, and you can imagine what a joy it was for me to hear him speak with such indescribable warmth of our master—what a lot we owed to him, how he was the only philosopher who had understood the essence of music! Then he inquired as to how the professors were disposed toward him; laughed a good deal about the Philosophers' Congress at Prague, and spoke of them as philosophical footmen. Later on he read me a piece out of the autobiography he is now writing, a thoroughly amusing scene from his Leipzig student days which I still cannot recall without a laugh. He writes extraordinarily cleverly and intellectually. At the close of the evening, when we were both

ready to go, he shook my hand very warmly and kindly asked me to come and see him so that we might have some music and philosophy together. He also entrusted me with the task of making his music known to his sister and his relations, a duty which I undertook very solemnly to fulfil. You will hear more about it when I have succeeded in looking at this evening more objectively and from a greater distance. For the time being a hearty farewell and best wishes for your health from yours,

F. N.

To Rohde

Nice, February 22, 1884.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND:

I know not how it was, but when I read your last letter and especially when I saw the charming photograph of your child, I felt as if you were shaking me by the hand gazing at me sadly the while—sadly, as if you meant to say: “How is it possible that we should have so little in common now, and that we should be living as if in different worlds! And there was a time when——”

The same thing, dear friend, has happened in regard to all the people I love; everything is over, it all belongs to the past, it is all merely merciful indulgence now. We see each other still, we talk in order to avoid being silent—we still write each other letters in order to avoid being silent. Truth, however glances from their eyes, and these tell

me (I hear it well enough): "Friend Nietzsche, you are now quite alone!"

That's what I have lived and fought for!

Meanwhile I continue along my road; as a matter of fact it is a journey, a sea-journey—and it is not in vain that I sojourned for so many years in Columbus' town.

My "Zarathustra" has come to an end in its three acts. You have the first, and the two others I hope to be able to send you within a month or six weeks. There is a sort of abyss of the future, something uncanny, particularly in his supreme happiness. Everything in it is my own, independent of all example, parallel, or predecessor. He who has once lived in its atmosphere returns to this world with another face.

But of this one should not speak. From you, however, as a *homo literatus* I shall not withhold a confession: I have the idea that with this "Zarathustra" I have brought the German language to its acme of perfection. After Luther and Goethe there still remained a third step to be taken—just ask yourself, dear old comrade, whether power, suppleness, and euphony have ever before been united in this way in our language. Read Goethe after having read a page of my book and you will find that that "undulating quality," which Goethe as a draughtsman possessed, was not unknown even to the word-painter. It is in my more severe and more manly line that I excel him, without, however, descending to the coarse mob with Luther. My style is a dance, a play of all kinds

of symmetries, and a vaulting and mocking of these symmetries. And this even extends to the choice of vowels.

Forgive me! I shall take care not to make this confession to any one else, but once, I believe, you alone expressed the pleasure my style had given you.

Moreover I have remained a poet to the utmost limits of this concept, although I have already tyrannized over myself thoroughly with the reverse of everything that could be called poetry.

Ah, dear friend, what an absurdly silent life I lead! So much alone, so much alone! So "childless!"

Remain fond of me; I am truly fond of you.

Yours,

F. N.

Nietzsche to Peter Gast

Nice, November 24, 1887.

DEAR FRIEND:

I am enjoying a great blessing this morning: for the first time a "fire-idol" stands in my room: a small stove—and I confess that I have already pranced round it once or twice like a good heathen. Until to-day my life has been a blue-fingered frosty affair, on the basis of which not even my philosophy stood firmly on its legs. Things are pretty insufferable when in one's own room one can feel the frigid breath of death—when one withdraws to one's room not as to a *fastness*, so

to speak, but as if one were *drawn back to prison*. For the last ten days it has been simply pouring: the rainfall per square meter has been reckoned at 208 litres. This October was the coldest I have ever had here, and this November the rainiest. Nice is still rather empty and yet twenty-five of us sit down to dinner every evening—all of them kindly and well-meaning people, to whom no objection can be made. . . .

. . . The fact that Rousseau was one of the first followers of Gluck gives me cause for reflection; for, as far as I at least am concerned, everything the former prized is a little suspicious, as are also all those who prized *him* (there is a whole family of Rousseau—Schiller belongs to it, and so in part does Kant; in France, George Sand, and also Sainte-Beuve; in England, George Eliot, etc., etc.). All those who have been in need of “moral dignity” *faute de mieux* have been among the admirers of Rousseau, even down to our darling Dühring, who had the good taste to represent himself in his autobiography as *the Rousseau of the 19th century*. (Just observe how a man stands toward Voltaire and Rousseau: it makes all the difference in the world whether he says yea to the former or to the latter: Voltaire’s enemies—as, for instance, Victor Hugo, all romanticists, even the subtler latter-day sort such as the brothers Goncourt—are all favorably disposed to that masked plebeian Rousseau. And I suspect that there is something of the resentment of the mob to be found at the bottom of all

Romanticism.) Voltaire is magnificently intellectual *canaille*; but I agree with Galiani that

“*Un monstre gai vaut mieux
qu'un sentimental ennuyeux.*”

Voltaire was only possible and tolerable on the soil of a noble culture that can allow itself the luxury of intellectual *canaillerie*.

Observe with what *warm feelings*, what tolerance, my stove has already begun to permeate me!

I beseech you, dear friend, to be constantly mindful of this one duty; you cannot avoid it: you must once more by word and deed elevate *severer principles* to a place of honor *in rebus musicis et musicantibus*, and seduce the Germans to the paradox, which is a paradox only at the present day: that *the severer principles and more cheerful music* are inseparable.

Your devoted and grateful friend,

N.

Nietzsche to Brandes (who wanted to lecture on Nietzsche and his works)

Turin, Italy, ferma in posta.

April 10, 1888.

This is indeed a surprise, my dear Sir! Where have you acquired the courage to be desirous of speaking in public on a *vir obscurissimus*? . . . Do you imagine for a moment that I am known at all in the dear Fatherland? It is there above all places that I am regarded as something absurd and eccentric, something that is not wanted and need

not be taken seriously. Presumably they scent that I do not take them seriously, and how could I in these days when German *Geist* has become a contradiction in terms?

I am much obliged to you for sending me your photograph. Unfortunately I am unable to return the compliment, my sister, who has married and gone to South America, having taken with her the last photographs of myself that I possessed.

I enclose, however, a little *Vita*, the first I have ever written. As to the dates of the separate books, they are given on the title-page flyleaf of "Beyond Good and Evil." But you may have mislaid the leaf.

"The Birth of Tragedy" was composed between the summer of 1870 and the winter of 1871 (finished in Lugano when I was living with the family of the field-marshal Moltke).

The "Thoughts out of Season," between 1872 and the summer of 1875 (there were to have been thirteen of them, but health happily said "No").

What you say about "Schopenhauer as a teacher" gives me infinite pleasure. That little performance serves the purpose of a distinguishing mark; he for whom it does not contain much that is personal has in all probability nothing in common with me. The whole scheme according to which I have ever since lived is drawn up in it. It is a rigorous foreshadowing.

"Human, All too Human," with its two appendices, came into being in the summers of 1876-1879; "Dawn of Day," in 1880; "The Joyful

Science," January, 1882; "Zarathustra," 1883 to 1885, each part written in about ten days in circumstances completely "inspired." Every sentence came to me while taking long walks in the open air, with such absolute sureness that it might have been shouted into my ear. Intense physical exuberance and elasticity accompanied the writing. "Beyond Good and Evil" occupied the summer of 1885 in the Upper Engadine and the following winter in Nice. Between the 10th and 30th of July, 1887, the idea of "The Genealogy of Morals" was caught, the work carried out, MS. completed, and sent to the printers in Leipzig. (There is, of course, besides, *Philologica* of mine, only that is of no interest to either you or me.)

I am now trying Turin, and shall be here till June 5th, when I go on to the Engadine. So far, I find it severely wintry and raw. But the town itself in its superb serenity appeals to my instincts. It has the most beautiful pavement in the world.

Hearty greetings from

Yours most gratefully,

NIETZSCHE.

Alas! I know neither Danish nor Swedish.

Vita (enclosed)

I was born on the 15th of October, 1844, on the battlefield of Lützen. The first name I remember was that of Gustavus Adolphus. My ancestors were Poles belonging to the aristocracy (Niëzky). The type seems to be well preserved, in spite of three German mothers. Abroad I am

generally taken for a Pole. In the visitors' list at Nice only this winter I was entered as a Pole. They tell me that my head is familiar in Matejko's¹ pictures. My grandmother mixed in the Schiller-Goethe circles of Weimar; her brother succeeded Herder in the post of Weimar's General-Superintendent. It was my good fortune to be a pupil at the celebrated and historic Pforta School, where so many (Klopstock, Fichte, Schlegel, Ranke, &c.) who have added luster to German literature preceded me. We had teachers who would have been (or have been) creditable to every University. I next studied in Bonn, later on at Leipzig, where the venerable Ritschl, at that time the premier philologist of Germany, singled me out for distinction from the first. At twenty-two years of age I was a contributor to the *Litterarisches Centralblatt* (edited by Zarncke). The founding of the Philological Society of Leipzig, which still exists, originated with me. In the winter of 1868-69 the University of Bâle offered me a professorial chair, before I had even been made doctor. Whereupon the Leipzig University did me the extraordinary honor of conferring on me the degree of Doctor without any examination or dissertation being required.

I stayed at Bâle from 1869 till 1879. It became necessary for me to give up my rights as a German subject, owing to the fact that as an officer in the Horse Artillery I was too often called out and disturbed in my academic duties.

¹Famous Polish painter (1838-93).—TRANSLATOR.

Nevertheless, I understand the use at least of two weapons, saber and cannon, and perhaps I know something about a third. All went smoothly at Bâle. It often happened at promotion examinations for the Doctorate that the examiner was younger than the examinee! A great advantage I enjoyed there was the genial relations existing between Jakob Burckhardt and myself; something quite unusual on the part of that hermit-like thinker, who lived a very retired life.

Another still more incalculable advantage was that from the beginning of my residence in Bâle a quite unusual intimacy sprang up between me and Richard and Cosima Wagner, who at that time were living on their country estate, Tribschen, on the lake of Lucerne, as much cut off from all their earlier connections as if they were on a desert island. For several years we shared every joy and sorrow; a friendship of unbounded confidence. You will find that in Wagner's collected works, Vol. VII, there is printed an epistle to me *à propos* of the "Birth of Tragedy." My relations with them brought me in contact with a large circle of interesting men and women, in fact, the best society that moves between St. Petersburg and Paris. Toward 1876 my health began to decline. I spent a winter in Sorrento with my old friend Baroness Meysenbug (author of *Memoiren einer Idealistin*) and Dr. Reé, with whom I was then in sympathy. It did me no good. An exceedingly painful and stubborn form of head-

ache set in that exhausted all my strength. As years went on it increased, and reached such a climax of habitual suffering that the year contained for me at that time two hundred days of torture. The cause of the malady must have been entirely local, as any kind of neuro-pathological grounds for it were absent. I never had the least sign of mental disturbance, no fever, no fainting. My pulse was the whole time as slow as the first Napoleon's (60). My specialty was to endure excruciating pain and *cru et vert* with an absolutely clear brain for two or three days on end, vomiting bile the whole time. A report got wind that I was in an asylum (indeed, that I had died there). Nothing could have been further from the truth. My mind did not really mature until this frightful time. Evidence of it is "Dawn of Day," which I wrote in 1881 during a winter of unspeakable wretchedness in Genoa, beyond reach of doctors, friends, and relations. I composed the book with a minimum of health and strength, so it stands for a kind of *Dynamometer* of my powers. From 1882 onward I progressed, even if slowly, toward recovery. The crisis was overcome (my father died young, at exactly the same age at which I myself was at death's door). Even to-day I have to be extremely careful; certain conditions, climatic and meteorological, are indispensable. It is not choice, but compulsion, which takes me every summer to the Upper Engadine and every winter to the Riviera.

Finally, this illness has been of the very greatest

help to me; it has set me free; it has restored me the courage to be myself. My instincts are those of a brave, even of a military, beast. The prolonged struggle has slightly exasperated my pride of spirit. After all, am I a philosopher? But what does it matter?

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

JUNE 5

(*O. Henry, died June 5, 1910*)

A MUNICIPAL REPORT*

The cities are full of pride,
Challenging each to each—
This from her mountainside,
That from her burthened beach.

R. KIPLING.

Fancy a novel about Chicago or Buffalo, let us say, or Nashville, Tennessee! There are just three big cities in the United States that are "story cities"—New York, of course, New Orleans, and, best of the lot, San Francisco.—FRANK NORRIS.

EAST is East, and West is San Francisco, according to Californians. Californians are a race of people; they are not merely inhabitants of a State. They are the Southerners of the West. Now, Chicagoans are no less loyal to their city; but when you ask them why, they stammer and speak of lake fish and the new Odd Fellows Building. But Californians go into detail.

Of course they have, in the climate, an argument that is good for half an hour while you are thinking of your coal bills and heavy underwear. But as soon as they come to mistake your silence for conviction, madness comes upon them, and they picture the city of the Golden Gate as the Bagdad

*From "Strictly Business."

of the New World. So far, as a matter of opinion, no refutation is necessary. But, dear cousins all (from Adam and Eve descended), it is a rash one who will lay his finger on the map and say: "In this town there can be no romance—what could happen here?" Yes, it is a bold and a rash deed to challenge in one sentence history, romance, and Rand and McNally.

NASHVILLE.—A city, port of delivery, and the capital of the State of Tennessee, is on the Cumberland River and on the N. C. & St. L. and the L. & N. railroads. This city is regarded as the most important educational center in the South.

I stepped off the train at 8 P. M. Having searched the thesaurus in vain for adjectives, I must, as a substitution, hie me to comparison in the form of a recipe.

Take of London fog 30 parts; malaria 10 parts; gas leaks 20 parts; dewdrops gathered in a brick yard at sunrise, 25 parts; odor of honeysuckle 15 parts. Mix.

The mixture will give you an approximate conception of a Nashville drizzle. It is not so fragrant as a moth-ball nor as thick as pea-soup; but 'tis enough—'twill serve.

I went to a hotel in a tumbril. It required strong self-suppression for me to keep from climbing to the top of it and giving an imitation of Sidney Carton. The vehicle was drawn by beasts of a bygone era and driven by something dark and emancipated.

I was sleepy and tired, so when I got to the hotel I hurriedly paid it the fifty cents it demanded (with approximate lagniappe, I assure you). I knew its habits; and I did not want to hear it prate about its old "marster" or anything that happened "befo' de wah."

The hotel was one of the kind described as "renovated." That means \$20,000 worth of new marble pillars, tiling, electric lights, and brass cuspidors in the lobby, and a new L. & N. time table and a lithograph of Lookout Mountain in each one of the great rooms above. The management was without reproach, the attention full of exquisite Southern courtesy, the service as slow as the progress of a snail and as good-humored as Rip Van Winkle. The food was worth traveling a thousand miles for. There is no other hotel in the world where you can get such chicken livers *en brochette*.

At dinner I asked a Negro waiter if there was anything doing in town. He pondered gravely for a minute, and then replied: "Well, boss, I don't really reckon there's anything at all doin' after sundown."

Sundown had been accomplished; it had been drowned in the drizzle long before. So that spectacle was denied me. But I went forth upon the streets in the drizzle to see what might be there.

It is built on undulating grounds; and the streets are lighted by electricity at a cost of \$32,470 per annum.

As I left the hotel there was a race riot. Down upon me charged a company of freedmen, or Arabs, or Zulus, armed with—no, I saw with relief that they were not rifles, but whips. And I saw dimly a caravan of black, clumsy vehicles; and at the reassuring shouts, “Kyar you anywhere in the town, boss, fuh fifty cents,” I reasoned that I was merely a “fare” instead of a victim.

I walked through long streets, all leading uphill. I wondered how those streets ever came down again. Perhaps they didn’t until they were “graded.” On a few of the “main streets” I saw lights in stores here and there; saw street cars go by conveying worthy burghers hither and yon; saw people pass engaged in the art of conversation, and heard a burst of semi-lively laughter issuing from a soda-water and ice-cream parlor. The streets other than “main” seemed to have enticed upon their borders houses consecrated to peace and domesticity. In many of them lights shone behind discreetly drawn window shades; in a few pianos tinkled orderly and irreproachable music. There was, indeed, little “doing.” I wished I had come before sundown. So I returned to my hotel.

In November, 1864, the Confederate General Hood advanced against Nashville, where he shut up a National force under General Thomas. The latter then sallied forth and defeated the Confederates in a terrible conflict.

All my life I have heard of, admired, and witnessed the fine marksmanship of the South in its

peaceful conflicts in the tobacco-chewing regions. But in my hotel a surprise awaited me. There were twelve bright, new, imposing, capacious brass cuspidors in the great lobby, tall enough to be called urns and so wide-mouthed that the crack pitcher of a lady baseball team should have been able to throw a ball into one of them at five paces distant. But, although a terrible battle had raged and was still raging, the enemy had not suffered. Bright, new, imposing, capacious, untouched, they stood. But, shades of Jefferson Brick! the tile floor—the beautiful tile floor! I could not avoid thinking of the battle of Nashville, and trying to draw, as is my foolish habit, some deductions about hereditary marksmanship.

Here I first saw Major (by misplaced courtesy) Wentworth Caswell. I knew him for a type the moment my eyes suffered from the sight of him. A rat has no geographical habitat. My old friend, A. Tennyson, said, as he so well said almost everything:

Prophet, curse me the blabbing lip,
And curse me the British vermin, the rat.

Let us regard the word "British" as interchangeable *ad lib*. A rat is a rat.

This man was hunting about the hotel lobby like a starved dog that had forgotten where he had buried a bone. He had a face of great acreage, red, pulpy, and with a kind of sleepy massiveness like that of Buddha. He possessed one single

virtue—he was very smoothly shaven. The mark of the beast is not indelible upon a man until he goes about with a stubble. I think that if he had not used his razor that day I would have repulsed his advances, and the criminal calendar of the world would have been spared the addition of one murder.

I happened to be standing within five feet of a cuspidor when Major Caswell opened fire upon it. I had been observant enough to perceive that the attacking force was using Gatlings instead of squirrel rifles; so I side-stepped so promptly that the major seized the opportunity to apologize to a noncombatant. He had the blabbing lip. In four minutes he had become my friend and had dragged me to the bar.

I desire to interpolate here that I am a Southerner. But I am not one by profession or trade. I eschew the string tie, the slouch hat, the Prince Albert, the number of bales of cotton destroyed by Sherman, and plug chewing. When the orchestra plays "Dixie" I do not cheer. I slide a little lower on the leather-cornered seat and, well, order another Würzburger and wish that Longstreet had—but what's the use?

Major Caswell banged the bar with his fist, and the first gun at Fort Sumter reëchoed. When he fired the last one at Appomattox I began to hope. But then he began on family trees, and demonstrated that Adam was only a third cousin of a collateral branch of the Caswell family. Genealogy disposed of, he took up, to my distaste, his private

family matters. He spoke of his wife, traced her descent back to Eve, and profanely denied any possible rumor that she may have had relations in the land of Nod.

By this time I began to suspect that he was trying to obscure by noise the fact that he had ordered the drinks, on the chance that I would be bewildered into paying for them. But when they were down he crashed a silver dollar loudly upon the bar. Then, of course, another serving was obligatory. And when I had paid for that I took leave of him brusquely; for I wanted no more of him. But before I had obtained my release he had prated loudly of an income that his wife received, and showed a handful of silver money.

When I got my key at the desk the clerk said to me courteously: "If that man Caswell has annoyed you, and if you would like to make a complaint, we will have him ejected. He is a nuisance, a loafer, and without any known means of support, although he seems to have some money most the time. But we don't seem to be able to hit upon any means of throwing him out legally."

"Why, no," said I, after some reflection; "I don't see my way clear to making a complaint. But I would like to place myself on record as asserting that I do not care for his company. Your town," I continued, "seems to be a quiet one. What manner of entertainment, adventure, or excitement have you to offer to the stranger within your gates?"

"Well, sir," said the clerk, "there will be a show

here next Thursday. It is—I'll look it up and have the announcement sent up to your room with the ice water. Good-night."

After I went up to my room I looked out the window. It was only about ten o'clock, but I looked upon a silent town. The drizzle continued, spangled with dim lights, as far apart as currants in a cake sold at the Ladies' Exchange.

"A quiet place," I said to myself, as my first shoe struck the ceiling of the occupant of the room beneath mine. "Nothing of the life here that gives color and variety to the cities in the East and West. Just a good, ordinary, humdrum, business town."

Nashville occupies a foremost place among the manufacturing centers of the country. It is the fifth boot and shoe market in the United States, the largest candy and cracker manufacturing city in the South, and does an enormous wholesale drygoods, grocery, and drug business.

I must tell you how I came to be in Nashville, and I assure you the digression brings as much tedium to me as it does to you. I was traveling elsewhere on my own business, but I had a commission from a Northern literary magazine to stop there and establish a personal connection between the publication and one of its contributors, Azalea Adair.

Adair (there was no clue to the personality except the handwriting) had sent in some essays (lost art!) and poems that had made the editors

swear approvingly over their one o'clock luncheon. So they had commissioned me to round up said Adair and corner by contract his or her output at two cents a word before some other publisher offered her ten or twenty.

At nine o'clock the next morning, after my chicken livers *en brochette* (try them, if you can find that hotel), I strayed out into the drizzle, which was still on for an unlimited run. At the first corner I came upon Uncle Cæsar. He was a stalwart Negro, older than the pyramids, with gray wool and a face that reminded me of Brutus, and a second afterward of the late King Cettiwayo. He wore the most remarkable coat that I ever had seen or expect to see. It reached to his ankles and had once been a Confederate gray in colors. But rain and sun and age had so variegated it that Joseph's coat, beside it, would have faded to a pale monochrome. I must linger with that coat, for it has to do with the story—the story that is so long in coming, because you can hardly expect anything to happen in Nashville.

Once it must have been the military coat of an officer. The cape of it had vanished, but all adown its front it had been frogged and tasseled magnificently. But now the frogs and tassels were gone. In their stead had been patiently stitched (I surmised by some surviving "black mammy") new frogs made of cunningly twisted common hempen twine. This twine was frayed and disheveled. It must have been added to the coat as a substitute for vanished splendors, with

tasteless but painstaking devotion, for it followed faithfully the curves of the long-missing frogs. And, to complete the comedy and pathos of the garment, all its buttons were gone save one. The second button from the top alone remained. The coat was fastened by other twine strings tied through the buttonholes and other holes rudely pierced in the opposite side. There was never such a weird garment so fantastically bedecked and of so many mottled hues. The lone button was the size of a half-dollar, made of yellow horn and sewed on with coarse twine.

This Negro stood by a carriage so old that Ham himself might have started a hack line with it after he left the ark with the two animals hitched to it. As I approached he threw open the door, drew out a feather duster, waved it without using it, and said in deep, rumbling tones:

“Step right in, suh; ain’t a speck of dust in it—jus’ got back from a funeral, suh.”

I inferred that on such gala occasions carriages were given an extra cleaning. I looked up and down the street and perceived that there was little choice among the vehicles for hire that lined the curb. I looked in my memorandum book for the address of Azalea Adair.

“I want to go to 861 Jessamine Street,” I said, and was about to step into the hack. But for an instant the thick, long, gorilla-like arm of the old Negro barred me. On his massive and saturnine face a look of sudden suspicion and enmity flashed for a moment. Then, with quickly returning con-

viction, he asked blandishingly: "What are you gwine there for, boss?"

"What is that to you?" I asked, a little sharply.

"Nothin', suh, jus' nothin'. Only it's a lone some kind of part of town and few folks ever has business out there. Step right in. The seats is clean—jes' got back from a funeral, suh."

A mile and a half it must have been to our journey's end. I could hear nothing but the fearful rattle of the ancient hack over the uneven brick paving; I could smell nothing but the drizzle, now further flavored with coal smoke and something like a mixture of tar and oleander blossoms. All I could see through the streaming windows were two rows of dim houses.

The city has an area of 10 square miles; 181 miles of streets, of which 137 miles are paved; a system of waterworks that cost \$2,000,000, with 77 miles of mains.

Eight-sixty-one Jessamine Street was a decayed mansion. Thirty yards back from the street it stood, outmerged in a splendid grove of trees and untrimmed shrubbery. A row of box bushes overflowed and almost hid the paling fence from sight; the gate was kept closed by a rope noose that encircled the gate post and the first paling of the gate. But when you got inside you saw that 861 was a shell, a shadow, a ghost of former grandeur and excellence. But in the story, I have not yet got inside.

When the hack had ceased from rattling and

the weary quadrupeds came to a rest I handed my jehu his fifty cents with an additional quarter, feeling a glow of conscious generosity, as I did so. He refused it.

"It's two dollars, suh," he said.

"How's that?" I asked. "I plainly heard you call out at the hotel: 'Fifty cents to any part of the town.'"

"It's two dollars, suh," he repeated obstinately. "It's a long ways from the hotel."

"It is within the city limits and well within them," I argued. "Don't think that you have picked up a green-horn Yankee. Do you see those hills over there?" I went on, pointing toward the east (I could not see them, myself, for the drizzle); "well, I was born and raised on their other side. You old fool nigger, can't you tell people from other people when you see 'em?"

The grim face of King Cettiwayo softened. "Is you from the South, suh? I reckon it was them shoes of yourn fooled me. They is somethin' sharp in the toes for a Southern gen'l'man to wear."

"Then the charge is fifty cents, I suppose?" said I inexorably.

His former expression, a mingling of cupidity and hostility, returned, remained ten seconds, and vanished.

"Boss," he said, "fifty cents is right; but I *needs* two dollars, suh; I'm *obleeged* to have two dollars. I ain't *demandin'* it now, suh; after I knows whar you's from; I'm jus' sayin' that I *has* to have two dollars to-night, and business is mighty po'."

Peace and confidence settled upon his heavy features. He had been luckier than he had hoped. Instead of having picked up a greenhorn, ignorant of rates, he had come upon an inheritance.

"You confounded old rascal," I said, reaching down to my pocket, "you ought to be turned over to the police."

For the first time I saw him smile. He knew; *he knew*; HE KNEW.

I gave him two one-dollar bills. As I handed them over I noticed that one of them had seen parlous times. Its upper right-hand corner was missing, and it had been torn through in the middle, but joined again. A strip of blue tissue paper, pasted over the split, preserved its negotiability.

Enough of the African bandit for the present: I left him happy, lifted the rope, and opened the creaky gate.

The house, as I said, was a shell. A paint brush had not touched it in twenty years. I could not see why a strong wind should not have bowled it over like a house of cards until I looked again at the trees that hugged it close—the trees that saw the battle of Nashville and still drew their protecting branches around it against storm and enemy and cold.

Azalea Adair, fifty years old, white-haired, a descendant of the cavaliers, as thin and frail as the house she lived in, robed in the cheapest and cleanest dress I ever saw, with an air as simple as a queen's, received me.

The reception room seemed a mile square, be-

cause there was nothing in it except some rows of books, on unpainted white-pine bookshelves, a cracked marble-top table, a rag rug, a hairless horsehair sofa and two or three chairs. Yes, there was a picture on the wall, a colored crayon drawing of a cluster of pansies. I looked around for the portrait of Andrew Jackson and the pine-cone hanging basket but they were not there.

Azalea Adair and I had conversation, a little of which will be repeated to you. She was a product of the old South, gently nurtured in the sheltered life. Her learning was not broad, but was deep and of splendid originality in its somewhat narrow scope. She had been educated at home, and her knowledge of the world was derived from inference and by inspiration. Of such is the precious, small group of essayists made. While she talked to me, I kept brushing my fingers, trying, unconsciously, to rid them guiltily of the absent dust from the half-calf backs of Lamb, Chaucer, Hazlitt, Marcus Aurelius, Montaigne, and Hood. She was exquisite, she was a valuable discovery. Nearly everybody nowadays knows too much—oh, so much too much—of real life.

I could perceive clearly that Azalea Adair was very poor. A house and a dress she had, not much else, I fancied. So, divided between my duty to the magazine and my loyalty to the poets and essayists who fought Thomas in the valley of the Cumberland, I listened to her voice, which was like a harpsichord's, and found that I could not speak of contracts. In the presence of the nine

Muses and the three Graces one hesitated to lower the topic to two cents. There would have to be another colloquy after I had regained my commercialism. But I spoke of my mission, and three o'clock of the next afternoon was set for the discussion of the business proposition.

"Your town," I said, as I began to make ready to depart (which is the time for smooth generalities), "seems to be a quiet, sedate place. A home town, I should say, where few things out of the ordinary ever happen."

It carries on an extensive trade in stoves and hollow ware with the West and South, and its flouring mills have a daily capacity of more than 2,000 barrels.

Azalea Adair seemed to reflect.

"I have never thought of it that way," she said, with a kind of sincere intensity that seemed to belong to her.

"Isn't it in the still, quiet places that things do happen? I fancy that when God began to create the earth on the first Monday morning one could have leaned out one's window and heard the drops of mud splashing from His trowel as He built up the everlasting hills. What did the noisiest project in the world—I mean the building of the tower of Babel—result in finally? A page and a half of Esperanto in the *North American Review*."

"Of course," said I platitudinously, "human nature is the same everywhere; but there is more



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color—er—more drama and movement and—er—romance in some cities than in others.”

“On the surface,” said Azalea Adair. “I have traveled many times around the world in a golden airship wafted on two wings—print and dreams. I have seen (on one of my imaginary tours) the Sultan of Turkey bowstring with his own hands one of his wives who had uncovered her face in public. I have seen a man in Nashville tear up his theater tickets because his wife was going out with her face covered—with rice powder. In San Francisco’s Chinatown I saw the slave girl Sing Yee dipped slowly, inch by inch, in boiling almond oil to make her swear she would never see her American lover again. She gave in when the boiling oil had reached three inches above her knee. At a euchre party in East Nashville the other night I saw Kitty Morgan cut dead by seven of her schoolmates and lifelong friends because she had married a house painter. The boiling oil sizzling as high as her heart; but I wish you could have seen the fine little smile that she carried from table to table. Oh, yes, it is a humdrum town. Just a few miles of red brick houses and mud and stores and lumber yards.”

Someone knocked hollowly at the back of the house. Azalea Adair breathed a soft apology and went to investigate the sound. She came back in three minutes with brightened eyes, a faint flush on her cheeks, and ten years lifted from her shoulders.

"You must have a cup of tea before you go," she said, "and a sugar cake."

She reached and shook a little iron bell. In shuffled a small Negro girl about twelve, bare-foot, not very tidy, glowering at me with thumb in mouth and bulging eyes.

Azalea Adair opened a tiny, worn purse and drew out a dollar bill, a dollar bill with the upper right-hand corner missing, torn in two pieces and pasted together again with a strip of blue tissue paper. It was one of the bills I had given the piratical Negro—there was no doubt of it.

"Go up to Mr. Baker's store on the corner, Impy," she said, handing the girl the dollar bill, "and get a quarter of a pound of tea—the kind he always sends me—and ten cents worth of sugar cakes. Now, hurry. The supply of tea in the house happens to be exhausted," she explained to me.

Impy left by the back way. Before the scrape of her hard, bare feet had died away on the back porch, a wild shriek—I was sure it was hers—filled the hollow house. Then the deep, gruff tones of an angry man's voice mingled with the girl's further squeals and unintelligible words.

Azalea Adair rose without surprise or emotion and disappeared. For two minutes I heard the hoarse rumble of the man's voice; then something like an oath and a slight scuffle, and she returned calmly to her chair.

"This is a roomy house," she said, "and I have a tenant for part of it. I am sorry to have to

rescind my invitation to tea. It was impossible to get the kind I always use at the store. Perhaps to-morrow Mr. Baker will be able to supply me."

I was sure that Impy had not had time to leave the house. I inquired concerning street-car lines and took my leave. After I was well on my way I remembered that I had not learned Azalea Adair's name. But to-morrow would do.

That same day I started in on the course of iniquity that this uneventful city forced upon me. I was in the town only two days, but in that time I managed to lie shamelessly by telegraph, and to be an accomplice—after the fact, if that is the correct term—to a murder.

As I rounded the corner nearest my hotel the Afrite coachman of the polychromatic, nonpareil coat seized me, swung open the dungeony door of his peripatetic sarcophagus, flirted his feather duster and began his ritual: "Step right in, boss. Carriage is clean—jus' got back from a funeral. Fifty cents to any——"

And then he knew me and grinned broadly. "'Scuse me, boss; you is de gen'l'man what rid out with me dis mawnin'. Thank you kindly, suh."

"I am going out to 861 again to-morrow afternoon at three," said I, "and if you will be here, I'll let you drive me. So you know Miss Adair?" I concluded, thinking of my dollar bill.

"I belonged to her father, Judge Adair, suh," he replied.

"I judge that she is pretty poor," I said. "She hasn't much money to speak of, has she?"

For an instant I looked again at the fierce countenance of King Cettiwayo, and then he changed back to an extortionate old Negro hack driver.

"She ain't gwine to starve, suh," he said slowly. "She has reso'ces, suh; she has reso'ces."

"I shall pay you fifty cents for the trip," said I.

"Dat is puffedckly correct, suh," he answered humbly. "I jus' *had* to have dat two dollars dis mawnin', boss."

I went to the hotel and lied by electricity. I wired the magazine: "A. Adair holds out for eight cents a word."

The answer that came back was: "Give it to her quick, you duffer."

Just before dinner "Major" Wentworth Caswell bore down upon me with the greetings of a long-lost friend. I have seen few men whom I have so instantaneously hated, and of whom it was so difficult to be rid. I was standing at the bar when he invaded me; therefore I could not wave the white ribbon in his face. I would have paid gladly for the drinks, hoping, thereby, to escape another; but he was one of those despicable, roaring, advertising bibbers who must have brass bands and fireworks attend upon every cent that they waste in their follies.

With an air of producing millions he drew two one-dollar bills from a pocket and dashed one of them upon the bar. I looked once more at the dollar bill with the upper right-hand corner missing, torn through the middle, and patched with a

strip of blue tissue paper. It was my dollar bill again. It could have been no other.

I went up to my room. The drizzle and the monotony of a dreary, eventless Southern town had made me tired and listless. I remember that just before I went to bed I mentally disposed of the mysterious dollar bill (which might have formed the clew to a tremendously fine detective story of San Francisco) by saying to myself sleepily: "Seems as if a lot of people here own stock in the Hack-Driver's Trust. Pays dividends promptly, too. Wonder if——" Then I fell asleep.

King Cettiwayo was at his post the next day, and rattled my bones over the stones out to 861. He was to wait and rattle me back again when I was ready.

Azalea Adair looked paler and cleaner and frailer than she had looked on the day before. After she had signed the contract at eight cents per word she grew still paler and began to slip out of her chair. Without much trouble I managed to get her up on the antediluvian horsehair sofa and then I ran out to the sidewalk and yelled to the coffee-colored Pirate to bring a doctor. With a wisdom that I had not suspected in him, he abandoned his team and struck off up the street afoot, realizing the value of speed. In ten minutes he returned with a grave, gray-haired, and capable man of medicine. In a few words (worth much less than eight cents each) I explained to him my presence in the hollow house of mystery. He

bowed with stately understanding, and turned to the old Negro.

"Uncle Cæsar," he said calmly, "run up to my house and ask Miss Lucy to give you a cream pitcher full of fresh milk and half a tumbler of port wine. And hurry back. Don't drive—run. I want you to get back sometime this week."

It occurred to me that Dr. Merriman also felt a distrust as to the speeding powers of the land pirate's steeds. After Uncle Cæsar was gone, lumberingly, but swiftly, up the street, the doctor looked me over with great politeness and as much careful calculation until he had decided that I might do.

"It is only a case of insufficient nutrition," he said. "In other words, the result of poverty, pride, and starvation. Mrs. Caswell has many devoted friends who would be glad to aid her, but she will accept nothing except from that old Negro, Uncle Cæsar, who was once owned by her family."

"Mrs. Caswell!" I said, in surprise. And then I looked at the contract and saw that she had signed it "Azalea Adair Caswell."

"I thought she was Miss Adair," I said.

"Married to a drunken, worthless loafer, sir," said the doctor. "It is said that he robs her even of the small sums that her old servant contributes toward her support."

When the milk and wine had been brought the doctor soon revived Azalea Adair. She sat up

and talked of the beauty of the autumn leaves that were then in season, and their height of color. She referred lightly to her fainting seizure as the outcome of an old palpitation of the heart. Impy fanned her as she lay on the sofa. The doctor was due elsewhere, and I followed him to the door. I told him that it was within my power and intentions to make a reasonable advance of money to Azalea Adair on future contributions to the magazine, and he seemed pleased.

"By the way," he said, "perhaps you would like to know that you have had royalty for a coachman. Old Cæsar's grandfather was a king in Congo. Cæsar himself has royal ways, as you may have observed."

As the doctor was moving off I heard Uncle Cæsar's voice inside: "Did he git bofe of dem two dollars from you, Mis' Zalea?"

"Yes, Cæsar," I heard Azalea Adair answer weakly. And then I went in and concluded business negotiations with our contributor. I assumed the responsibility of advancing fifty dollars, putting it as a necessary formality in binding our bargain. And then Uncle Cæsar drove me back to the hotel.

Here ends all of the story as far as I can testify as a witness. The rest must be only bare statements of facts.

At about six o'clock I went out for a stroll. Uncle Cæsar was at his corner. He threw open the door of his carriage, flourished his duster and

began his depressing formula: "Step right in, suh. Fifty cents to anywhere in the city—hack's puff-
fickly clean, suh—jus' got back from a funeral——"

And then he recognized me. I think his eyesight was getting bad. His coat had taken on a few more faded shades of color, the twine strings were more frayed and ragged, the last remaining button—the button of yellow horn—was gone. A motley descendant of kings was Uncle Cæsar!

About two hours later I saw an excited crowd besieging the front of a drug store. In a desert where nothing happens this was manna; so I edged my way inside. On an extemporized couch of empty boxes and chairs was stretched the mortal corporeality of Major Wentworth Caswell. A doctor was testing him for the immortal ingredient. His decision was that it was conspicuous by its absence.

The erstwhile Major had been found dead on a dark street and brought by curious and ennuied citizens to the drug store. The late human being had been engaged in terrific battle—the details showed that. Loafer and reprobate though he had been, he had been also a warrior. But he had lost. His hands were yet clinched so tightly that his fingers would not be opened. The gentle citizens who had known him stood about and searched their vocabularies to find some good words, if it were possible, to speak of him. One kind-looking man said, after much thought:

"When 'Cas' was about fo'teen he was one of the best spellers in school."

While I stood there the fingers of the right hand of "the man that was," which hung down the side of a white pine box, relaxed, and dropped something at my feet. I covered it with one foot quietly, and a little later on I picked it up and pocketed it. I reasoned that in his last struggle his hand must have seized that object unwittingly and held it in a death grip.

At the hotel that night the main topic of conversation, with the possible exceptions of politics and prohibition, was the demise of Major Caswell. I heard one man say to a group of listeners:

"In my opinion, gentlemen, Caswell was murdered by some of these no-account niggers for his money. He had fifty dollars this afternoon which he showed to several gentlemen in the hotel. When he was found the money was not on his person."

I left the city the next morning at nine, and as the train was crossing the bridge over the Cumberland River I took out of my pocket a yellow horn overcoat button the size of a fifty-cent piece, with frayed ends of coarse twine hanging from it, and cast it out of the window into the slow muddy waters below.

I wonder what's doing in Buffalo!

O. HENRY.

JUNE 6

CYRANO DE BERGERAC

[In the scene here, Cyrano's stupid but handsome friend, Christian, tries to make love to Roxane and fails. Roxane's expectations are high because she has received glowing letters from Christian which (though she does not know it) were written by Cyrano.]

ACT THIRD

ROXANE'S KISS

A small square in the old Marais. Old-fashioned houses. Narrow streets seen in perspective. At the right, ROXANE'S house and the wall of her garden, above which spreading tree-tops. Over the housedoor, a balcony and window. A bench beside the doorstep.

The wall is overclambered by ivy, the balcony wreathed with jasmine.

By means of the bench and projecting stones in the wall, the balcony can easily be scaled.

On the opposite side, old house in the same style of architecture, brick and stone, with entrance-door. The door-knocker is swaddled in linen.

CYRANO [calling]. Christian! [Enter CHRISTIAN.] I know all that we need to. Now make ready your memory. This is your chance to cover yourself with glory. Let us lose no time. Do not look sullen, like that. Quick! Let us go

to your lodgings and I will rehearse you . . .

CHRISTIAN. No!

CYRANO. What?

CHRISTIAN. No, I will await Roxane here.

CYRANO. What insanity possesses you? Come quickly and learn . . .

CHRISTIAN. No, I tell you! I am weary of borrowing my letters, my words . . . of playing a part, and living in constant fear. . . . It was very well at first, but now I feel that she loves me. I thank you heartily. I am no longer afraid. I will speak for myself . . .

CYRANO. *Ouais?* . . .

CHRISTIAN. And what tells you that I shall not know how? I am not such an utter blockhead, after all! You shall see! Your lessons have not been altogether wasted. I can shift to speak without your aid! And, that failing, by Heaven! I shall still know enough to take her in my arms! [*Catching sight of ROXANE who is coming out from CLOMIRE'S.*] She is coming! Cyrano, no, do not leave me! . . .

CYRANO [*bowing to him*]. I will not meddle, Monsieur.

[*He disappears behind the garden wall.*]

ROXANE [*coming from CLOMIRE'S house with a number of people from whom she is taking leave. Curtseys and farewells*]. Barthénoide! . . . Alcandre! . . . Grémione! . . .

THE DUENNA [*comically desperate*]. We missed the disquisition upon the Softer Sentiments! [*She goes into ROXANE'S house.*]

ROXANE [*still taking leave of this one and that*].
Urimédonte! . . . Good-bye!

[*All bow to ROXANE, to one another, separate and go off by the various streets. ROXANE sees CHRISTIAN.*]

ROXANE. You are here! [*She goes to him.*]
Evening is closing round. . . . Wait!
They have all gone. . . . The air is so mild.
. . . Not a passer in sight. . . . Let us sit
here. . . . Talk! . . . I will listen.

CHRISTIAN [*sits beside her, on the bench. Silence*].
I love you.

ROXANE [*closing her eyes*]. Yes. Talk to me of
love.

CHRISTIAN. I love you.

ROXANE. Yes. That is the theme. Play variations upon it.

CHRISTIAN. I love . . .

ROXANE. Variations!

CHRISTIAN. I love you so much . . .

ROXANE. I do not doubt it. What further? . . .

CHRISTIAN. And further . . . I should be
so happy if you loved me! Tell me, Roxane, that
you love me . . .

ROXANE [*pouting*]. You proffer cider to me
when I was hoping for champagne! . . . Now
tell me a little *how* you love me?

CHRISTIAN. Why . . . very, very much.

ROXANE. Oh! . . . unravel, disentangle
your sentiments!

CHRISTIAN. Your throat! . . . I want to
kiss it! . . .

ROXANE. Christian!

CHRISTIAN. I love you! . . .

ROXANE [*attempting to rise*]. Again! . . .

CHRISTIAN [*hastily, holding her back*]. No, I do not love you! . . .

ROXANE [*sitting down again*]. That is fortunate!

CHRISTIAN. I adore you!

ROXANE [*rising and moving away*]. Oh! . . .

CHRISTIAN. Yes, . . . love makes me into a fool!

ROXANE [*drily*]. And I am displeased at it! as I should be displeased at your no longer being handsome.

CHRISTIAN. But . . .

ROXANE. Go, and rally your routed eloquence!

CHRISTIAN. I . . .

ROXANE. You love me. I have heard it. Good-evening. [*She goes toward the house.*]

CHRISTIAN. No, no, not yet! . . . I wish to tell you . . .

ROXANE [*pushing open the door to go in*]. That you adore me. Yes, I know. No! No! Go away! . . . Go! . . . Go! . . .

CHRISTIAN. But I . . .
[*She closes the door in his face.*]

CYRANO [*who has been on the scene a moment, unnoticed*]. Unmistakably a success.

CHRISTIAN. Help me!

CYRANO. No, sir, no.

CHRISTIAN. I will go kill myself if I am not taken back into favor at once . . . at once!

CYRANO. And how can I . . . how, the

devil? . . . make you learn on the spot . . .

CHRISTIAN [*seizing him by the arm*]. Oh, there!
. . . Look! . . . See!

[*Light has appeared in the balcony window.*]

CYRANO [*with emotion*]. Her window!

CHRISTIAN. Oh, I shall die!

CYRANO. Not so loud!

CHRISTIAN [*in a whisper*]. I shall die!

CYRANO. It is a dark night. . . .

CHRISTIAN. Well?

CYRANO. All may be mended. But you do not deserve. . . . There! stand there, miserable boy! . . . in front of the balcony! I will stand under it and prompt you.

CHRISTIAN. But . . .

CYRANO. Do as I bid you!

THE PAGES [*reappearing at the back, to CYRANO*].
Hey!

CYRANO. Hush! [*He signs to them to lower their voices.*]

FIRST PAGE [*in a lower voice*]. We have finished serenading Montfleury!

CYRANO [*low, quickly*]. Go and stand out of sight. One at this street corner, the other at that; and if any one comes near, play! . . .

SECOND PAGE. What sort of tune, Monsieur the Gassendist?

CYRANO. Merry if it be a woman, mournful if it be a man. [*The pages disappear, one at each street corner. To CHRISTIAN.*] Call her!

CHRISTIAN. Roxane!

CYRANO [*picking up pebbles and throwing them*]

at the window-pane]. Wait! A few pebbles . . .

ROXANE [*opening the window*]. Who is calling me?

CHRISTIAN. It is I . . .

ROXANE. Who is . . . I?

CHRISTIAN. Christian!

ROXANE [*disdainfully*]. Oh, you!

CHRISTIAN. I wish to speak with you.

CYRANO [*under the balcony, to CHRISTIAN*].
Speak low! . . .

ROXANE. No, your conversation is too common. You may go home!

CHRISTIAN. In mercy! . . .

ROXANE. No . . . you do not love me any more!

CHRISTIAN [*whom CYRANO is prompting*]. You accuse me . . . just Heaven! of loving you no more . . . when I can love you no more!

ROXANE [*who was about to close her window, stopping*]. Ah, that is a little better!

CHRISTIAN [*same business*]. To what a . . . size has Love grown in my . . . sigh-rocked soul which the . . . cruel cherub has chosen for his cradle!

ROXANE [*stepping nearer to the edge of the balcony*]. That is distinctly better! . . . But, since he is so cruel, this Cupid, you were unwise not to smother him in his cradle!

CHRISTIAN [*same business*]. I tried to, but, Madame, the . . . attempt was futile. This . . . new-born Love is . . . a little Hercules . . .

ROXANE. Much, much better!

CHRISTIAN [*same business*]. . . . Who found it merest baby-play to . . . strangle the serpents . . . twain, Pride and . . . Mistrust.

ROXANE [*leaning her elbows on the balcony-rail*]. Ah, that is very good indeed! . . . But why do you speak so slowly and stintedly? Has your imagination gout in its wings?

CYRANO [*drawing CHRISTIAN under the balcony, and taking his place*]. Hush! It is becoming too difficult!

ROXANE. To-night your words come faltering. . . . Why is it?

CYRANO [*talking low like CHRISTIAN*]. Because of the dark. They have to grope to find your ear.

ROXANE. My words do not find the same difficulty.

CYRANO. They reach their point at once? Of course they do! That is because I catch them with my heart. My heart, you see, is very large, your ear particularly small. . . . Besides, your words drop . . . that goes quickly; mine have to climb . . . and that takes longer!

ROXANE. They have been climbing more nimbly, however, in the last few minutes.

CYRANO. They are becoming used to this gymnastic feat!

ROXANE. It is true that I am talking with you from a very mountain top!

CYRANO. It is sure that a hard word dropped from such a height upon my heart would shatter it!

ROXANE [*with the motion of leaving*]. I will come down.

CYRANO [*quickly*]. Do not!

ROXANE [*pointing at the bench at the foot of the balcony*]. Then do you get up on the seat! . . .

CYRANO [*drawing away in terror*]. No!

ROXANE. How do you mean . . . No?

CYRANO [*with ever-increasing emotion*]. Let us profit a little by this chance of talking softly together without seeing each other . . .

ROXANE. Without seeing each other? . . .

CYRANO. Yes, to my mind, delectable! Each guesses at the other, and no more. You discern but the trailing blackness of a mantle, and I a dawn-gray glimmer which is a summer gown. I am a shadow merely, a pearly phantom are you! You can never know what these moments are to me! If ever I was eloquent . . .

ROXANE. You were!

CYRANO. My words never till now surged from my very heart . . .

ROXANE. And why?

CYRANO. Because, till now, they must strain to reach you through . . .

ROXANE. What?

CYRANO. Why, the bewildering emotion a man feels who sees you, and whom you look upon! . . . But this evening, it seems to me that I am speaking to you for the first time!

ROXANE. It is true that your voice is altogether different.

CYRANO [*coming nearer, feverishly*]. Yes, al-

together different, because, protected by the dark, I dare at last to be myself. I dare . . . [*He stops, and distractedly.*] What was I saying? . . . I do not know. . . . All this . . . forgive my incoherence! . . . is so delicious . . . is so new to me!

ROXANE. So new? . . .

CYRANO [*in extreme confusion, still trying to mend his expressions*]. So new . . . yes, new, to be sincere; the fear of being mocked always constrains my heart . . .

ROXANE. Mocked . . . for what?

CYRANO. Why, . . . for its impulses, its flights! . . . Yes, my heart always cowers behind the defence of my wit. I set forth to capture a star . . . and then, for dread of laughter, I stop and pick a flower . . . of rhetoric!

ROXANE. That sort of flower has its pleasing points . . .

CYRANO. But yet, to-night, let us scorn it!

ROXANE. Never before had you spoken as you are speaking! . . .

CYRANO. Ah, if far from Cupid-darts and quivers, we might seek a place of somewhat fresher things! If instead of drinking, flat sip by sip, from a chiseled golden thimble, drops distilled and dulcified, we might try the sensation of quenching the thirst of our souls by stooping to the level of the great river, and setting our lips to the stream!

ROXANE. But yet, wit . . . fancy . . . delicate conceits. . . .

CYRANO. I gave my fancy leave to frame con-

ceits, before, to make you linger, . . . but now it would be an affront to this balm-breathing night, to Nature and the hour, to talk like characters in a pastoral performed at Court! . . . Let us give Heaven leave, looking at us with all its earnest stars, to strip us of disguise and artifice: I fear, . . . oh, fear! . . . lest in our mistaken alchemy sentiment should be subtilized to evaporation; lest the life of the heart should waste in these empty pastimes, and the final refinement of the fine be the undoing of the refined!

ROXANE. But yet, wit, . . . aptness, . . . ingenuity . . .

CYRANO. I hate them in love! Criminal, when one loves, to prolong overmuch that paltry thrust and parry! The moment, however, comes inevitably,—and I pity those for whom it never comes!—in which, we apprehending the noble depth of the love we harbor, a shallow word hurts us to utter!

ROXANE. If . . . if, then, that moment has come for us two, what words will you say to me?

CYRANO. All those, all those, all those that come to me! Not in formal nosegay order, . . . I will throw them you in a wild sheaf! I love you, choke with love, I love you, dear. . . . My brain reels, I can bear no more, it is too much. . . . Your name is in my heart the golden clapper in a bell; and as I know no rest, Roxane, always the heart is shaken, and ever rings your name! . . . Of you, I remember all, all have I loved! Last year, one day, the twelfth of May, in going out at

morning you changed the fashion of your hair. . . .
I have taken the light of your hair for my light,
and as having stared too long at the sun, on every-
thing one sees a scarlet wheel, on everything when
I come from my chosen light, my dazzled eye sets
swimming golden blots! . . .

ROXANE [*in a voice unsteady with emotion*]. Yes
. . . this is love . . .

CYRANO. Ah, verily! The feeling which in-
vades me, terrible and jealous, is love . . .
with all its mournful frenzy! It is love, yet self-
forgetting more than the wont of love! Ah, for
your happiness now readily would I give mine,
though you should never know it, might I but,
from a distance, sometimes, hear the happy laugh-
ter bought by my sacrifice! Every glance of yours
breeds in me new strength, new valor! Are you
beginning to understand? Tell me, do you grasp
my love's measure? Does some little part of my
soul make itself felt of you there in the darkness?
. . . Oh, what is happening to me this evening
is too sweet, too deeply dear! I tell you all these
things, and you listen to me, you! Not in my
least modest hoping did I ever hope so much! I
have now only to die! It is because of words of
mine that she is trembling among the dusky
branches! For you are trembling, like a flower
among leaves! Yes, you tremble, . . . for
whether you will or no, I have felt the worshipped
trembling of your hand all along this thrilled and
blissful jasmin-bough! [*He madly kisses the end of
a pendant bough.*]

ROXANE. Yes, I tremble . . . and weep
. . . and love you . . . and am yours!
. . . For you have carried me away . . .
away! . . .

CYRANO. Then, let death come! I have
moved you, I! . . . There is but one thing
more I ask . . .

CHRISTIAN [*under the balcony*]. A kiss!

ROXANE [*drawing hastily back*]. What?

CYRANO. Oh!

ROXANE. You ask? . . .

CYRANO. Yes . . . I . . . [*To CHRISTIAN:*]
You are in too great haste!

CHRISTIAN. Since she is so moved, I must take
advantage of it!

CYRANO [*to ROXANE*]. I . . . Yes, it is
true I asked . . . but, merciful heavens! . . .
I knew at once that I had been too bold.

ROXANE [*a shade disappointed*]. You insist no
more than so?

CYRANO. Indeed, I insist . . . without
insisting! Yes! yes! but your modesty shrinks!
. . . I insist, but yet . . . the kiss I
begged . . . refuse it me!

CHRISTIAN [*to CYRANO, pulling at his mantle*].
Why?

CYRANO. Hush, Christian!

ROXANE [*bending over the balcony-rail*]. What
are you whispering?

CYRANO. Reproaches to myself for having
gone too far; I was saying "Hush, Christian!"
[*The theorbos are heard playing.*] Your pardon!

. . . a second! . . . Someone is coming!

[ROXANE closes the window. CYRANO listens to the theorbos, one of which plays a lively, and the other a lugubrious tune.]

CYRANO. A dance? . . . A dirge? . . . What do they mean? Is it a man or a woman? . . . Ah, it is a monk!

[Enter a CAPUCHIN MONK, who goes from house to house, with a lantern, examining the doors.]

CYRANO [to the CAPUCHIN]. What are you looking for, Diogenes?

THE CAPUCHIN. I am looking for the house of Madame . . .

CHRISTIAN. He is in the way!

THE CAPUCHIN. Magdeleine Robin . . .

CYRANO [pointing up one of the streets]. This way! . . . Straight ahead . . . go straight ahead . . .

THE CAPUCHIN. I thank you. I will say ten Aves for your peace. [Exit.]

CYRANO. My good wishes speed your cowl! [He comes forward toward CHRISTIAN.]

CHRISTIAN. Insist upon the kiss! . . .

CYRANO. No, I will not!

CHRISTIAN. Sooner or later . . .

CYRANO. It is true! It must come, the moment of inebriation when your lips shall imperiously be impelled toward each other, because the one is fledged with youthful gold and the other is so soft a pink! . . . [To himself:] I had rather it should be because . . . [Sound of the win-

dow reopening; CHRISTIAN hides under the balcony.]

ROXANE [*stepping forward on the balcony*]. Are you there? We were speaking of . . . of . . . of a . . .

CYRANO. Kiss. The word is sweet. Why does your fair lip stop at it? If the mere word burns it, what will be of the thing itself? Do not make it into a fearful matter, and then fear! Did you not a moment ago insensibly leave playfulness behind and slip without trepidation from a smile to a sigh, from a sigh to a tear? Slip but a little further in the same blessed direction: from a tear to a kiss there is scarcely a dividing shiver!

ROXANE. Say no more!

CYRANO. A kiss! When all is said, what is a kiss? An oath of allegiance taken in closer proximity, a promise more precise, a seal on a confession, a rose-red dot upon the letter i in loving; a secret which elects the mouth for ear; an instant of eternity murmuring like a bee; balmy communion with a flavor of flowers; a fashion of inhaling each other's heart, and of tasting, on the brink of the lips, each other's soul!

ROXANE. Say no more . . . no more!

CYRANO. A kiss, Madame, is a thing so noble that the Queen of France, on the most fortunate of lords, bestowed one, did the queen herself!

ROXANE. If that be so . . .

CYRANO [*with increasing fervor*]. Like Buckingham I have suffered in long silence, like him I worship a queen, like him I am sorrowful and unchanging . . .

ROXANE. Like him you enthrall through the eyes the heart that follows you!

CYRANO [*to himself, sobered*]. True, I am handsome . . . I had forgotten!

ROXANE. Come then and gather it, the supreme flower . . .

CYRANO [*pushing CHRISTIAN toward the balcony*]. Go!

ROXANE. . . . tasting of the heart.

CYRANO. Go! . . .

ROXANE. . . . murmuring like a bee . . .

CYRANO. Go!

CHRISTIAN [*hesitating*]. But now I feel as if I ought not!

ROXANE. . . . making Eternity an instant . . .

CYRANO [*pushing CHRISTIAN*]. Scale the balcony, you donkey!

[CHRISTIAN *springs toward the balcony, and climbs by means of the bench, the vine, the posts, and balusters.*]

CHRISTIAN. Ah, Roxane! [*He clasps her to him, and bends over her lips.*]

CYRANO. Ha! . . . What a turn of the screw to my heart! . . . Kiss, banquet of Love at which I am Lazarus, a crumb drops from your table even to me, here in the shade. . . . Yes, in my outstretched heart a little falls, as I feel that upon the lip pressing her lip Roxane kisses the words spoken to me! . . . [*The theorbos are heard.*] A merry tune . . . a mournful one . . . The monk! [*He goes*

through the pretence of arriving on the spot at a run, as if from a distance; calling.] Ho, there!

ROXANE. What is it?

CYRANO. It is I. I was passing this way. Is Christian there?

CHRISTIAN [*astonished*]. Cyrano!

ROXANE. Good-evening, cousin!

CYRANO. Cousin, good-evening!

ROXANE. I will come down.

[ROXANE *disappears in the house*. The CAPUCHIN *re-enters at the back*.]

CHRISTIAN [*seeing him*]. Oh, again! [*He follows ROXANE*.]

THE CAPUCHIN. It is here she lives, I am certain . . . Magdeleine Robin.

CYRANO. You said Ro-lin.

THE CAPUCHIN. No, bin, . . . b, i, n, bin!

ROXANE [*appearing upon the threshold, followed by RAGUENEAU carrying a lantern, and CHRISTIAN*]. What is it?

THE CAPUCHIN. A letter.

CHRISTIAN. What?

THE CAPUCHIN [*to ROXANE*]. Oh, the contents can be only of a sacred character! It is from a worthy nobleman who . . .

ROXANE [*to CHRISTIAN*]. It is from De Guiche!

CHRISTIAN. He dares to . . . ?

ROXANE. Oh, he will not trouble me much longer! [*Opening the letter*.] I love you, and if . . . [*By the light of RAGUENEAU'S lantern she reads, aside, low*.] Mademoiselle: The drums are beating. My regiment is buckling on its

corselet. It is about to leave. I am thought to have left already, but lag behind. I am disobeying you. I am in the convent here. I am coming to you, and send you word by a friar, silly as a sheep, who has no suspicion of the import of this letter. You smiled too sweetly upon me an hour ago: I must see you smile again. Provide to be alone, and deign graciously to receive the audacious worshipper, forgiven already, I can but hope, who signs himself your—etc. . . . [*To the CAPUCHIN:*] Father, this is what the letter tells me . . . Listen: [*All draw nearer; she reads aloud.*] Mademoiselle: The wishes of the cardinal may not be disregarded, however hard compliance with them prove. I have therefore chosen as bearer of this letter a most reverend, holy, and sagacious Capuchin; it is our wish that he should at once, in your own dwelling, pronounce the nuptial blessing over you. Christian must secretly become your husband. I send him to you. You dislike him. Bow to Heaven's will in resignation, and be sure that it will bless your zeal, and sure, likewise, Mademoiselle, of the respect of him who is and will be ever your most humble and . . . etc.

THE CAPUCHIN [*beaming*]. The worthy gentleman! . . . I knew it! You remember that I said so: The contents of that letter can be only of a sacred character!

ROXANE [*low, to CHRISTIAN*]. I am a fluent reader, am I not?

CHRISTIAN. Hm!

ROXANE [*with feigned despair*]. Ah . . . it is horrible!

THE CAPUCHIN [*who has turned the light of his lantern upon CYRANO*]. You are the one?

CHRISTIAN. No, I am.

THE CAPUCHIN [*turning the light upon him, and as if his good looks aroused suspicion*]. But . . .

ROXANE [*quickly*]. Postscript: You will bestow upon the convent two hundred and fifty crowns.

THE CAPUCHIN. The worthy, worthy gentleman! [*To ROXANE:*] Be reconciled!

ROXANE [*with the expression of a martyr*]. I will endeavor! [*While RAGUENEAU opens the door for the CAPUCHIN, whom CHRISTIAN is showing into the house, ROXANE says low to CYRANO:*] De Guiche is coming! . . . Keep him here! Do not let him enter until . . .

CYRANO. I understand! [*To the CAPUCHIN:*] How long will it take to marry them?

THE CAPUCHIN. A quarter of an hour.

CYRANO [*pushing all toward the house*]. Go in! I shall be here!

ROXANE [*to CHRISTIAN*]. Come! [*They go in.*]

CYRANO. How can I detain De Guiche for a quarter of an hour? [*He jumps upon the bench, climbs the wall toward the balcony rail.*] So! . . . I climb up here! . . . I know what I will do! . . . [*The theorbos play a melancholy tune.*] Ho, it is a man! [*The tune quavers lugubriously.*] Ho, ho, this time there is no mistake! [*He is on the balcony; he pulls the brim of his hat over his*

eyes, takes off his sword, wraps his cloak about him, and bends over the balcony rail.] No, it is not too far! *[He climbs over the balcony rail, and reaching for a long bough that projects beyond the garden wall, holds on to it with both hands, ready to let himself drop.]* I shall make a slight commotion in the atmosphere!

DE GUICHE *[enters masked, groping in the dark]*. What can that thrice-damned Capuchin be about?

CYRANO. The devil! if he should recognize my voice? *[Letting go with one hand, he makes show of turning a key.]* Cric! crac! *[Solemnly:]* Cyrano, resume the accent of Bergerac!

DE GUICHE *[looking at ROXANE'S house]*. Yes, that is it. I can scarcely see. This mask bothers my eyes! *[He is about to enter ROXANE'S house; CYRANO swings from the balcony, holding on to the bough, which bends and lets him down between the door and DE GUICHE. He intentionally drops very heavily, to give the effect of dropping from a great height, and lies flattened upon the ground, motionless, as if stunned.]*

DE GUICHE. What is it? *[When he looks up, the bough has swung into place; he sees nothing but the sky.]* Where did this man drop from?

CYRANO *[rising to a sitting posture]*. From the moon!

DE GUICHE. From the . . . ?

CYRANO *[in a dreamy voice]*. What time is it?

DE GUICHE. Is he mad?

CYRANO. What time? What country? What day? What season?

DE GUICHE. But . . .

CYRANO. I am dazed!

DE GUICHE. Monsieur . . .

CYRANO. I have dropped from the moon like a bomb!

DE GUICHE *impatiently*. What are you babbling about?

CYRANO *[rising, in a terrible voice]*. I tell you I have dropped from the moon!

DE GUICHE *[backing a step]*. Very well. You have dropped from the moon! . . . He is perhaps a lunatic!

CYRANO *[walking up close to him]*. Not metaphorically, mind that!

DE GUICHE. But . . .

CYRANO. A hundred years ago, or else a minute,—for I have no conception how long I have been falling,—I was up there, in the saffron-colored ball!

DE GUICHE *[shrugging his shoulders]*. You were. Now, let me pass!

CYRANO *[standing in his way]*. Where am I? Be frank with me! Keep nothing from me! In what region, among what people, have I been shot like an aërolite?

DE GUICHE. I wish to pass!

CYRANO. While falling I could not choose my way, and have no notion where I have fallen! Is it upon a moon, or is it upon an earth, I have been dragged by my posterior weight?

DE GUICHE. I tell you, sir . . .

CYRANO *[with a scream of terror at which DE*

GUICHE *starts backward a step*]. Great God! . . .
In this country men's faces are soot-black!

DE GUICHE [*lifting his hand to his face*]. What does he mean?

CYRANO [*still terrified*]. Am I in Algeria? Are you a native? . . .

DE GUICHE [*who has felt his mask*]. Ah, my mask!

CYRANO [*pretending to be easier*]. So I am in Venice! . . . Or am I in Genoa?

DE GUICHE [*attempting to pass*]. A lady is expecting me!

CYRANO [*completely reassured*]. Ah, then I am in Paris.

DE GUICHE [*smiling in spite of himself*]. The rogue is not far from amusing!

CYRANO. Ah, you are laughing!

DE GUICHE. I laugh . . . but intend to pass!

CYRANO [*beaming*]. To think I should strike Paris! [*Quite at his ease, laughing, brushing himself, bowing.*] I arrived—pray, pardon my appearance!—by the last whirlwind. I am rather unpresentable—Travel, you know! My eyes are still full of star-dust. My spurs are clogged with bristles off a planet. [*Appearing to pick something off his sleeve.*] See, on my sleeve, a comet's hair! [*He makes a feint of blowing it away.*]

DE GUICHE [*beside himself*]. Sir . . .

CYRANO [*as DE GUICHE is about to pass, stretching out his leg as if to show something on it, thereby stopping him*]. Embedded in my calf, I have

brought back one of the Great Bear's teeth . . . and as, falling too near the Trident, I strained aside to clear one of its prongs, I landed sitting in Libra, . . . yes, one of the scales! . . . and now my weight is registered up there! [*Quickly preventing DE GUICHE from passing, and taking hold of a button on his doublet.*] And if, Monsieur, you should take my nose between your fingers and compress it . . . milk would result!

DE GUICHE. What are you saying? Milk? . . .

CYRANO. Of the Milky Way.

DE GUICHE. Go to the devil!

CYRANO. No! I am sent from Heaven, literally. [*Folding his arms.*] Will you believe—I discovered it in passing—that Sirius at night puts on a night-cap? [*Confidentially:*] The lesser Bear is too little yet to bite. . . . [*Laughing:*] I tumbled plump through Lyra, and snapped a string! . . . [*Magnificent:*] But I intend setting all this down in a book, and the golden stars I have brought back caught in my shaggy mantle, when the book is printed, will be seen serving as asterisks!

DE GUICHE. I have stood this long enough! I want . . .

CYRANO. I know perfectly what you want!

DE GUICHE. Man . . .

CYRANO. You want to know, from me, at first hand, what the moon is made of, and whether that monumental pumpkin is inhabited?

DE GUICHE [*shouting*]. Not in the very least! I want . . .

CYRANO. To know how I got there? I got there by a method of my own invention.

DE GUICHE [*discouraged*]. He is mad! . . . stark!

CYRANO [*disdainfully*]. Do not imagine that I resorted to anything so absurd as Regiomontanus's eagle, or anything so lacking in enterprise as Archytas's pigeon! . . .

DE GUICHE. The madman is erudite . . .

CYRANO. I drew up nothing that had ever been thought of before! [DE GUICHE *has succeeded in getting past CYRANO, and is nearing ROXANE'S door; CYRANO follows him, ready to buttonhole him.*] I invented no less than six ways of storming the blue fort of Heaven!

DE GUICHE [*turning around*]. Six, did you say?

CYRANO [*volubly*]. One way was to stand naked in the sunshine, in a harness thickly studded with glass phials, each filled with morning dew. The sun in drawing up the dew, you see, could not have helped drawing me up, too!

DE GUICHE [*surprised, taking a step toward CYRANO*]. True. That is one!

CYRANO [*taking a step backward, with a view to drawing DE GUICHE away from the door*]. Or else, I could have let the wind into a cedar coffer, then rarefied the imprisoned element by means of cunningly adjusted burning-glasses, and soared up with it!

DE GUICHE [*taking another step toward CYRANO*]. Two!

CYRANO [*backing*]. Or else, mechanic as well as

artificer, I could have fashioned a giant grasshopper, with steel joints, which, impelled by successive explosions of saltpeter, would have hopped with me to the azure meadows where graze the starry flocks!

DE GUICHE [*unconsciously following CYRANO, and counting on his fingers*]. That makes three!

CYRANO. Since smoke by its nature ascends, I could have blown into an appropriate globe a sufficient quantity to ascend with me!

DE GUICHE [*as above, more and more astonished*]. Four!

CYRANO. Since Phœbe, the moon-goddess, when she is at wane, is greedy, O beeves! of your marrow, . . . with that marrow have besmeared myself!

DE GUICHE [*amazed*]. Five!

CYRANO [*who while talking has backed, followed by DE GUICHE, to the farther side of the square, near a bench*]. Or else, I could have placed myself upon an iron plate, have taken a magnet of suitable size, and thrown it in the air! That way is a very good one! The magnet flies upward, the iron instantly after; the magnet no sooner overtaken than you fling it up again. . . . The rest is clear! You can go upward indefinitely.

DE GUICHE. Six! . . . But here are six excellent methods! Which of the six, my dear sir, did you select?

CYRANO. A seventh!

DE GUICHE. Did you, indeed? And what was that?

CYRANO. I give you a hundred guesses!

DE GUICHE. I must confess that I should like to know!

CYRANO [*imitating the noise of the surf, and making great mysterious gestures*]. Hoo-ish! hoo-ish!

DE GUICHE. Well! What is that?

CYRANO. Cannot you guess?

DE GUICHE. No!

CYRANO. The tide! . . . At the hour in which the moon attracts the deep, I lay down upon the sands, after a sea-bath . . . and, my head being drawn up first,—the reason of this, you see, that the hair will hold a quantity of water in its mop!—I rose in the air, straight, beautifully straight, like an angel. I rose . . . I rose softly . . . without an effort . . . when, suddenly, I felt a shock. Then . . .

DE GUICHE [*lured on by curiosity, taking a seat on the bench*]. Well, . . . then?

CYRANO. Then . . . [*Resuming his natural voice.*] The time is up, Monsieur, and I release you. They are married.

DE GUICHE [*getting to his feet with a leap*]. I am dreaming or drunk! That voice? [*The door of ROXANE'S house opens; lackeys appear carrying lighted candelabra. CYRANO removes his hat.*] And that nose! . . . Cyrano!

CYRANO [*bowing*]. Cyrano. They have exchanged rings within the quarter of the hour.

DE GUICHE. Who have? [*He turns around. Tableau. Behind the lackey stand ROXANE and*

CHRISTIAN *holding hands*. The CAPUCHIN *follows them smiling*. RAGUENEAU *holds high a flambeau*. The DUENNA *closes the procession, bewildered, in her bedgown*.] Heavens! [To ROXANE:] You! [Recognizing CHRISTIAN *with amazement*.] He? [Bowling to ROXANE:] Your astuteness compels my admiration! [To CYRANO.] My compliments to you, ingenious inventor of flying machines. Your experiences would have beguiled a saint on the threshold of Paradise! Make a note of them. . . . They can be used again, with a profit, in a book!

CYRANO [*bowing*]. I will confidently follow your advice.

THE CAPUCHIN [*to DE GUICHE, pointing at the lovers, and wagging his great white beard with satisfaction*]. A beautiful couple, my son, brought together by you!

DE GUICHE [*eyeing him frigidly*]. As you say! [To ROXANE:] And now proceed, Madame, to take leave of your husband.

ROXANE. What?

DE GUICHE [*to CHRISTIAN*]. The regiment is on the point of starting. You are to join it!

ROXANE. To go to war?

DE GUICHE. Of course!

ROXANE. But the cadets are not going!

DE GUICHE. They are! [*Taking out the paper which he had put in his pocket*.] Here is the order. [To CHRISTIAN:] I beg you will take it to the Captain, baron, yourself.

ROXANE [*throwing herself in CHRISTIAN'S arms*].
Christian!

DE GUICHE [*to CYRANO, with a malignant laugh*].
The wedding night is somewhat far as yet!

CYRANO [*aside*]. He thinks that he is giving me
great pain!

CHRISTIAN [*to ROXANE*]. Oh, once more, dear!
. . . Once more!

CYRANO. Be reasonable . . . Come! . . .
Enough!

CHRISTIAN [*still clasping ROXANE*]. Oh, it is
hard to leave her. . . . You cannot know. . .

CYRANO [*trying to draw him away*]. I know.
[*Drums are heard in the distance sounding a
march.*]

DE GUICHE [*at the back*]. The regiment is on
its way!

ROXANE [*to CYRANO, while she clings to CHRIS-
TIAN whom he is trying to draw away*]. Oh! . . .
I entrust him to your care! Promise that under
no circumstance shall his life be placed in
danger!

CYRANO. I will endeavor . . . but ob-
viously cannot promise . . .

ROXANE [*same business*]. Promise that he will
be careful of himself!

CYRANO. I will do my best, but . . .

ROXANE [*as above*]. That during this terrible
siege he shall not take harm from the cold!

CYRANO. I will try, but . . .

ROXANE [*as above*]. That he will be true to me!

CYRANO. Of course, but yet, you see . . .

ROXANE [*as above*]. That he will write to me often!

CYRANO [*stopping*]. Ah, that . . . I promise freely!

(*Curtain*)

EDMOND ROSTAND.

(*Translated by Gertrude Hall.*)

JUNE 7

NANKING, NEW AND OLD*

IN A luxurious car of the fast Shanghai Express I have come to Nanking, the capital of Kiang-su province, located almost two hundred miles north from Shanghai on the south bank of the Yang-tse River. It is one of the oldest cities in all China, and about it are wrapped the splendor and grandeur of the China of the past. Its name means "southern capital," just as Peking means "northern capital," and it had already been the seat of a kingdom seven times before the rulers of the Ming dynasty made it the seat of the Empire. They occupied it until one hundred and twenty years later, when the third Ming emperor, Yung Lo, left it for Peking. Even before the Ming dynasty, Nanking had been a city of political importance for eight hundred years. It was six hundred years old when Christ was a baby, and was surrounded by walls that were more than one hundred years old when Columbus, while seeking a short route to trade with the ancestors of the present-day Chinese, discovered America instead.

In later years, Nanking was the scene of some of China's numerous rebellions and political up-

*From "China."

heavals. Here, in 1657, the great pirate Koxinga made an attempt to unseat the Manchus from the throne and restore the Ming dynasty. He laid siege to the city for twenty days, only to have several thousand of his pirate followers massacred on the night of the twentieth. Here, too, the Taipings had their capital for eleven years, and it was here that Dr. Sun Yat-sen took his oath of office as the first president of the republic of China.

Nanking is famous also as the biggest walled city in all the world, although the city of to-day occupies only a small part of the enclosure within these walls. They go up hill and down over a rolling country, taking in small farms and market gardens, many of which stand upon the site of the greater Nanking of the past. The distance across the enclosure from one wall to the other is more than eight miles, and there is room enough to accommodate double the present population of less than a half million. In the days of the Ming emperors the city had more than twice as many people as it has to-day, and the land that is now farmed is sprinkled with archways that mark the sites of bridges in the old Nanking. For the most part, the ancient city has crumbled away to dust, and in place of the grandeur of a thousand years ago are the modern improvements of the twentieth century.

When I arrived at Nanking, a Chinese captain with a squad of eight grinning, undisciplined soldiers halted me in the railroad station, demanded that I show the special passport necessary in

traveling in interior China, and with much difficulty was dissuaded from examining my baggage in search of weapons. From the station I went by motor-car to my hotel just outside of the entrance gate of the city, driving first through the small commercial suburb of Siakwan, which lies immediately outside the walls surrounding Nanking on the side toward the river. Here most of the foreign business houses have their establishments, but foreigners are permitted also to reside and do business in Nanking proper. On the opposite or north shore of the Yang-tse is Pukow, the southern terminus of the railroad from Tientsin, which is connected by a ferry service with the Shanghai-Nanking railroad. Nanking is also a port for ocean steamers, and until the building of these two railroads, practically all the freight entering or leaving the city was handled by boats and barges on the Yang-tse.

In ancient times Nanking was a city of great commercial importance, and during the years when our clipper ships were sailing the seven seas and leading the vessels of the world in trade with China it sent to the United States a buff cotton cloth known as "nankeen." This cloth, which was later imitated by the cotton mills of New England, was very popular a generation or two ago, and made this corrupted name of Nanking as well known as any of our modern trade-marks.

But let me tell you of my ride through the Nanking of to-day. I engaged an American car, a Chinese chauffeur, and a footman, whose chief

concern appeared to be to see that his passengers did not escape without tipping him. As we drove along we narrowly missed several pedestrians, who seem here to be even more reckless than our jay-walkers at home. My guide explained that in China there is a superstition that every person has a devil constantly following him, and that if he crosses before an automobile just in time to save himself from injury the car will run over and kill the evil spirit.

As we passed through the principal gate to the city over a fine macadamized road, I recalled that in an earlier visit to Nanking I rode from the river to the town on a donkey, which climbed up hill and down, half swimming in pools of water, and wading in mud all the way. Beggars then lined the roadside near the gate, but to-day there were none to be seen and everyone seemed to be working. We crossed bridges marking the intersection of former streets that have now become cultivated fields, and went between clumps of bamboo or patches of vegetables under cultivation where rows of buildings once stood. Billboards displaying lurid posters have been erected here and there in the fields, most of them advertising, in both English and Chinese, a popular brand of American cigarettes.

Arriving at a more populated and busier section, I found wide streets, with neatly uniformed policemen stationed at the busiest crossings. Here the contrast between the old and the new China is to be seen on every hand. There are shops display-

ing Western clothing—straw hats, suits, shirts, and leather shoes—and others selling the native garments of China—long gowns, richly embroidered silk trousers and jackets, and shoes of purple and blue cloth. The native barber, who shaves the heads of his patrons out on the sidewalks, competes with a modern barber shop near by furnished with every up-to-date appliance. Farther along is a dentist's office fitted with the newest of equipment, while across the street an old medicine man is peddling his herbs, bears' claws, and tigers' heads. Noticing a crowd at a booth next to him, I edged my way through and found a man telling fortunes for two cents apiece. The people in the crowd presumably considered this the better and cheaper way of assuring themselves as to their health.

Next we came to an old Confucian temple, a barn-like structure, in front and in back of which are small flower gardens. As we approached it, I noticed a fire burning in an oven of mortar and clay in which a young girl was placing a piece of paper covered with Chinese characters. Every temple of Confucius has one of these fires burning before it, and those who feed its flames with bits of writing do so to "accumulate merit." Entering the temple, I was impressed by its simplicity. Across the back are three large tablets, while extending around the sides of the room are seventy-two smaller ones, all of which bear inscriptions such as:

Most Holy Teacher, Confucius
From the Creation of Man there is Never One
Like Him
Without Equal in Heaven or on Earth

In front of one of these tablets an old man was offering up prayers and burning incense.

Coming to a tea house farther on, we stopped for a rest and a drink, and then went on from the busy city of the present to see something of the Nanking that is passing away. When the Manchus became the ruling dynasty in China, they built here a Tartar city, enclosed in walls to separate it from the common herd of Nanking. These walls are now grass-grown and crumbling ruins, and in the area within them little remains of the wonders of ancient Chinese art and engineering that once were here. Where the ancient warriors held court there are still wide streets paved with flags of granite as big as the top of a dining table and worn smooth by the feet of generations of Chinese. There are several large bridges built of huge blocks put together in beautiful arches without the use of keystones; fences made of stones mixed with broken tile of the imperial yellow glaze; pieces of dragon disks in green and red that once adorned the palaces of the city, and bits of shattered marble with which their interiors were decorated. Beside a pillar of what in all probability was once the palace of a prince I saw lying the plastered coffin of a coolie whose relatives were too poor to raise a mound above it. Close by in the fields blue-

gowned men and women were digging in soil once trod by the feet of royalty alone. My guide finally led me into a tumbledown palace and showed me two marble stones streaked with reddish veins. "These," said he, "were a part of the floor of the Emperor's palace. One of his nobles had abused the royal confidence by saying that which he should not have said, and straightway the Emperor had his tongue cut out. The blood from his mouth dropped upon the white marble and stained it, as you see."

In the exact geographical center of Nanking is the old Drum Tower, a large red two-story building with a tower on the top. The first tower on this spot was erected in 1092 A.D., less than thirty years after William the Conqueror landed in England. The present massive structure was built by the Emperor Hung Wu of the Ming dynasty in preparation for a battle with rebels. He placed in it an enormous drum that served as a signal for his soldiers to march against the enemy. Near this tower is a temple in which is a huge bell made at the order of one of the Ming emperors. The story is told that all attempts to cast this bell were failures until the daughter of the worker making it had thrown herself into the molten metal. Another gruesome tale of Nanking relates how, when the Manchus besieged the city during the Tai-ping rebellion, the wells of the city were choked with the bodies of women, who thus destroyed themselves rather than be captured by the men of the attacking armies.

Near the Drum Tower is the North Star hill, surmounted by a Taoist temple that is approached by a path worn smooth by the feet of countless worshippers of past generations. From here one can obtain a view of the whole city, and can see the distant hills, shaped like a dragon's back, that caused Chu Hung Wo, the founder of the Ming dynasty, to build his capital here. Chu started life as a beggar, but he organized a rebellion that enabled him to conquer China. Under the dynasty he established were accomplished the greatest things the Chinese have ever done in architecture and public improvements.

The dragon, you know, is the imperial animal of China, and is supposed to bring luck. According to the ancient beliefs, a dragon can do anything. It can make itself as large as an elephant or as small as a gnat, and can build up empires and throw down kings. Some years ago I was in China just before an eclipse of the moon was to occur. The *Peking Gazette* at that time announced in all seriousness that on the night of the eclipse the people should turn out and make a great noise so as to scare away the dragon, which would then be trying to swallow the moon. Well, when Chu saw the dragon shape of the Nanking hills, he said, "If I can build my capital on the dragon's back, it will last for ever." The result was Nanking, which became for a time the greatest city of China.

Probably the most famous of the ancient wonders of Nanking was the Porcelain Pagoda, the

beautiful tower built at a cost of more than three million dollars by Yung Lo, son of the first Ming emperor, in honor of his wife. This tower was octagonal in form, with a base more than one hundred feet in circumference, and rose to a height nearly half that of the Washington Monument. Doubtless you remember Longfellow's lines that have immortalized it:

And yonder by Nanking, behold
The tower of porcelain, strange and old,
Uplifting to the astonished skies
Its ninefold painted balconies,
With balustrade of twining leaves,
And roofs of tile beneath whose eaves
Hang porcelain bells that all the time
Ring with a soft melodious chime;
While the whole fabric is ablaze
With varied tints all fused in one
Great mass of color like a maze
Of flowers illumined by the sun.

The Porcelain Pagoda was kept in good condition until about seventy-five years ago, when the leader of the Tai-ping rebellion captured Nanking. Conceiving the idea that this pagoda was causing him bad luck, he had it blown up. Its every brick has now disappeared, and the only remaining vestige of the once beautiful structure is the great bronze dome that crowned its top. This has been turned upside down and set upon a foundation of marble. It must weigh several tons, and it is a marvel to me how the Chinese, with their crude mechanical contrivances, were able to place it in

position on the top of the pagoda, two hundred and fifty-one feet above the ground, where its gleaming surface could be seen for miles up and down the Yang-tse Valley.

From Nanking I rode out into the country to see the tomb of the first of the Ming emperors, recalling as I did so the story of how Dr. Sun Yat-sen, soon after he took office as the first president of China, came here to inform the spirit of the Emperor that the Manchus had at last been forced from the throne that they had usurped from the Mings. This mausoleum must have been one of the most magnificent ever made by man. The approach to it is by an avenue more than a mile long, which, throughout its entire length, commands a fine view of the city. At its beginning is a tower in which squats a turtle, the Chinese emblem of longevity, carved out of black marble, and so big it would fill a good-sized room. A marble tablet upon the back of this turtle commemorates the greatness of the Emperor who lies buried at the other end of the funeral highway.

Between the tower and the tomb the avenue is lined with gigantic marble elephants, camels, lions, and tigers, most of which still stand facing one another in solemn grandeur in what is now an open field. The broad backs of the elephants are covered with stones, the people believing that the man who can throw a stone to the back of one of them so that it will remain there will have good luck. Guarding this avenue also are giant warriors, each about twelve feet tall, and each, like

the animals, carved from a single block of marble. As I stood beside one of these huge figures and reached upward, the tips of my fingers just touched his elbow.

As there is no such marble in this region, the stone for these statues must have been brought to Nanking from far in the interior. The figures of both animals and men are well executed, and some of the carving upon them is beautifully done. One of the stone horses has been upset and lies half buried in a ditch, and others are somewhat broken and chipped, but most of them are as perfect to-day as when they were first set up here more than five hundred years ago.

The Emperor's tomb, however, is in ruins. There was originally, I judge, a temple on the top of the mausoleum; the four thick walls of some such building still stand, reminding me of the grass-grown, moss-covered ruins of Europe. I ate my lunch within them, sitting on a stone with my feet among the blue flowers that were springing out of the crevices between the flags of the grass-grown floor. As I did so, I could look out through one of the great arched doorways upon the thousands of grave mounds of the Nanking of to-day, while the cries of a poorly clad woman who sat and wailed at one of them floated up to my ears. It was the mourning of a peasant for her dead, and I again realized that of all things Death alone is king, ruling from age to age, and with his mighty hand making all men of one size.

FRANK CARPENTER.

JUNE 8

HOME LIFE OF GENIUSES

A WOMAN ought to be careful who she marries," said Mr. Dooley.

"So ought a man," said Mr. Hennessy, with feeling.

"It don't make so much diff'rence about him," said Mr. Dooley. "Whin a man's marrid he's a marrid man. That's all ye can say about him. Iv coorse, he thinks marriedge is goin' to change th' whole current iv his bein', as Hogan says. But it doesn't. Afther he's been hooked up f'r a few months he finds he was marrid befure, even if he wasn't, which is often th' case, d'ye mind. Th' first bride iv his bosom was th' Day's Wurruk, an' it can't be put off. They'se no groun's f'r dissolvin' that marriedge, Hinnissy. You can't say to th' Day's Wurruk: 'Here, take this bunch iv alimony an' go on th' stage.' It turns up at breakfast about th' fourth month afther th' weddin' an' creates a scandal. Th' unforchnit man thries to shoo it off, but it fixes him with its eye an' hauls him away fr'm the bacon an' eggs, while the lady opposite weeps and wondhers what he can see in annything so old an' homely. It says, 'Come with me, aroon', an' he goes. An' afther

that he spins most iv his time an' often a good deal iv his money with th' enchantress. I tell ye what, Hinnissy, th' Day's Wurruk has broke up more happy homes thin comic op'ry. If th' coorts wud allow it, manny a woman cud get a divorce on th' groun's that her husband cared more f'r his Day's Wurruk thin he did f'r her. 'Hinnissy varsus Hinnissy; corryspondint, th' Day's Wurruk.' They'd be ividence that th' defindant was seen ridin' in a cab with th' corryspondint, that he took it to a picnic, that he went to th' theaytre with it, that he talked about it in his sleep, an' that, lost to all sinse iv shame, he even escoorted it home with him an' inthrajooced it to his varchoos wife an' innocint childher. So it don't make much diff'rence who a man marries. If he has a job, he's safe.

"But with a woman 'tis diff'rent. Th' man puts down on'y part iv th' bet. Whin he's had enough iv th' conversation that in Union Park undher th' threes med him think he was talkin' with an intellection joyntess, all he has to do is put on his coat, grab up his dinner pail an' go down to th' shops, to be happy though marrid. But a woman, I tell ye, bets all she has. A man don't have to marry, but a woman does. Ol' maids an' clargymen do th' most good in th' wurruld an' we love thim f'r th' good they do. But people, especially women, don't want to be loved that way. They want to be loved because people can't help lovin' thim no matter how bad they are. Th' story books that ye give ye'er daughter

Honorina all tell her 'tis just as good not to be married. She reads about how kind Dorothy was to Lulu's childer an' she knows Dorothy was th' better woman, but she wants to be Lulu. Her heart, an' a cold look in th' eye iv th' wurruld an' her Ma tell her to hurry up. Arly in life she looks f'r th' man iv her choice in th' tennis records; later she reads th' news fr'm th' militia encampment; thin she studies th' socyal raygister; further on she makes hersilf familiar with Bradstreets' rayports, an' fin'ly she watches th' place where life preservers are hangin'.

"Now, what kind iv a man ought a woman to marry? She oughtn't to marry a young man because she'll grow old quicker thin he will; she oughtn't to marry an old man because he'll be much older befure he's younger; she oughtn't to marry a poor man because he may become rich an' lose her; she oughtn't to marry a rich man because if he becomes poor she can't lose him; she oughtn't to marry a man that knows more thin she does, because he'll niver fail to show it, an' she oughtn't to marry a man that knows less because he may niver catch up. But above all things she mustn't marry a janius. A flure-walker, perhaps; a janius niver.

"I tell ye this because I've been r-readin' a book Hogan give me, about th' divvle's own time a janius had with his family. A cap iv industry may have throuble in his fam'ly till there isn't a whole piece iv chiny in th' cupboard, an' no wan will be the wiser f'r it but th' hired girl

an' th' doctor that paints th' black eye. But iviry body knows what happens in a janius's house. Th' janius always tells th' bartinder. Besides he has other janiuses callin' on him an' 'tis th' business iv a janius to write about th' domestic troubles iv other janiuses so posterity'll know what a hard thing it is to be a janius. I've been readin' this book iv Hogan's, an' as I tell ye, 'tis about th' misery a wretched woman inflicted on a pote's life.

“‘Our hayro,’ says th’ author, ‘at this peeryod contrhacted an unforchnit alliance that was destined to cast a deep gloom over his career. At th’ age iv fifty, afther a life devoted to the pursoot iv such gaiety as janiuses have always found niciss’ry to solace their avenin’s, he married a young an’ beautiful girl some thirty-two years his junior. This wretched crather had no appreciation iv lithrachoor or lithry men. She was frivolous an’ light-minded an’ ividintly considhered that nawthin’ was rally lithrachoor that cudden’t be thranslated into groceries. Niver shall I f’rget th’ expression iv despair on th’ face iv this godlike man as he came into Casey’s saloon wan starry July avenin’ an’ staggered into his familyar seat, holdin’ in his hand a bit iv soiled paper which he tore into fragmintis an’ hurled into the coal scuttle. On that crumpled parchment findin’ a somber grave among th’ disinterred relics iv an age long past, to wit, th’ cariboniferious or coal age, was written th’ iver-mim’rable pome: “Ode to Gin.” Our frind had scribbled it hastily at th’ dinner iv

th' Betther-thin-Shakespeare Club, an' had at-tempted to read it to his wife through th' keyhole iv her bedroom dure an' met no response fr'm th' fillystein but a pitcher iv wather through th' thransom. Forchnitly he had presarved a copy on his cuff an' th' gem was not lost to posterity. But such was th' home life iv wan iv th' gr-reatest iv lithry masters, a man indowed be nachure with all that shud make a woman adore him as is proved be his tindher varses: "To Carrie," "To Maude," "To Flossie," "To Angebel," "To Queenie," an' so foorth. De Bonipoort in his cillybrated "Mim-ores," in which he tells ivrythin' unpleasant he see or heerd in his frinds' houses, gives a sthrikin' pitcher iv a scene that happened before his eyes. "Afther a few basins iv absceenthe in th' reev gosh," says he, "Parnassy invited us home to dinner. Sivral iv th' bum vivonts was hard to wake up, but fin'ly we arrive at th' handsome cellar where our gr-reat frind had installed his unworthy fam'ly. Ivrything pinto to th' admirable taste iv th' throe artist. Th' tub, th' washboard, th' biler singin' on th' fire, th' neighbor's washin' dancin' on the clothes rack, were all in keepin with th' best ideels iv what a pote's home shud be. Th' wife, a faded but still pretty woman, welcomed us more or less an' with th' assistance iv sivral bottles iv paint we had brought with us we was soon launched on a feast iv raison an' a flow iv soul. Unhappily before th' raypast was concluded a mis'able scene took place. Amid cries iv approval, Parnassy read his mim-rable pome

intitled: "I wisht I nivir got marrid." Afther finishin' in a perfect roar of applause, he happened to look up an' see his wife callously rockin' th' baby. With th' impetchosity so charackteristic iv th' man, he broke a soup plate over her head an' burst into tears on th' flure, where gentle sleep soon soothed th' pangs iv a weary heart. We left as quietly as we cud, considherin' th' way th' chairs was placed, an' wanst undher th' stars cominted on th' ir'ny iv fate that condimned so great a man to so milancholy a distiny.

"'This,' says our author, 'was th' daily life iv th' hayro f'r tin years. In what purgatory will that infamous woman suffer if Hiven thinks as much iv janiuses as we think iv oursilves. Forchnitly th pote was soon to be marcifully relieved. He left her an' she marrid a boorjawce with whom she led a life iv coarse happiness. It is sad to relate that some years aftherward th' great pote, havin' called to make a short touch on th' woman f'r whom he had sacryficed so much, was unfeelingly kicked out iv th' boorjawce's plumbin' shop.'

"So, ye see, Hinnissy, why a woman oughtn't to marry a janius. She can't be cross or peevish or angry or jealous or frivolous or annything else a woman ought to be at times f'r fear it will get into th' ditchn'ry iv bio-graphy, an' she'll go down to histhry as a termygant. A termygant, Hinnissy, is a woman who's heerd talkin' to her husband after they've been marrid a year. Hogan says all janiuses was unhappily marrid. I guess that's thrue iv their wives, too. He says if ye

hear iv a pote who got on with his fam'ly, scratch him fr'm ye'er public lib'ry list. An' there ye ar-re."

"Ye know a lot about marredge," said Mr. Hennessy.

"I do," said Mr. Dooley.

"Ye was niver marrid?"

"No," said Mr. Dooley. "No, I say, givin' three cheers. I know about marredge th' way an asthronomer knows about th' stars. I'm studyin' it through me glass all th' time."

"Ye'er an asthronomer," said Mr. Hennessy; "but," he added, tapping himself lightly on the chest, "I'm a star."

"Go home," said Mr. Dooley crossly, "befure th' mornin' comes to put ye out."

FINLEY PETER DUNNE.

(*"Mr. Dooley."*)

ON GOLD-SEEKING

WELL, sir," said Mr. Hennessy, "that Alaska's th' gr-reat place. I thought 'twas nawthin' but an iceberg with a few seals roostin' on it, an' wan or two hundred Ohio politicians that can't be killed on account iv th' threaty iv Pawrs. But here they tell me 'tis fairly smothered in goold. A man stubs his toe on th' ground an' lifts th' top off iv a goold mine. Ye go to bed at night an' wake up with goold fillin' in ye'er teeth."

"Yes," said Mr. Dooley. "Clancy's son was

in here this mornin', an' he says a frind iv his wint to sleep out in th' open wan night, an' whin he got up his pants assayed four ounces iv goold to th' pound, an' his whiskers panned out as much as thirty dollars net."

"If I was a young man an' not tied down here," said Mr. Hennessy, "I'd go there; I wud so."

"I wud not," said Mr. Dooley. "Whin I was a young man in th' ol' counthry, we heerd th' same story about all America. We used to set be th' tur-rf fire o' nights, kickin' our bare legs on th' flure an' wishin' we was in New York where all ye had to do was to hold ye'er hat an' th' goold guineas'd dthrop into it. An' whin I got to be a man, I come over here with a ham and a bag iv oatmeal, as sure that I'd return in a year with money enough to dhrive me own ca-ar as I was that me name was Martin Dooley. An that was a cinch.

"But, faith, whin I'd been here a week, I seen that there was nawthin' but mud undher th' pavement—I learned that be means iv a pick-ax at tin shillin's th' day—an' that, though there was plenty iv goold, thim that had it were froze to it; an' I come West, still lookin' f'r mines. Th' on'y mine I sthruck at Pittsburg was a hole f'r sewer pipe. I made it. Siven shillin's th' day. Smaller thin New York, but th' livin' was cheaper, with Mon'gahela rye five a throw, put ye'er hand around th' glass.

"I was still dreamin' goold, an' I wint down to Saint Looey. Th' nearest I come to a fortune

there was findin' a quarther on th' sthreet as I leaned over th' dashboord iv a car to whack th' off mule. Whin I got to Chicago, I looked around f'r the goold mine. They was Injuns here thin. But they wasn't anny mines I cud see. They was mud to be shoveled an' dhrays to be dhruv an' beats to be walked. I choose th' dhray; f'r I was niver cut out f'r a copper, an' I had me fill iv excavatin'. An' I dhruv th' dhray till I wint into business.

"Me experyence with goold minin' is it's always in th' nex' county. If I was to go to Alaska, they'd tell me iv th' finds in Seeberya. So I'll think I'll stay here. I'm a silver man, annyhow; an' I'm contint if I can see goold wanst a year, whin some prominent citizen smiles over his newspaper. I'm thinkin' that ivry man has a goold mine undher his own durestep or in his neighbor's pocket at th' farthest."

"Well, annyhow," said Mr. Hennessy, "I'd like to kick up th' sod an' find a ton iv goold undher me fut."

"What wud ye do if ye found it?" demanded Mr. Dooley.

"I—I dinnaw," said Mr. Hennessy, whose dreaming had not gone this far. Then, recovering himself, he exclaimed with great enthusiasm, "I'd throw up me job an'—an' live like a prince."

"I tell ye what ye'd do," said Mr. Dooley. "Ye'd come back here an' sthrut up an' down th' sthreet with ye'er thumbs in ye'er armpits; an' ye'd dhrink too much, an' ride in sthreet ca-ars."

Thin ye'd buy foldin' beds an' piannies, an' start a reel estate office. Ye'd be fooled a good deal an' lose a lot iv ye'er money, an' thin ye'd tighten up. Ye'd be in a cold fear night an' day that ye'd lose ye'er fortune. Ye'd wake up in th' middle iv th' night, dhreamin' that ye was back at th' gas-house, with ye'er money gone. Ye'd be prisident iv a charitable society. Ye'd have to wear ye'er shoes in th' house, an' ye'er wife'd have ye around to rayceptions an' dances. Ye'd move to Mitchigan Avnoo, an' ye'd hire a coachman that'd laugh at ye. Ye'er boys'd be joods an' ashamed iv ye, an' ye'd support ye'er daughters' husbands. Ye'd rackrint ye'er tinants an' lie about ye'er taxes. Ye'd go back to Ireland an' put on airs with ye'er cousin Mike. Ye'd be a mane, onscrupulous ol' curmudgeon; an', whin ye'd die, it'd take half ye'er fortune f'r rayqueems to put ye r-right. I don't want ye iver to speak to me whin ye git rich, Hinnissy."

"I won't," said Mr. Hennessy.

FINLEY PETER DUNNE.

(*"Mr. Dooley."*)

WORK AND SPORT

A HARD time th' rich have injyin' life," said Mr. Dooley.

"I'd thrade with thim," said Mr. Hennessy.

"I wud not," said Mr. Dooley. "'Tis too much like hard wurruk. If I iver got hold iv a little mound iv th' money, divvle th' bit iv hardship

wud I inflict on meself. I'd set on a large Turkish sofa an' have dancin' girls dancin' an' a mandolin orchesthree playin' to me. I wudden't move a step without bein' carrid. I'd go to bed with th' lark an' get up with th' night watchman. If annywan suggested physical exercise to me, I'd give him forty dollars to go away. I'd hire a prize fighter to do me fightin' f'r me, a pedesthreen to do me walkin', a jockey to do me ridin', an' a colledge pro-fissor to do me thinkin'. Here I'd set with a naygur fannin' me with osterich feathers, lookin' ca'mly out through me stained-glass windies on th' rollin'-mills, smokin' me good five-cint seegar an' rejicin' to know how bad ye mus' be feelin', ivery time ye think iv me hoorded wealth.

"But that ain't th' way it comes out, Hinnessy. Higgins, th' millyionaire, had th' same idee as me whin he was beginnin' to breed money with a dollar he ownded an' a dollar he took, fr'm some wan that wasn't there at th' time. While he was hammerin' hoops on a bar'l or dhrivin' pegs into a shoe, he'd stop wanst in awhile to wipe th' sweat off his brow whin th' boss wasn't lookin' an' he'd say to himsilf: 'If I iver get it, I'll have a man wheel me around on a chair.' But as his stable grows an' he herds large dhroves down to th' bank ivry week, he changes his mind, an' whin he's got enough to injye life, as they say, he finds he's up against it. His throubles has just begun. I know in his heart Higgins's ideel iv luxury is enough buckwheat cakes an' a cozy corner in a Turkish bath, but he can't injye it. He mus' be up an'

doin'. An' th' on'y things annywan around him is up and doin' is th' things he used to get paid f'r doin' whin he was a young man.

"Arly in th' mornin' Higgins has got to be out exercisin' a horse to keep th' horse in good health. Higgins has no business on a horse an' he knows it. He was built an' idycated f'r a cooper an' th' horse don't fit him. Th' nachral way f'r Higgins to ride a horse is to set well aft an' hang onto th' ears. But he's tol' that's wrong an' he's made to set up sthstraight an' be a good fellow an' meet th' horse halfway. An' if th' horse don't run away with Higgins an' kill him, he's tol' it's not a good horse an' he ought to sell it. An' mind ye, he pays f'r that though he can't help raymimberin' th' man nex' dure fr'm him used to get tin dollars a week f'r th' same job.

"When he was a young man, Higgins knowed a fellow that dhruv four horses f'r a brewery. They paid him well, but he hated his job. He used to come in at night an' wish his parents had made him a cooper, an' Higgins pitied him, knowin' he cudden't get out a life insurance policy an' his wife was scared to death all th' time. Now that Higgins has got th' money, he's took th' brewery man's job with worse horses an' him barred f'm dhruvin' with more thin wan hand. An' does he get annything f'r it? On th' conth'ry, Hinnissy, it sets him back a large forchune. An' he says he's havin' a good time, an' if th' brewery man come along an' felt sorry f'r him Higgins wudden't exactly know why.

"Higgins has to sail a yacht raymimberin' how he despised th' Swede sailors that used to loaf in th' saloon near his house durin' th' winter; he has to run an autymobill, which is th' same thing as dhrivin' a throlley care on a windy day, without pay; he has to play golf, which is th' same thing as bein' a letther-carryer without a daint uniform; he has to play tennis, which is another wurrud f'r batin' a carpet; he has to race horses, which is the same thing as bein' a book-maker with th' chances again' ye; he has to go abroad, which is th' same thing as bein' an immigrant; he has to set up late, which is th' same thing as bein' a dhrug clerk; an' he has to play cards with a man that knows how, which is th' same thing as bein' a sucker.

"He takes his good times hard, Hinnissy. A rich man at spoort is a kind iv non-union laborer. He don't get wages f'r it an' he don't dhrive as well as a milkman, ride as well as a stable-boy, shoot as well as a polisman, or autymobile as well as th' man that runs th' steam-roller. It's a tough life. They'se no rest f'r th' rich an' weary.

"We'll be readin' in th' pa-apers wan iv these days: 'Alonzo Higgins, th' runner up in las' year's champeenship, showed gr-reat improvement in this year's bricklayin' tournymint at Newport, an' won handily with about tin square feet to spare. He was nobly assisted by Regynald Van Stinyvant, who acted as his hod-carryer an' displayed all th' agility which won him so much applause arlier in th' year.

“‘Th’ Pickaways carrid off all th’ honor in th’ sewer-diggin’ contest yesterdah, defatin’ th’ Spadewells be five holes to wan. Th’ shovel wurruk iv Cassidy th’ banker was spicially noticeable. Th’ colors iv th’ Pickaways was red flannel undhershirts an’ dark-brown trousers.

“‘Raycreations iv rich men: Jawn W. Grates an’ J. Pierpont Morgan ar-re to have a five-days’ shinglin’ contest at Narragansett Pier. George Gold is thrainin’ f’r th’ autumn plumbin’ jimkanny. Mitchigan Avnoo is tore up fr’m Van Buren Sthreet to th’ belt line in priparation f’r th’ contest in sthreet-layin’ between mimbers iv th’ Assocyation iv More-Thin Rich Spoorts. Th’ sledge teams is completed, but a few good tampers an’ wather men is needed.’

“‘An’ why not, Hinnissy? If ’tis fun to wurruk why not do some rale wurruk? If ’tis spoort to run an autymobill, why not run a locymotive? If dhrivin’ a horse in a cart is a game, why not dhrive a delivery wagon an’ carry things around? Sure, I s’pose th’ raison a rich man can’t understand why wages shud go higher is because th’ rich can’t see why annybody shud be paid f’r annything so amusin’ as wurruk. I bet ye Higgins is wondherin’ at this moment why he was paid so much f’r puttin’ rings around a bar’l.

“No, sir, what’s a rich man’s raycreation is a poor man’s wurruk. Th’ poor ar-re th’ on’y people that know how to injye wealth. Me idee iv settin’ things sthraight is to have th’ rich who wurruk because they like it do th’ wurruk f’r

th' poor who wud rather rest. I'll be happy th' day I see wan iv th' Hankerbilits pushin' ye'er little go-cart up th' platform while ye set in th' shade iv a three an' cheer him on his way. I'm sure he'd do it if ye called it a spoort an' tol him th' first man to th' dump wud be entitled to do it over again against sthronger men nex' week. Wud ye give him a tin cup that he cud put his name on? Wud ye, Hinnissy? I'm sure ye wud."

"Why do they do it?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"I dinnaw," said Mr. Dooley, "onless it is that th' wan great object iv ivry man's life is to get tired enough to sleep. Ivrything seems to be some kind iv wurruk. Warruk is wurruk if ye're paid to do it an' it's pleasure if ye pay to be allowed to do it."

FINLEY PETER DUNNE.

(*"Mr. Dooley."*)

AVARICE AND GENEROSITY

I NEVER blame a man f'r bein' avaricyous in his ol' age. Whin a fellow gits so he has nawthin' else to injye, whin ivrybody calls him 'sir' or 'mister,' an' young people dodge him an' he sleeps afther dinner, an' folks say he's an ol' fool if he wears a buttonhole bokay, an' his teeth is only tinants at will an' not permanent fixtures, 'tis no more thin nach'ral that he shud begin to look around him f'r a way iv keepin' a grip on human s'ciety. It don't take him long to see that th' on'y thing that's vin'able in age is money, an' he proceeds to acquire anything that happens

to be in sight, takin' it where he can find it, not where he wants it, which is th' way to accumylate a fortune. Money won't prolong life, but a few millyons judicyously placed in good banks an' occas'nally worn on the person will rayjooce age. Poor ol' men are always older thin poor rich men. In th' almshouse a man is decrepit an' mournful-lookin' at sixty, but a millyonaire at sixty is jus' in th' prime iv life to a frindly eye, an' there are no others.

"It's aisier to th' ol' to grow rich thin it is to th' young. At makin' money a man iv sixty is miles ahead iv a la-ad iv twinty-five. Pollytics and bankin' is th' on'y two games where age has th' best iv it. Youth has bettther things to attind to, an' more iv thim. I don't blame a man f'r bein' stingy anny more thin I blame him f'r havin' a bad leg. Ye know th' doctors say that if ye don't use wan iv ye'er limbs f'r a year or so ye can niver use it again. So it is with gin'rosity. A man starts arly in life not bein' gin'rous. He says to himsilf, 'I wurraked f'r this thing an' if I give it away I lose it.' He ties up his gin'rosity in bandages so that th' blood can't circylate in it. It gets to be a superstition with him that he'll have bad luck if he iver does annything f'r annybody. An' so he rakes in an' puts his private mark with his teeth on all th' movable money in th' wurruld. But th' day comes whin he sees people around him gettin' a good dale iv injye-mint out iv gin'rosity, an' somewan says: 'Why don't ye, too, be gin'rous? Come, ol' green goods,

unbelt, loosen up, be gin'rous.' 'Gin'rous?' says he. 'What's that?' 'It's th' best spoort in th' wurruld. It's givin' things to people.' 'But I can't,' he says. 'I haven't annything to do it with,' he says. 'I don't know th' game. I haven't anny gin'rosity,' he says. 'But ye have,' says they. 'Ye have as much gin'rosity as anny wan if ye'll only use it,' says they. 'Take it out iv th' plaster cast ye put it in an' 'twill look as good as new,' says they. An' he does it. He thries to use his gin'rosity, but all th' life is out iv it. It gives way undher him an' he falls down. He can't raise it fr'm th' groun'. It's ossyified an' useless. I've seen manny a fellow that suffered fr'm ossyified gin'rosity.

"Whin a man begins makin' money in his youth at annything but games iv chance he niver can become gin'rous late in life. He may make a bluff at it. Some men are gin'rous with a crutch. Some men get the use of their gin'rosity back suddenly whin they ar-re in danger. Whin Clancy the miser was caught in a fire in th' Halsted Sthreet Palace Hotel he howled fr'm a window: 'I'll give twinty dollars to anny wan that'll take me down.' Cap'n Minehan put up a laddher an' climbed to him an' carrid him to the sthreet. Half-way down th' ladder th' brave rayscooer was seen to be chokin' his helpless burdhen. We discovered aftherward that Clancy had thried to begin negotyations to rayjooce th' reward to five dollars. His gin'rosity had become suddenly par-lyzed again.

“So if ye’d stay gin’rous to th’ end, niver lave ye’er gin’rosity idle too long. Don’t run it ivry hour at th’ top iv its speed, but fr’m day to day give it a little gintle exercise to keep it supple an’ hearty an’ in due time ye may injye it.”

FINLEY PETER DUNNE.

(“*Mr. Dooley.*”)

JUNE 9

THE OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT*

AS MR. JOHN OAKHURST, gambler, stepped into the main street of Poker Flat on the morning of the 23d of November, 1850, he was conscious of a change in its moral atmosphere since the preceding night. Two or three men, conversing earnestly together, ceased as he approached, and exchanged significant glances. There was a Sabbath lull in the air, which, in a settlement unused to Sabbath influences, looked ominous.

Mr. Oakhurst's calm, handsome face betrayed small concern in these indications. Whether he was conscious of any predisposing cause was another question. "I reckon they're after somebody," he reflected; "likely it's me." He returned to his pocket the handkerchief with which he had been whipping away the red dust of Poker Flat from his neat boots, and quietly discharged his mind of any further conjecture.

In point of fact, Poker Flat was "after somebody." It had lately suffered the loss of several

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thousand dollars, two valuable horses, and a prominent citizen. It was experiencing a spasm of virtuous reaction, quite as lawless and ungovernable as any of the acts that had provoked it. A secret committee had determined to rid the town of all improper persons. This was done permanently in regard of two men who were then hanging from the boughs of a sycamore in the gulch, and temporarily in the banishment of certain other objectionable characters. I regret to say that some of these were ladies. It is but due to the sex, however, to state that their impropriety was professional, and it was only in such easily established standards of evil that Poker Flat ventured to sit in judgment.

Mr. Oakhurst was right in supposing that he was included in this category. A few of the committee had urged hanging him as a possible example and a sure method of reimbursing themselves from his pockets for the sums he had won from them. "It's agin justice," said Jim Wheeler, "to let this yer young man from Roaring Camp—an entire stranger—carry away our money." But a crude sentiment of equity residing in the breasts of those who had been fortunate enough to win from Mr. Oakhurst overruled this narrower local prejudice.

Mr. Oakhurst received his sentence with philosophic calmness, none the less coolly that he was aware of the hesitation of his judges. He was too much of a gambler not to accept fate. With him, life was at best an uncertain game, and he recog-

nized the usual percentage in favor of the dealer.

A body of armed men accompanied the deported wickedness of Poker Flat to the outskirts of the settlement. Besides Mr. Oakhurst, who was known to be a coolly desperate man, and for whose intimidation the armed escort was intended, the expatriated party consisted of a young woman familiarly known as "The Duchess"; another who had won the title of "Mother Shipton"; and "Uncle Billy," a suspected sluice-robber and confirmed drunkard. The cavalcade provoked no comments from the spectators, nor was any word uttered by the escort. Only when the gulch which marked the uttermost limit of Poker Flat was reached the leader spoke briefly and to the point. The exiles were forbidden to return at the peril of their lives.

As the escort disappeared, their pent-up feelings found vent in a few hysterical tears from the Duchess, some bad language from Mother Shipton, and a Parthian volley of expletives from Uncle Billy. The philosophic Oakhurst alone remained silent. He listened calmly to Mother Shipton's desire to cut somebody's heart out, to the repeated statements of the Duchess that she would die in the road, and to the alarming oaths that seemed to be bumped out of Uncle Billy as he rode forward. With the easy good humor characteristic of his class, he insisted upon exchanging his own riding horse, "Five-Spot," for the sorry mule which the Duchess rode. But even this act did not draw the party into any closer sym-

pathy. The young woman readjusted her somewhat draggled plumes with a feeble, faded coquetry; Mother Shipton eyed the possessor of "Five-Spot" with malevolence; and Uncle Billy included the whole party in one weeping anathema.

The road to Sandy Bar—a camp that, not having as yet experienced the regenerating influences of Poker Flat, consequently seemed to offer some invitation to the emigrants—lay over a steep mountain range. It was distant a day's severe travel. In that advanced season, the party soon passed out of the moist, temperate regions of the foothills into the dry, cold, bracing air of the Sierras. The trail was narrow and difficult. At noon the Duchess, rolling out of her saddle upon the ground, declared her intention of going no farther, and the party halted.

The spot was singularly wild and impressive. A wooded amphitheater, surrounded on three sides by precipitous cliffs of naked granite, sloped gently toward the crest of another precipice that overlooked the valley. It was, undoubtedly, the most suitable spot for a camp, had camping been advisable. But Mr. Oakhurst knew that scarcely half the journey to Sandy Bar was accomplished, and the party were not equipped or provisioned for delay. This fact he pointed out to his companions curtly, with a philosophic commentary on the folly of "throwing up their hand before the game was played out." But they were furnished with liquor, which, in this emergency, stood them

in place of food, fuel, rest, and prescience. In spite of his remonstrances, it was not long before they were more or less under its influence. Uncle Billy passed rapidly from a bellicose state into one of stupor, the Duchess became maudlin, and Mother Shipton snored. Mr. Oakhurst alone remained erect, leaning against a rock, calmly surveying them.

Mr. Oakhurst did not drink. It interfered with a profession which required coolness, impassiveness, and presence of mind, and, in his own language, he "couldn't afford it." As he gazed at his recumbent fellow exiles, the loneliness begotten of his pariah trade, his habits of life, his very vices, for the first time seriously oppressed him. He bestirred himself in dusting his black clothes, washing his hands and face, and other acts characteristic of his studiously neat habits, and for a moment forgot his annoyance. The thought of deserting his weaker and more pitiable companions never perhaps occurred to him. Yet he could not help feeling the want of that excitement which, singularly enough, was most conducive to that calm equanimity for which he was notorious. He looked at the gloomy walls that rose a thousand feet sheer above the circling pines around him, at the sky ominously clouded, at the valley below, already deepening into shadow; and doing so, suddenly he heard his own name called.

A horseman slowly ascended the trail. In the fresh, open face of the newcomer, Mr. Oakhurst recognized Tom Simson, otherwise known as "The

Innocent," of Sandy Bar. He had met him some months before over a "little game," and had, with perfect equanimity, won the entire fortune—amounting to some forty dollars—of that guileless youth. After the game was finished, Mr. Oakhurst drew the youthful speculator behind the door, and thus addressed him: "Tommy, you're a good little man, but you can't gamble worth a cent. Don't try it over again." He then handed him his money back, pushed him gently from the room, and so made a devoted slave of Tom Simson.

There was a remembrance of this in his boyish and enthusiastic greeting of Mr. Oakhurst. He had started, he said, to go to Poker Flat to seek his fortune. "Alone?" No, not exactly alone; in fact (a giggle), he had run away with Piney Woods. Didn't Mr. Oakhurst remember Piney? She that used to wait on the table at the Temperance House? They had been engaged a long time, but old Jake Woods had objected, and so they had run away, and were going to Poker Flat to be married, and here they were. And they were tired out, and how lucky it was they had found a place to camp, and company. All this the Innocent delivered rapidly, while Piney, a stout, comely damsel of fifteen, emerged from behind the pine tree, where she had been blushing unseen, and rode to the side of her lover.

Mr. Oakhurst seldom troubled himself with sentiment, still less with propriety; but he had a vague idea that the situation was not fortunate.

He retained, however, his presence of mind sufficiently to kick Uncle Billy, who was about to say something, and Uncle Billy was sober enough to recognize in Mr. Oakhurst's kick a superior power that would not bear trifling. He then endeavored to dissuade Tom Simson from delaying further, but in vain. He even pointed out the fact that there was no provision, nor means of making a camp. But, unluckily, the Innocent met this objection by assuring the party that he was provided with an extra mule loaded with provisions, and by the discovery of a rude attempt at a log house near the trail. "Piney can stay with Mrs. Oakhurst," said the Innocent, pointing to the Duchess, "and I can shift for myself."

Nothing but Mr. Oakhurst's admonishing foot saved Uncle Billy from bursting into a roar of laughter. As it was, he felt compelled to retire up the cañon until he could recover his gravity. There he confided the joke to the tall pine-trees, with many slaps of his leg, contortions of his face, and the usual profanity. But, when he returned to the party, he found them seated by a fire—for the air had grown strangely chill and the sky overcast—in apparently amicable conversation. Piney was actually talking in an impulsive, girlish fashion to the Duchess, who was listening with an interest and animation she had not shown for many days. The Innocent was holding forth, apparently with equal effect, to Mr. Oakhurst and Mother Shipton, who was actually relaxing into amiability. "Is this yer a d—d picnic?"

said Uncle Billy, with inward scorn, as he surveyed the sylvan group, the glancing firelight, and the tethered animals in the foreground. Suddenly an idea mingled with the alcoholic fumes that disturbed his brain. It was apparently of a jocular nature, for he felt impelled to slap his leg again and cram his fist into his mouth.

As the shadows crept slowly up the mountain, a slight breeze rocked the tops of the pine-trees and moaned through their long and gloomy aisles. The ruined cabin, patched and covered with pine boughs, was set apart for the ladies. As the lovers parted they unaffectedly exchanged a kiss, so honest and sincere that it might have been heard above the swaying pines. The frail Duchess and the malevolent Mother Shipton were probably too stunned to remark upon this last evidence of simplicity, and so turned without a word to the hut. The fire was replenished, the men lay down before the door, and in a few minutes were asleep.

Mr. Oakhurst was a light sleeper. Toward morning he awoke benumbed and cold. As he stirred the dying fire, the wind, which was now blowing strongly, brought to his cheek that which caused the blood to leave it—snow!

He started to his feet with the intention of awakening the sleepers, for there was no time to lose. But turning to where Uncle Billy had been lying, he found him gone. A suspicion leaped to his brain, and a curse to his lips. He ran to the spot where the mules had been tethered—they

were no longer there. The tracks were already rapidly disappearing in the snow.

The momentary excitement brought Mr. Oakhurst back to the fire with his usual calm. He did not waken the sleepers. The Innocent slumbered peacefully, with a smile on his good-humored, freckled face; the virgin Piney slept beside her frailer sisters as sweetly as though attended by celestial guardians; and Mr. Oakhurst, drawing his blanket over his shoulders, stroked his moustaches, and waited for the dawn. It came slowly in a whirling mist of snowflakes that dazzled and confused the eye. What could be seen of the landscape appeared magically changed. He looked over the valley, and summed up the present and future in two words, "Snowed in!"

A careful inventory of the provisions, which, fortunately for the party, had been stored within the hut, and so escaped the felonious fingers of Uncle Billy, disclosed the fact that, with care and prudence, they might last ten days longer. "That is," said Mr. Oakhurst *sotto voce* to the Innocent, "if you're willing to board us. If you ain't—and perhaps you'd better not—you can wait till Uncle Billy gets back with provisions." For some occult reason, Mr. Oakhurst could not bring himself to disclose Uncle Billy's rascality, and so offered the hypothesis that he had wandered from the camp, and had accidentally stamped the animals. He dropped a warning to the Duchess and Mother Shipton, who, of course, knew the

facts of their associate's defection. "They'll find out the truth about us *all* when they find out anything," he added significantly, "and there's no good frightening them now."

Tom Simson not only put all his worldly store at the disposal of Mr. Oakhurst, but seemed to enjoy the prospect of their enforced seclusion. "We'll have a good camp for a week, and then the snow'll melt, and we'll all go back together." The cheerful gayety of the young man and Mr. Oakhurst's calm infected the others. The Innocent, with the aid of pine boughs, extemporized a thatch for the roofless cabin, and the Duchess directed Piney in the rearrangement of the interior with a taste and tact that opened the blue eyes of that provincial maiden to their fullest extent. "I reckon now you're used to fine things at Poker Flat," said Piney. The Duchess turned away sharply to conceal something that reddened her cheeks through their professional tint, and Mother Shipton requested Piney not to "chatter." But, when Mr. Oakhurst returned from a weary search for the trail, he heard the sound of happy laughter echoed from the rocks. He stopped in some alarm, and his thoughts first naturally reverted to the whisky, which he had prudently cached. "And yet it don't somehow sound like whisky," said the gambler. It was not until he caught sight of the blazing fire through the still blinding storm, and the group around it, that he settled to the conviction that it was "square fun."

Whether Mr. Oakhurst had cashed his cards with the whisky as something debarred the free access of the community, I cannot say. It was certain that, in Mother Shipton's words, he "didn't say 'cards' once" during that evening. Haply, the time was beguiled by an accordion, produced somewhat ostentatiously by Tom Simson from his pack. Notwithstanding some difficulties attending the manipulation of this instrument, Piney Woods managed to pluck several reluctant melodies from its keys, to an accompaniment by the Innocent on a pair of bone castanets. But the crowning festivity of the evening was reached in a rude camp-meeting hymn, which the lovers, joining hands, sang with great earnestness and vociferation. I fear that a certain defiant tone and Covenanters' swing to its chorus, rather than any devotional quality, caused it speedily to infect the others who at last joined in the refrain—

"I'm proud to live in the service of the Lord,
And I am bound to die in His army."

The pines rocked, the storm eddied and whirled above the miserable group, and the flames of their altar leaped heavenward, as if in token of the vow.

At midnight the storm abated, the rolling clouds parted, and the stars glittered keenly above the sleeping camp. Mr. Oakhurst, whose professional habits had enabled him to live on the smallest possible amount of sleep, in dividing the watch with Tom Simson somehow managed to take upon himself the greater part of that duty.

He excused himself to the Innocent by saying that he had "often been a week without sleep." "Doing what?" asked Tom. "Poker!" replied Oakhurst sententiously. "When a man gets a streak of luck—nigger-luck—he don't get tired. The luck gives in first. Luck," continued the gambler reflectively, "is a mighty queer thing. All you know about it for certain is that it's bound to change. And it's finding out when it's going to change that makes you. We've had a streak of bad luck since we left Poker Flat—you come along, and, slap, you get into it, too. If you can hold your cards right along, you're all right. For," added the gambler, with cheerful irrelevance—

"I'm proud to live in the service of the Lord,
And I'm bound to die in His army."

The third day came, and the sun, looking through the white-curtained valley, saw the outcasts divide their slowly decreasing store of provisions for the morning meal. It was one of the peculiarities of that mountain climate that its rays diffused a kindly warmth over the wintry landscape, as if in regretful commiseration of the past. But it revealed drift on drift of snow piled high around the hut—a hopeless, uncharted, trackless sea of white lying below the rocky shores to which the castaways still clung. Through the marvelously clear air, the smoke of the pastoral village of Poker Flat rose miles away. Mother Shipton saw it, and, from a remote pinnacle of her

rocky fastness, hurled in that direction a final malediction. It was her last vituperative attempt, and, perhaps for that reason, was invested with a certain degree of sublimity. It did her good, she privately informed the Duchess.

"Just you go out there, and cuss, and see." She then set herself to the task of amusing "the child," as she and the Duchess were pleased to call Piney. Piney was no chicken, but it was a soothing and original theory of the pair thus to account for the fact that she didn't swear and wasn't improper.

When night crept up again through the gorges the reedy notes of the accordion rose and fell in fitful spasms and long-drawn gasps by the flickering campfire. But music failed to fill entirely the aching void left by insufficient food, and a new diversion was proposed by Piney—story-telling. Neither Mr. Oakhurst nor his female companions caring to relate their personal experiences, this plan would have failed, too, but for the Innocent. Some months before, he had chanced upon a stray copy of Mr. Pope's ingenious translation of the *Iliad*. He now proposed to narrate the principal incidents of that poem—having thoroughly mastered the argument and fairly forgotten the words—in the current vernacular of Sandy Bar. And so, for the rest of that night, the Homeric demigods again walked the earth. Trojan bully and wily Greek wrestled in the winds, and the great pines in the cañon seemed to bow to the wrath of the son of Peleus. Mr. Oakhurst lis-

tened with quiet satisfaction. Most especially was he interested in the fate of "Ash-heels," as the Innocent persisted in denominating the "swift-footed Achilles."

So, with small food and much of Homer and the accordion, a week passed over the heads of the outcasts. The sun again forsook them, and again from leaden skies the snowflakes were sifted over the land. Day by day, closer around them grew the snowy circle, until at last they looked from their prison over drifted walls of dazzling white, that towered twenty feet above their heads. It became more and more difficult to replenish their fires, even from the fallen trees beside them, now half hidden in the drifts. And yet no one complained. The lovers turned from the dreary prospect, and looked into each other's eyes, and were happy. Mr. Oakhurst settled himself coolly to the losing game before him. The Duchess, more cheerful than she had been, assumed the care of Piney. Only Mother Shipton—once the strongest of the party—seemed to sicken and fade. At midnight on the tenth day she called Oakhurst to her side. "I'm going," she said, in a voice of querulous weakness, "but don't say anything about it. Don't waken the kids. Take the bundle from under my head, and open it." Mr. Oakhurst did so. It contained Mother Shipton's rations for the last week, untouched. "Give 'em to the child," she said, pointing to the sleeping Piney. "You've starved yourself," said the gambler. "That's what they call it," said the

woman querulously, as she lay down again, and, turning her face to the wall, passed quietly away.

The accordion and the bones were put aside that day, and Homer was forgotten. When the body of Mother Shipton had been committed to the snow, Mr. Oakhurst took the Innocent aside, and showed him a pair of snowshoes, which he had fashioned from the old pack-saddle. "There's one chance in a hundred to save her yet," he said, pointing to Piney; "but it's there," he added, pointing toward Poker Flat. "If you can reach there in two days, she's safe." "And you?" asked Tom Simson. "I'll stay here," was the curt reply.

The lovers parted with a long embrace. "You are not going, too?" said the Duchess, as she saw Mr. Oakhurst apparently waiting to accompany him. "As far as the cañon," he replied. He turned suddenly, and kissed the Duchess, leaving her pallid face aflame, and her trembling limbs rigid with amazement.

Night came, but not Mr. Oakhurst. It brought the storm again and the whirling snow. Then the Duchess, feeding the fire, found that someone had quietly piled beside the hut enough fuel to last a few days longer. The tears rose to her eyes, but she hid them from Piney.

The women slept but little. In the morning, looking into each other's faces, they read their fate. Neither spoke, but Piney, accepting the position of the stronger, drew near and placed her arm around the Duchess's waist. They kept

this attitude for the rest of the day. That night the storm reached its greatest fury, and, rending asunder the protecting vines, invaded the very hut.

Toward morning they found themselves unable to feed the fire, which gradually died away. As the embers slowly blackened, the Duchess crept closer to Piney, and broke the silence of many hours: "Piney, can you pray?" "No, dear," said Piney, simply. The Duchess, without knowing exactly why, felt relieved, and, putting her head upon Piney's shoulder, spoke no more. And so reclining, the younger and purer pillowing the head of her soiled sister upon her virgin breast, they fell asleep.

The wind lulled as if it feared to waken them. Feathery drifts of snow, shaken from the long pine boughs, flew like white-winged birds, and settled about them as they slept. The moon, through the rifted clouds, looked down upon what had been the camp. But all human stain, all traces of earthly travail, was hidden beneath the spotless mantle mercifully flung from above.

They slept all that day and the next, nor did they waken when voices and footsteps broke the silence of the camp. And when pitying fingers brushed the snow from their wan faces, you could scarcely have told from the equal peace that dwelt upon them which was she that had sinned. Even the law of Poker Flat recognized this, and turned away, leaving them still locked in each other's arms.

But, at the head of the gulch, on one of the largest pine-trees, they found the deuce of clubs pinned to the bark with a bowie-knife. It bore the following, written in pencil in a firm hand:

BENEATH THIS TREE
LIES THE BODY
OF
JOHN OAKHURST
WHO STRUCK A STREAK OF BAD LUCK
ON THE 23D OF NOVEMBER, 1850
AND
HANDED IN HIS CHECKS
ON THE 7TH DECEMBER, 1850

And pulseless and cold, with a derringer by his side and a bullet in his heart, though still calm as in life, beneath the snow lay he who was at once the strongest and yet the weakest of the outcasts of Poker Flat.

BRET HARTE.

JUNE 10

LEONARDO DA VINCI

Homo Minister et interpres Naturæ

IN VASARI'S life of Leonardo da Vinci as we now read it there are some variations from the first edition. There, the painter who has fixed the outward type of Christ for succeeding centuries was a bold speculator, holding lightly by other men's beliefs, setting philosophy above Christianity. Words of his, trenchant enough to justify this impression, are not recorded, and would have been out of keeping with a genius of which one characteristic is the tendency to lose itself in a refined and graceful mystery. The suspicion was but the time-honored mode in which the world stamps its appreciation of one who has thoughts for himself alone, his high indifference, his intolerance of the common forms of things; and in the second edition the image was changed into something fainter and more conventional. But it is still by a certain mystery in his work, and something enigmatical beyond the usual measure of great men, that he fascinates, or perhaps half repels. His life is one of sudden revolts, with intervals in which he works not at all, or apart from the main scope of his work. By a strange

fortune the pictures on which his more popular fame rested disappeared early from the world, like the *Battle of the Standard*; or are mixed obscurely with the product of meaner hands, like the *Last Supper*. His type of beauty is so exotic that it fascinates a larger number than it delights, and seems more than that of any other artist to reflect ideas and views and some scheme of the world within; so that he seemed to his contemporaries to be the possessor of some unsanctified and secret wisdom; as to Michelet and others to have anticipated modern ideas. He trifles with his genius, and crowds all his chief work into a few tormented years of later life; yet he is so possessed by his genius that he passes unmoved through the most tragic events, overwhelming his country and friends, like one who comes across them by chance on some secret errand.

His *legend*, as the French say, with the anecdote which every one remembers, is one of the most brilliant chapters of Vasari. Later writers merely copied it, until, in 1894, Carlo Amoretti applied to it a criticism which left hardly a date fixed, and not one of those anecdotes untouched. The various questions thus raised have since that time become, one after another, subjects of special study, and mere antiquarianism has in this direction little more to do. For others remain the editing of the thirteen books of his manuscripts and the separation by technical criticism of what in his reputed works is really his, from what is only half his, or the work of his pupils. But a

lover of strange souls may still analyze for himself the impression made on him by those works, and try to reach through it a definition of the chief elements of Leonardo's genius. The *legend*, as corrected and enlarged by its critics, may now and then intervene to support the results of this analysis.

His life has three divisions—thirty years at Florence, nearly twenty years at Milan, then nineteen years of wandering, till he sinks to rest under the protection of Francis the First at the *Château de Clou*. The dishonor of illegitimacy hangs over his birth. Piero Antonio, his father, was of a noble Florentine house, of Vinci in the *Val d'Arno*, and Leonardo, brought up delicately among the true children of that house, was the love-child of his youth, with the keen, puissant nature such children often have. We see him in his boyhood fascinating all men by his beauty, improvising music and songs, buying the caged birds and setting them free, as he walked the streets of Florence, fond of odd bright dresses and spirited horses.

From his earliest years he designed many objects, and constructed models in relief, of which Vasari mentions some of women smiling. His father, pondering over this promise in the child, took him to the workshop of Andrea del Verrocchio, then the most famous artist in Florence. Beautiful objects lay about there—reliquaries, pyxes, silver images for the pope's chapel at Rome, strange fancy-work of the middle age, keeping odd company with fragments of anti-

quity, then but lately discovered. Another student Leonardo may have seen there—a lad into whose soul the level light and ærial illusions of Italian sunsets had passed, in after days famous as Perugino. Verrocchio was an artist of the earlier Florentine type, carver, painter, and worker in metals, in one; designer, not of pictures only, but of all things for sacred or household use, drinking-vessels, ambries, instruments of music, making them all fair to look upon, filling the common ways of life with the reflection of some far-off brightness; and years of patience had refined his hand till his work was now sought after from distant places.

It happened that Verrocchio was employed by the brethren of Vallombrosa to paint the Baptism of Christ, and Leonardo was allowed to finish an angel in the left-hand corner. It was one of those moments in which the progress of a great thing—here, that of the art of Italy—presses hard on the happiness of an individual, through whose discouragement and decrease, humanity, in more fortunate persons, comes a step nearer to its final success.

For beneath the cheerful exterior of the mere well-paid craftsman, chasing brooches for the copes of *Santa Maria Novella*, or twisting metal screens for the tombs of the Medici, lay the ambitious desire to expand the destiny of Italian art by a larger knowledge and insight into things, a purpose in art not unlike Leonardo's still unconscious purpose; and often, in the modeling of drapery,

or of a lifted arm, or of hair cast back from the face, there came to him something of the freer manner and richer humanity of a later age. But in this *Baptism* the pupil had surpassed the master; and Verrocchio turned away as one stunned, and as if his sweet earlier work must thereafter be distasteful to him, from the bright animated angel of Leonardo's hand.

The angel may still be seen in Florence, a space of sunlight in the cold, labored old picture; but the legend is true only in sentiment, for painting had always been the art by which Verrocchio set least store. And as in a sense he anticipates Leonardo, so to the last Leonardo recalls the studio of Verrocchio, in the love of beautiful toys, such as the vessel of water for a mirror, and lovely needle-work about the implicated hands in the *Modesty and Vanity*, and of reliefs, like those cameos which in the *Virgin of the Balances* hang all round the girdle of Saint Michael, and of bright variegated stones, such as the agates in the *Saint Anne*, and in a hieratic preciseness and grace, as of a sanctuary swept and garnished. Amid all the cunning and intricacy of his Lombard manner this never left him. Much of it there must have been in that lost picture of *Paradise*, which he prepared as a cartoon for tapestry, to be woven in the looms of Flanders. It was the perfection of the older Florentine style of miniature-painting, with patient putting of each leaf upon the trees and each flower in the grass, where the first man and woman were standing.

And because it was the perfection of that style, it awoke in Leonardo some seed of discontent which lay in the secret places of his nature. For the way to perfection is through a series of disgusts; and this picture—all that he had done so far in his life at Florence—was after all in the old slight manner. His art, if it was to be something in the world, must be weighted with more of the meaning of nature and purpose of humanity. Nature was “the true mistress of higher intelligences.” He plunged, then, into the study of nature. And in doing this he followed the manner of the older students; he brooded over the hidden virtues of plants and crystals, the lines traced by the stars as they moved in the sky, over the correspondences which exist between the different orders of living things, through which, to eyes opened, they interpret each other; and for years he seemed to those about him as one listening to a voice, silent for other men.

He learned here the art of going deep, of tracking the sources of expression to their subtlest retreats, the power of an intimate presence in the things he handled. He did not at once or entirely desert his art; only he was no longer the cheerful, objective painter, through whose soul, as through clear glass, the bright figures of Florentine life, only made a little mellowed and more pensive by the transit, passed on to the white wall. He wasted many days in curious tricks of design, seeming to lose himself in the spinning of intricate devices of line and color. He was smitten with a

love of the impossible—the perforation of mountains, changing the course of rivers, raising great buildings, such as the church of *San Giovanni*, in the air; all those feats for the performance of which natural magic professed to have the key. Later writers, indeed, see in these efforts an anticipation of modern mechanics; in him they were rather dreams, thrown off by the overwrought and laboring brain. Two ideas were especially confirmed in him, as reflexes of things that had touched his brain in childhood beyond the depth of other impressions—the smiling of women and the motion of great waters.

And in such studies some interfusion of the extremes of beauty and terror shaped itself, as an image that might be seen and touched, in the mind of this gracious youth, so fixed that for the rest of his life it never left him. As if catching glimpses of it in the strange eyes or hair of chance people, he would follow such about the streets of Florence till the sun went down, of whom many sketches of his remain. Some of these are full of a curious beauty, that remote beauty which may be apprehended only by those who have sought it carefully; who, starting with acknowledged types of beauty, have refined as far upon these, as these refine upon the world of common forms. But mingled inextricably with this there is an element of mockery also; so that, whether in sorrow or scorn, he caricatures Dante even. Legions of grotesques sweep under his hand; for has not nature, too, her

grotesques—the rent rock, the distorting lights of evening on lonely roads, the unveiled structure of man in the embryo, or the skeleton?

All these swarming fancies unite in the *Medusa* of the *Uffizii*. Vasari's story of an earlier Medusa, painted on a wooden shield, is perhaps an invention; and yet, properly told, has more of the air of truth about it than anything else in the whole legend. For its real subject is not the serious work of a man, but the experiment of a child. The lizards and glow-worms and other strange small creatures which haunt an Italian vineyard bring before one the whole picture of a child's life in a Tuscan dwelling—half castle, half farm—and are as true to nature as the pretended astonishment of the father for whom the boy has prepared a surprise. It was not in play that he painted that other Medusa, the one great picture which he left behind him in Florence. The subject has been treated in various ways; Leonardo alone cuts to its center; he alone realizes it as the head of a corpse, exercising its powers through all the circumstances of death. What may be called the fascination of corruption penetrates in every touch its exquisitely finished beauty. About the dainty lines of the cheek the bat flits unheeded. The delicate snakes seem literally strangling each other in terrified struggle to escape from the Medusa brain. The hue which violent death always brings with it is in the features; features singularly massive and grand, as we catch them

inverted, in a dexterous foreshortening, crown foremost, like a great calm stone against which the wave of serpents breaks.

The science of that age was all divination, clairvoyance, unsubjected to our exact modern formulas, seeking in an instant of vision to concentrate a thousand experiences. Later writers, thinking only of the well-ordered treatise on painting which a Frenchman, Raffaele du Fresne, a hundred years afterwards, compiled from Leonardo's bewildered manuscripts, written strangely, as his manner was, from right to left, have imagined a rigid order in his inquiries. But this rigid order would have been little in accordance with the restlessness of his character; and if we think of him as the mere reasoner who subjects design to anatomy, and composition to mathematical rules, we shall hardly have that impression which those around Leonardo received from him. Poring over his crucibles, making experiments with color, trying, by a strange variation of the alchemist's dream, to discover the secret, not of an elixir to make man's natural life immortal, but of giving immortality to the subtlest and most delicate effects of painting, he seemed to them rather the sorcerer or the magician, possessed of curious secrets and a hidden knowledge, living in a world of which he alone possessed the key. What his philosophy seems to have been most like is that of Paracelsus or Cardan; and much of the spirit of the older alchemy still hangs about it, with its confidence in short cuts and odd byways to knowl-

edge. To him philosophy was to be something giving strange swiftness and double sight, divining the sources of springs beneath the earth or of expression beneath the human countenance, clairvoyant of occult gifts in common or uncommon things, in the reed at the brookside, or the star which draws near to us but once in a century. How, in this way, the clear purpose was overclouded, the fine chaser's hand perplexed, we but dimly see; the mystery which at no point quite lifts from Leonardo's life is deepest here. But it is certain that at one period of his life he had almost ceased to be an artist.

The year 1483—the year of the birth of Raphael and the thirty-first of Leonardo's life—is fixed as the date of his visit to Milan by the letter in which he recommends himself to Ludovico Sforza, and offers to tell him, for a price, strange secrets in the art of war. It was that Sforza who murdered his young nephew by slow poison, yet was so susceptible of religious impressions that he blended mere earthly passion with a sort of religious sentimentalism, and who took for his device the mulberry-tree—symbol, in its long delay and sudden yielding of flowers and fruit together, of a wisdom which economises all forces for an opportunity of sudden and sure effect. The fame of Leonardo had gone before him, and he was to model a colossal statue of Francesco, the first Duke of Milan. As for Leonardo himself, he came not as an artist at all, or careful of the fame of one; but as a player on the harp, a strange harp of silver of his own

construction, shaped in some curious likeness to a horse's skull. The capricious spirit of Ludovico was susceptible also to the power of music, and Leonardo's nature had a kind of spell in it. Fascination is always the word descriptive of him. No portrait of his youth remains; but all tends to make us believe that up to this time some charm of voice and aspect, strong enough to balance the disadvantage of his birth, had played about him. His physical strength was great; it was said that he could bend a horseshoe like a coil of lead.

The *Duomo*, work of artists from beyond the Alps, so fantastic to the eye of a Florentine used to the mellow, unbroken surfaces of Giotto and Arnolfo, was then in all its freshness; and below, in the streets of Milan, moved a people as fantastic, changeful, and dreamlike. To Leonardo least of all men could there be anything poisonous in the exotic flowers of sentiment which grew there. It was a life of brilliant sins and exquisite amusements: Leonardo became a celebrated designer of pageants; and it suited the quality of his genius, composed, in almost equal parts, of curiosity and the desire of beauty, to take things as they came.

Curiosity and the desire of beauty—these are the two elementary forces in Leonardo's genius; curiosity, often in conflict with the desire of beauty but generating, in union with it, a type of subtle and curious grace.

The movement of the fifteenth century was twofold; partly the Renaissance, partly also the coming of what is called the "modern spirit," with

its realism, its appeal to experience. It comprehended a return to antiquity, and a return to nature. Raphael represents the return to antiquity, and Leonardo the return to nature. In this return to nature, he was seeking to satisfy a boundless curiosity by her perpetual surprises, a microscopic sense of finish by her *finesse*, or delicacy of operation, that *subtilitas naturæ* which Bacon notices. So we find him often in intimate relations with men of science,—with Fra Luca Paccioli the mathematician, and the anatomist Marc Antonio della Torre. His observations and experiments fill thirteen volumes of manuscript; and those who can judge describe him as anticipating long before, by rapid intuition, the later ideas of science. He explained the obscure light of the unilluminated part of the moon, knew that the sea had once covered the mountains which contain shells, and of the gathering of the equatorial waters above the polar.

He who thus penetrated into the most secret parts of nature preferred always the more to the less remote, what, seeming exceptional, was an instance of law more refined, the construction about things of a peculiar atmosphere and mixed lights. He paints flowers with such curious felicity that different writers have attributed to him a fondness for particular flowers, as Clement the cyclamen, and Rio the jasmin; while, at Venice, there is a stray leaf from his portfolio dotted all over with studies of violets and the wild rose. In him first appears the taste for what is *bizarre* or

recherché in landscape; hollow places full of the green shadow of bituminous rocks, ridged reefs of trap-rock which cut the water into quaint sheets of light,—their exact antitype is in our own western seas; all the solemn effects of moving water. You may follow it springing from its distant source among the rocks on the heath of the *Madonna of the Balances*, passing, as a little fall, into the treacherous calm of the *Madonna of the Lake*, as a goodly river next, below the cliffs of the *Madonna of the Rocks*, washing the white walls of its distant villages, stealing out in a network of divided streams in *La Gioconda* to the seashore of the *Saint Anne*—that delicate place, where the wind passes like the hand of some fine etcher over the surface, and the untorn shells are lying thick upon the sand, and the tops of the rocks, to which the waves never rise, are green with grass, grown fine as hair. It is the landscape, not of dreams or of fancy, but of places far withdrawn, and hours selected from a thousand with a miracle of *finesse*. Through Leonardo's strange veil of sight things reach him so; in no ordinary night or day, but as in faint light of eclipse, or in some brief interval of falling rain at daybreak, or through deep water.

And not into nature only; but he plunged also into human personality, and became above all a painter of portraits; faces of a modelling more skilful than has been seen before or since, embodied with a reality which almost amounts to illusion, on the dark air. To take a character as it was, and delicately sound its stops, suited one so curious

in observation, curious in invention. He painted thus the portraits of Ludovico's mistresses, Lucretia Crivelli and Cecilia Galerani the poetess, of Ludovico himself, and the Duchess Beatrice. The portrait of Cecilia Galerani is lost, but that of Lucretia Crivelli has been identified with *La Belle Feronière* of the Louvre, and Ludovico's pale, anxious face still remains in the Ambrosian library. Opposite is the portrait of Beatrice d'Este, in whom Leonardo seems to have caught some presentiment of early death, painting her precise and grave, full of the refinement of the dead, in sad earth-colored raiment, set with pale stones.

Sometimes this curiosity came in conflict with the desire of beauty; it tended to make him go too far below that outside of things in which art really begins and ends. This struggle between the reason and its ideas, and the senses, the desire of beauty, is the key to Leonardo's life at Milan—restlessness, his endless re-touchings, his odd experiments with color. How much must he leave unfinished, how much recommence! His problem was the transmutation of ideas into images. What he had attained so far had been the mastery of that earlier Florentine style, with its naïve and limited sensuousness. Now he was to entertain in this narrow medium those divinations of a humanity too wide for it, that larger vision of the opening world, which is only not too much for the great, irregular art of Shakespeare; and everywhere the effort is visible in the work of his hands. This agitation, this perpetual delay, give him an air of

weariness and *ennui*. To others he seems to be aiming at an impossible effect, to do something that art, that painting, can never do. Often the expression of physical beauty at this or that point seems strained and marred in the effort, as in those heavy German foreheads—too heavy and German for perfect beauty.

For there was a touch of Germany in that genius which, as Goethe said, had “thought itself weary”—*müde sich gedacht*. What an anticipation of modern Germany, for instance, in that debate on the question whether sculpture or painting is the nobler art!¹ But there is this difference between him and the German, that, with all that curious science, the German would have thought nothing more was needed. The name of Goethe himself reminds one how great for the artist may be the danger of over-much science; how Goethe, who in the *Elective Affinities* and the first part of *Faust*, does transmute ideas into images, who wrought many such transmutations, did not invariably find the spell-word, and in the second part of *Faust* presents us with a mass of science which has almost no artistic character at all. But Leonardo will never work till the happy moment comes—that moment of *bien-être*, which to imaginative men is a moment of invention. On this he waits with a perfect patience; other moments are but a preparation, or after-taste of it. Few men dis-

¹How princely, how characteristic of Leonardo, the answer, *Quanto più, un' arte porta seco fatica di corpo, tanto più è vile!*

tinguish between them as jealously as he. Hence so many flaws even in the choicest work. But for Leonardo the distinction is absolute, and, in the moment of *bien-être*, the alchemy complete: the idea is stricken into color and imagery: a cloudy mysticism is refined to a subdued and graceful mystery, and painting pleases the eye while it satisfies the soul.

This curious beauty is seen above all in his drawings, and in these chiefly in the abstract grace of the bounding lines. Let us take some of these drawings, and pause over them awhile; and, first, one of those at Florence—the heads of a woman and a little child, set side by side, but each in its own separate frame. First of all, there is much pathos in the reappearance, in the fuller curves of the face of the child, of the sharper, more chastened lines of the worn and older face, which leaves no doubt that the heads are those of a little child and its mother. A feeling for maternity is indeed always characteristic of Leonardo; and this feeling is further indicated here by the half-humorous pathos of the diminutive, rounded shoulders of the child. You may note a like pathetic power in drawings of a young man, seated in a stooping posture, his face in his hands, as in sorrow; of a slave sitting in an uneasy inclined attitude, in some brief interval of rest; of a small Madonna and Child, peeping sideways in half-reassured terror, as a mighty griffin with batlike wings, one of Leonardo's finest *inventions*, descends suddenly from the air to snatch up a great wild beast wan-

dering near them. But note in these, as that which especially belongs to art, the contour of the young man's hair, the poise of the slave's arm above his head, and the curves of the head of the child, following the little skull within, thin and fine as some sea-shell worn by the wind.

Take again another head, still more full of sentiment, but of a different kind, a little drawing in red chalk which every one will remember who has examined at all carefully the drawings by old masters at the Louvre. It is a face of doubtful sex, set in the shadow of its own hair, the cheek-line in high light against it, with something voluptuous and full in the eye-lids and the lips. Another drawing might pass for the same face in childhood with parched and feverish lips, but much sweetness in the loose, short-waisted childish dress, with necklace and *bullæ*, and in the daintily bound hair. We might take the thread of suggestion which these two drawings offer, when thus set side by side, and, following it through the drawings at Florence, Venice, and Milan, construct a sort of series, illustrating better than anything else Leonardo's type of womanly beauty. Daughters of Herodias, with their fantastic head-dresses knotted and folded so strangely to leave the dainty oval of the face disengaged, they are not of the Christian family, or of Raphael's. They are the clairvoyants, through whom, as through delicate instruments, one becomes aware of the subtler forces of nature, and the modes of their action, all that is magnetic in it, all those finer conditions

wherein material things rise to that subtlety of operation which constitutes them spiritual, where only the final nerve and the keener touch can follow. It is as if in certain significant examples we actually saw those forces at their work on human flesh. Nervous, electric, faint always with some inexplicable faintness, these people seem to be subject to exceptional conditions, to feel powers at work in the common air unfelt by others, to become, as it were, the receptacle of them, and pass them on to us in a chain of secret influences.

But among the more youthful heads there is one at Florence which Love chooses for its own—the head of a young man, which may well be the likeness of Andrea Salaino, beloved of Leonardo for his curled and waving hair—*belli capelli ricci e inanellati*—and afterwards his favorite pupil and servant. Of all the interests in living men and women which may have filled his life at Milan, this attachment alone is recorded. And in return Salaino identified himself so entirely with Leonardo, that the picture of *Saint Anne*, in the Louvre, has been attributed to him. It illustrates Leonardo's usual choice of pupils, men of some natural charm of person or intercourse like Salaino, or men of birth and princely habits of life like Francesco Melzi—men with just enough genius to be capable of initiation into his secret, for the sake of which they were ready to efface their own individuality. Among them, retiring often to the villa of the Melzi at *Canonica al Vaprio*, he worked at his fugitive manuscripts and sketches, working for

the present hour, and for a few only, perhaps chiefly for himself. Other artists have been as careless of present or future applause, in self-forgetfulness, or because they set moral or political ends above the ends of art; but in him this solitary culture of beauty seems to have hung upon a kind of self-love, and a carelessness in the work of art of all but art itself. Out of the secret places of a unique temperament he brought strange blossoms and fruits hitherto unknown; and for him, the novel impression conveyed, the exquisite effect woven, counted as an end in itself—a perfect end.

And these pupils of his acquired his manner so thoroughly, that though the number of Leonardo's authentic works is very small indeed, there is a multitude of other men's pictures through which we undoubtedly see him, and come very near to his genius. Sometimes, as in the little picture of the *Madonna of the Balances*, in which, from the bosom of His mother, Christ weighs the pebbles of the brook against the sins of men, we have a hand, rough enough by contrast, working upon some fine hint or sketch of his. Sometimes, as in the subjects of the *Daughter of Herodias* and the *Head of John the Baptist*, the lost originals have been re-echoed and varied upon again and again by Luini and others. At other times the original remains, but has been a mere theme or motive, a type of which the accessories might be modified or changed; and these variations have but brought out the more the purpose, or expression of the original. It is so with the so-called *Saint John the*

Baptist of the Louvre—one of the few naked figures Leonardo painted—whose delicate brown flesh and woman's hair no one would go out into the wilderness to seek, and whose treacherous smile would have us understand something far beyond the outward gesture or circumstance. But the long, reedlike cross in the hand, which suggests Saint John the Baptist, becomes faint in a copy at the Ambrosian Library, and disappears altogether in another version, in the *Palazzo Rosso* at Genoa. Returning from the latter to the original, we are no longer surprised by Saint John's strange likeness to the *Bacchus* which hangs near it, and which set Théophile Gautier thinking of Heine's notion of decayed gods, who, to maintain themselves, after the fall of paganism, took employment in the new religion. We recognise one of those symbolical inventions in which the ostensible subject is used, not as matter for definite pictorial realisation, but as the starting-point of a train of sentiment, subtle and vague as a piece of music. No one ever ruled over the mere *subject* in hand more entirely than Leonardo, or bent it more dexterously to purely artistic ends. And so it comes to pass that though he handles sacred subjects continually, he is the most profane of painters; the given person or subject, Saint John in the Desert, or the Virgin on the knees of Saint Anne, is often merely the pretext for a kind of work which carries one altogether beyond the range of its conventional associations.

About the *Last Supper*, its decay and restora-

tions, a whole literature has risen up, Goethe's pensive sketch of its sad fortunes being perhaps the best. The death in childbirth of the Duchess Beatrice was followed in Ludovico by one of those paroxysms of religious feeling which in him were constitutional. The low, gloomy Dominican church of *Saint Mary of the Graces* had been the favorite oratory of Beatrice. She had spent her last days there, full of sinister presentiments; at last it had been almost necessary to remove her from it by force; and now it was here that mass was said a hundred times a day for her repose. On the damp wall of the refectory, oozing with mineral salts, Leonardo painted the *Last Supper*. Effective anecdotes were told about it, his retouchings and delays. They show him refusing to work except at the moment of invention, scornful of any one who supposed that art could be a work of mere industry and rule, often coming the whole length of Milan to give a single touch. He painted it, not in fresco, where all must be *impromptu*, but in oils, the new method which he had been one of the first to welcome, because it allowed of so many afterthoughts, so refined a working out of perfection. It turned out that on a plastered wall no process could have been less durable. Within fifty years it had fallen into decay. And now we have to turn back to Leonardo's own studies, above all to one drawing of the central head at the *Brera*, which, in a union of tenderness and severity in the face-lines, reminds one of the monumental work of Mino da Fiesole, to trace it as it was.

Here was another effort to lift a given subject out of the range of its traditional associations. Strange, after all the mystic developments of the middle age, was the effort to see the Eucharist, not as the pale Host of the altar, but as one taking leave of his friends. Five years afterwards the young Raphael, at Florence, painted it with sweet and solemn effect in the refectory of Saint Onofrio; but still with all the mystical unreality of the school of Perugino. Vasari pretends that the central head was never finished. But finished or unfinished, or owing part of its effect to a mellowing decay, the head of Jesus does but consummate the sentiment of the whole company—ghosts through which you see the wall, faint as the shadows of the leaves upon the wall on autumn afternoons. This figure is but the faintest, the most spectral of them all.

The *Last Supper* was finished in 1497; in 1498 the French entered Milan, and whether or not the Gascon bowmen used it as a mark for their arrows, the model of Francesco Sforza certainly did not survive. What, in that age, such work was capable of being—of what nobility, amid what racy truthfulness to fact—we may judge from the bronze statue of Bartolomeo Colleoni on horseback, modelled by Leonardo's master, Verrocchio (he died of grief, it was said, because, the mold accidentally failing, he was unable to complete it), still standing in the *piazza* of Saint John and Saint Paul at Venice. Some traces of the thing may remain in certain of Leonardo's drawings, and

perhaps also, by a singular circumstance, in a far-off town of France. For Ludovico became a prisoner, and ended his days at Loches in Touraine. After many years of captivity in the dungeons below, where all seems sick with barbarous feudal memories, he was allowed at last, it is said, to breathe fresher air for a while in one of the rooms of the great tower still shown, its walls covered with strange painted arabesques, ascribed by tradition to his hand, amused a little, in this way, through the tedious years. In those vast helmets and human faces and pieces of armor, among which, in great letters, the motto *Infelix Sum* is woven in and out, it is perhaps not too fanciful to see the fruit of a wistful after-dreaming over Leonardo's sundry experiments on the armed figure of the great duke, which had occupied the two so much during the days of their good fortune at Milan.

The remaining years of Leonardo's life are more or less years of wandering. From his brilliant life at court he had saved nothing, and he returned to Florence a poor man. Perhaps necessity kept his spirit excited: the next four years are one prolonged rapture of ecstasy of invention. He painted now the pictures of the Louvre, his most authentic works, which came there straight from the cabinet of Francis the First, at Fontainebleau. One picture of his, the *Saint Anne*—not the *Saint Anne* of the Louvre, but a simple cartoon, now in London—revived for a moment a sort of appreciation more common in an earlier time, when good pictures had still seemed miraculous. For two

days a crowd of people of all qualities passed in naïve excitement through the chamber where it hung, and gave Leonardo a taste of the "triumph" of Cimabue. But his work was less with the saints than with the living women of Florence. For he lived still in the polished society that he loved, and in the houses of Florence, left perhaps a little subject to light thoughts by the death of Savonarola—the latest gossip (1869) is of an undraped Monna Lisa, found in some out-of-the-way corner of the late *Orleans* collection—he saw Ginevra di Benci, and Lisa, the young third wife of Francesco del Giocondo. As we have seen him using incidents of sacred story, not for their own sake, nor as mere subjects for pictorial realisation, but as a cryptic language for fancies all his own, so now he found a vent for his thought in taking one of these languid women, and raising her, as Leda or Pomona, as Modesty or Vanity, to the seventh heaven of symbolical expression.

La Gioconda is, in the truest sense, Leonardo's masterpiece, the revealing instance of his mode of thought and work. In suggestiveness, only the *Melancholia* of Dürer is comparable to it; and no crude symbolism disturbs the effect of its subdued and graceful mystery. We all know the face and hands of the figure, set in its marble chair, in that circle of fantastic rocks, as in some faint light under sea. Perhaps of all ancient pictures time has chilled it least.¹ As often happens with works

¹Yet for Vasari there was further magic of crimson in the lips and cheeks, lost for us.

in which invention seems to reach its limit, there is an element in it given to, not invented by, the master. In that inestimable folio of drawings, once in the possession of Vasari, were certain designs by Verrocchio, faces of such impressive beauty that Leonardo in his boyhood copied them many times. It is hard not to connect with these designs of the elder, by-past master, as with its germinal principle, the unfathomable smile, always with a touch of something sinister in it, which plays over all Leonardo's work. Besides, the picture is a portrait. From childhood we see this image defining itself on the fabric of his dreams, and but for express historical testimony, we might fancy that this was but his ideal lady, embodied and beheld at last. What was the relationship of a living Florentine to this creature of his thought? By what strange affinities had the dream and the person grown up thus apart, and yet so closely together? Present from the first incorporeally in Leonardo's brain, dimly traced in the designs of Verrocchio, she is found present at last in *Il Giocondo's* house. That there is much of mere portraiture in the picture is attested by the legend that by artificial means, the presence of mimes and flute-players, that subtle expression was protracted on the face. Again, was it in four years and by renewed labor never really completed, or in four months and as by stroke of magic, that the image was projected?

The presence that rose thus so strangely beside the waters, is expressive of what in the ways of a

thousand years men had come to desire. Hers is the head upon which all "the ends of the world are come," and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty, into which the soul with all its maladies has passed! All the thoughts and experience of the world have etched and moulded there, in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form, the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the mysticism of the middle age with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias. She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants, and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands. The fancy of a perpetual life, sweeping together ten thousand experiences, is an old one; and modern philosophy has conceived the idea of humanity as wrought upon by,

and summing up in itself, all modes of thought and life. Certainly Lady Lisa might stand as the embodiment of the old fancy, the symbol of the modern idea.

During these years at Florence Leonardo's history is the history of his art; for himself, he is lost in the bright cloud of it. The outward history begins again in 1502, with a wild journey through central Italy, which he makes as the chief engineer of Cæsar Borgia. The biographer, putting together the stray jottings of his manuscripts, may follow him through every day of it, up the strange tower of Siena, elastic like a bent bow, down to the seashore at Piombino, each place appearing as fitfully as in a fever dream.

One other great work was left for him to do, a work all trace of which soon vanished, *The Battle of the Standard*, in which he had Michelangelo for his rival. The citizens of Florence, desiring to decorate the walls of the great council-chamber, had offered the work for competition, and any subject might be chosen from the Florentine wars of the fifteenth century. Michelangelo chose for his cartoon an incident of the war with Pisa, in which the Florentine soldiers, bathing in the Arno, are surprised by the sound of trumpets, and run to arms. His design has reached us only in an old engraving, which helps us less perhaps than our remembrance of the background of his *Holy Family* in the *Uffizi* to imagine in what superhuman form, such as might have beguiled the heart of an earlier world, those figures ascended out of the

water. Leonardo chose an incident from the battle of Anghiari, in which two parties of soldiers fight for a standard. Like Michelangelo's, his cartoon is lost, and has come to us only in sketches, and in a fragment of Rubens. Through the accounts given we may discern some lust of terrible things in it, so that even the horses tore each other with their teeth. And yet one fragment of it, in a drawing of his at Florence, is far different—a waving field of lovely armour, the chased edgings running like lines of sunlight from side to side. Michelangelo was twenty-seven years old; Leonardo more than fifty; and Raphael, then nineteen years of age, visiting Florence for the first time, came and watched them as they worked.

We catch a glimpse of Leonardo again, at Rome in 1514, surrounded by his mirrors and vials and furnaces, making strange toys that seemed alive of wax and quicksilver. The hesitation which had haunted him all through life, and made him like one under a spell, was upon him now with double force. No one had ever carried political indifference farther; it had always been his philosophy to "fly before the storm"; he is for the Sforzas, or against them, as the tide of their fortune turns. Yet now, in the political society of Rome, he came to be suspected of secret French sympathies. It paralysed him to find himself among enemies; and he turned wholly to France, which had long courted him.

France was about to become an Italy more Italian than Italy itself. Francis the First, like

Lewis the Twelfth before him, was attracted by the *finesse* of Leonardo's work; *La Gioconda* was already in his cabinet, and he offered Leonardo the little *Château de Clou*, with its vineyards and meadows, in the pleasant valley of the Masse, just outside the walls of the town of Amboise, where, especially in the hunting season, the court then frequently resided. A *Monsieur Lyonard, peintre du Roy pour Amboyse*—so the letter of Francis the First is headed. It opens a prospect, one of the most interesting in the history of art, where, in a peculiarly blent atmosphere, Italian art dies away as a French exotic.

Two questions remain, after much busy antiquarianism, concerning Leonardo's death—the question of the exact form of his religion, and the question whether Francis the First was present at the time. They are of about equally little importance in the estimate of Leonardo's genius. The directions in his will concerning the thirty masses and the great candles for the church of Saint Florentin are things of course, their real purpose being immediate and practical; and on no theory of religion could these hurried offices be of much consequence. We forget them in speculating how one who had been always so desirous of beauty, but desired it always in such precise and definite forms, as hands or flowers or hair, looked forward now into the vague land, and experienced the last curiosity.

WALTER PATER.

JUNE 11

ONE OF CLEOPATRA'S NIGHTS

Chapter I

NINETEEN hundred years ago from the date of this writing, a magnificently gilded and painted cangia was descending the Nile as rapidly as fifty long flat oars, which seemed to crawl over the furrowed water like the legs of a gigantic scarabæus, could impel it.

This cangia was narrow, long, elevated at both ends in the form of a new moon, elegantly proportioned, and admirably built for speed; the figure of a ram's head, surmounted by a golden globe, armed the point of the prow, showing that the vessel belonged to some personage of royal blood.

In the center of the vessel arose a flat-roofed cabin,—a sort of *naos*, or tent of honor, colored and gilded, ornamented with palm-leaf moldings, and lighted by four little square windows.

Two chambers, both decorated with hieroglyphic paintings, occupied the horns of the crescent. One of them, the larger, had a second story of lesser height built upon it—like the *châteaux gaillards* of those fantastic galleys of the

sixteenth century, drawn by Della-Bella; the other and smaller chamber, which also served as a pilot-house, was surmounted with a triangular pediment.

In lieu of a rudder, two immense oars, adjusted upon stakes decorated with stripes of paint, which served in place of our modern rowlocks,—extended into the water in rear of the vessel like the webbed feet of a swan; heads crowned with *pshents* and bearing the allegorical horn upon their chins, were sculptured upon the handles of these huge oars, which were manœuvred by the pilot as he stood upon the deck of the cabin above.

He was a swarthy man, tawny as new bronze, with bluish surface gleams playing over his dark skin, long oblique eyes, hair deeply black and all plaited into little cords, full lips, high cheek-bones, ears standing out from the skull—the Egyptian type in all its purity. A narrow strip of cotton about his loins, together with five or six strings of glass beads, and a few amulets, comprised his whole costume. He appeared to be the only one on board the *cangia*; for the rowers bending over their oars, and concealed from view by the gunwales, made their presence known only through the symmetrical movements of the oars themselves, which spread open alternately on either side of the vessel, like the ribs of a fan, and fell regularly back into the water after a short pause.

Not a breath of air was stirring; and the great triangular sail of the *cangia*, tied up and bound to the lowered mast with a silken cord, testified

that all hope of the wind rising had been abandoned.

The noonday sun shot his arrows perpendicularly from above; the ashen-hued slime of the river banks reflected the fiery glow; a raw light, glaring and blinding in its intensity, poured down in torrents of flame; the azure of the sky whitened in the heat as a metal whitens in the furnace; an ardent and lurid fog smoked in the horizon. Not a cloud appeared in the sky—a sky mournful and changeless as Eternity.

The water of the Nile, sluggish and wan, seemed to slumber in its course, and slowly extend itself in sheets of molten tin. No breath of air wrinkled its surface, or bowed down upon their stalks the cups of the lotus-flowers, as rigidly motionless as though sculptured; at long intervals the leap of a bechir or fabaka expanding its belly, scarcely caused a silvery gleam upon the current; and the oars of the cangia seemed with difficulty to tear their way through the fuliginous film of that curdled water. The banks were desolate, a solemn and mighty sadness weighed upon this land, which was never aught else than a vast tomb, and in which the living appeared to be solely occupied in the work of burying the dead. It was an arid sadness, dry as pumice stone, without melancholy, without reverie, without one pearly gray cloud to follow toward the horizon, one secret spring wherein to lave one's dusty feet; the sadness of a sphinx weary of eternally gazing upon the desert, and unable to detach herself from the granite

socle upon which she has sharpened her claws for twenty centuries.

So profound was the silence that it seemed as though the world had become dumb, or that the air had lost all power of conveying sound. The only noises which could be heard at intervals were the whisperings and stifled "chuckling" of the crocodiles, which, enfeebled by the heat, were wallowing among the bulrushes by the river banks; or the sound made by some ibis, which—tired of standing with one leg doubled up against its stomach, and its head sunk between its shoulders, suddenly abandoned its motionless attitude, and brusquely whipping the blue air with its white wings, flew off to perch upon an obelisk or a palm-tree.

The cangia flew like an arrow over the smooth river-water, leaving behind it a silvery wake which soon disappeared; and only a few foam-bubbles rising to break at the surface of the stream bore testimony to the passage of the vessel, then already out of sight.

The ochre-hued or salmon-colored banks unrolled themselves rapidly like scrolls of papyrus between the double azure of water and sky—so similar in tint that the slender tongue of earth which separated them seemed like a causeway stretching over an immense lake, and that it would have been difficult to determine whether the Nile reflected the sky, or whether the sky reflected the Nile.

The scene continually changed: at one moment were visible gigantic propylæa, whose sloping walls, painted with large panels of fantastic figures, were mirrored in the river; pylons with broad-bulging capitals; stairways guarded by huge crouching sphinxes, wearing caps with lappets of many folds, and crossing their paws of black basalt below their sharply projecting breasts; palaces, immeasurably vast, projecting against the horizon the severe horizontal lines of their entablatures, where the emblematic globe unfolded its mysterious wings like an eagle's vast-extending pinions; temples with enormous columns thick as towers, on which were limned processions of hieroglyphic figures against a background of brilliant white; all the monstrosities of that Titanic architecture. Again the eye beheld only landscapes of desolate aridity:—hills formed of stony fragments from excavations and building works,—crumbs of that gigantic debauch of granite which lasted for more than thirty centuries; mountains exfoliated by heat, and mangled and striped with black lines which seemed like the cauterizations of a conflagration; hillocks humped and deformed, squatting like the criocephalus of the tombs, and projecting the outlines of their misshapen attitude against the sky-line; expanses of greenish clay, reddle, flour-white tufa, and from time to time some steep cliff of dry rose-colored granite, where yawned the black mouths of the stone quarries.

This aridity was wholly unrelieved; no oasis

of foliage refreshed the eye; green seemed to be a color unknown to that nature; only some meager palm-tree, like a vegetable crab, appeared from time to time in the horizon,—or a thorny fig-tree brandished its tempered leaves like sword blades of bronze,—or a carthamus-plant, which had found a little moisture to live upon in the shadow of some fragment of a broken column, relieved the general uniformity with a speck of crimson.

After this rapid glance at the aspect of the landscape, let us return to the cangia with its fifty rowers, and, without announcing ourselves, enter boldly into the *naos* of honor.

The interior was painted white with green arabesques, bands of vermilion, and gilt flowers fantastically shaped; an exceedingly fine rush matting covered the floor; at the further end stood a little bed, supported upon griffin's feet—having a back resembling that of a modern lounge or sofa, a stool with four steps to enable one to climb into bed, and (rather an odd luxury according to our ideas of comfort!) a sort of hemicycle of cedar wood, supported upon a single leg, and designed to fit the nape of the neck so as to support the head of the person reclining.

Upon this strange pillow reposed a most charming head,—one look of which once caused the loss of half a world, an adorable, a divine head; the head of the most perfect woman that ever lived,—the most womanly and most queenly of all women; an admirable type of beauty which the imagination of poets could never invest with any new grace, and

which dreamers will find forever in the depths of their dreams: it is not necessary to name Cleopatra.

Beside her stood her favorite slave Charmion, waving a large fan of ibis feathers; and a young girl was moistening with scented water the little reed blinds attached to the windows of the *naos*, so that the air might only enter impregnated with fresh odors.

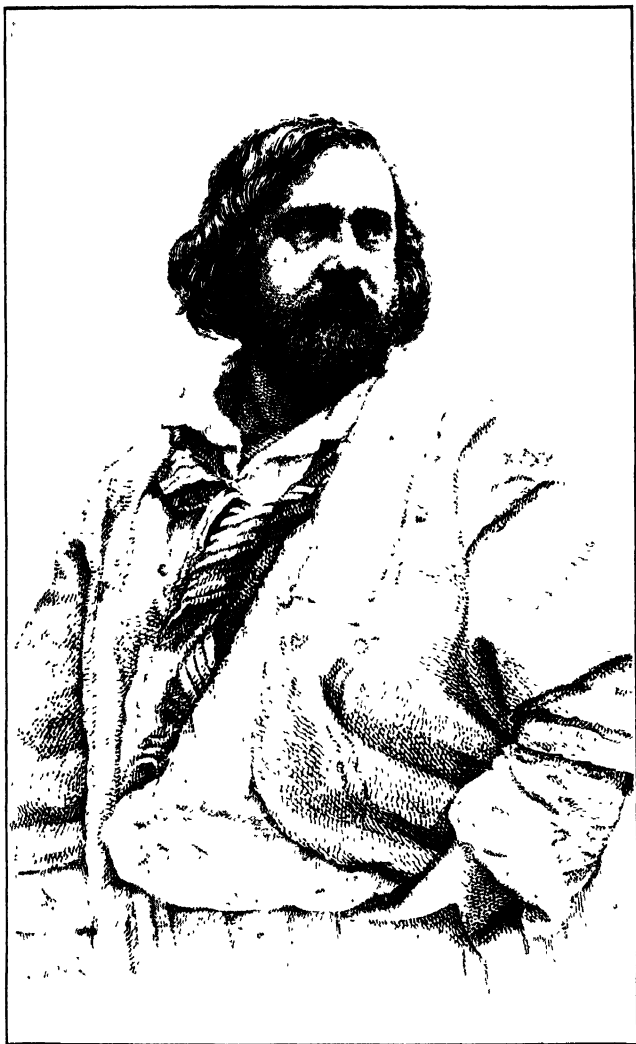
Near the bed of repose, in a striped vase of alabaster with a slender neck and a peculiarly elegant, tapering shape—vaguely recalling the form of a heron,—was placed a bouquet of lotus-flowers, some of a celestial blue, others of a tender rose-color, like the finger-tips of Isis, the great goddess.

Either from caprice or policy, Cleopatra did not wear the Greek drers that day: she had just attended a panegyris,¹ and was returning to her summer palace still clad in the Egyptian costume she had worn at the festival.

Perhaps our fair readers will feel curious to know how Queen Cleopatra was attired on her return from the Mammisi of Hermonthis whereat were worshipped the holy triad of the god Mandou, the goddess Ritho, and their son, Harphra: luckily we are able to satisfy them in this regard.

¹*Panegyris*; pl., *panegyreis*,—from the Greek—signifies the meeting of a whole people to worship at common sanctuary or participate in a national religious festival. The assemblies at the Olympic, Pythian, Nemean, or Isthmian games were in this sense *panegyreis*. See Smith's Dict. Antiq.—
TRANSLATOR.

For headdress Queen Cleopatra wore a kind of very light helmet of beaten gold, fashioned in the form of the body and wings of the sacred partridge: the wings, opening downward like fans, covered the temples, and extending below almost to the neck, left exposed on either side through a small aperture, an ear rosier and more delicately curled than the shell whence arose that Venus whom the Egyptians named Athor; the tail of the bird occupied that place where our women wear their chignons: its body covered with imbricated feathers, and painted in variegated enamel, concealed the upper part of the head; and its neck, gracefully curving forward over the forehead of the wearer, formed together with its little head a kind of horn-shaped ornament, all sparkling with precious stones;—a symbolic crest designed like a tower, completed this odd but elegant headdress. Hair dark as a starless night flowed from beneath this helmet, and streamed in long tresses over the fair shoulders whereof the commencement only, alas! was left exposed by a collarette or gorget adorned with many rows of serpentine stones, azodrachs, and chrysoberyls; a linen robe diagonally cut, a mist of material, of woven air, *ventus textilis* as Petronius says, undulated in vapory whiteness about a lovely body, whose outlines it scarcely shaded with the softest shading. This robe had half-sleeves, tight at the shoulder, but widening toward the elbows like our *manches-à-sabot*, and permitting a glimpse of an adorable arm and a perfect hand; the arm being clasped by six golden



THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

bracelets, and the hand adorned with a ring representing the sacred scarabæus. A girdle whose knotted ends hung down in front confined this free-floating tunic at the waist; a short cloak adorned with fringing completed the costume; and if a few barbarous words will not frighten Parisian ears, we might add that the robe was called *schenti* and the short cloak *calisiris*.

Finally we may observe that Queen Cleopatra wore very thin light sandals, turned up at the toes, and fastened over the instep, like the *souliers-à-la-poulaine* of the mediæval *chatelaines*.

But Queen Cleopatra did not wear that air of satisfaction which becomes a woman conscious of being perfectly beautiful and perfectly well dressed: she tossed and turned in her little bed; and her rather sudden movements momentarily disarranged the folds of her gauzy *canopeum* which Charmion as often rearranged with inexhaustible patience, and without ceasing to wave her fan.

"This room is stifling," said Cleopatra:—"even if Pthah the God of Fire established his forges in here, he could not make it hotter: the air is like the breath of a furnace!" And she moistened her lips with the tip of her little tongue, and stretched out her hand like a feverish patient seeking an absent cup.

Charmion, ever attentive, at once clapped her hands; a black slave clothed in a short tunic hanging in folds like an Albanian petticoat, and a panther-skin thrown over his shoulders, entered with the suddenness of an apparition; with his

left hand balancing a tray laden with cups and slices of watermelon, and carrying in his right a long vase with a spout like a modern teapot.

The slave filled one of these cups,—pouring the liquor into it from a considerable height with marvellous dexterity,—and placed it before the queen. Cleopatra merely touched the beverage with her lips, laid the cup down beside her, and turning upon Charmion her beautiful liquid black eyes, lustrous with living light, exclaimed:

“O, Charmion, I am weary unto death!”

Chapter II

Charmion, at once anticipating a confidence, assumed a look of pained sympathy, and drew nearer to her mistress.

“I am horribly weary!” continued Cleopatra, letting her arms fall like one utterly discouraged; —“this Egypt crushes, annihilates me; this sky with its implacable azure is sadder than the deep night of Erebus,—never a cloud! never a shadow, and always that red sanguine sun which glares down upon you like the eye of a Cyclops. Ah, Charmion, I would give a pearl for one drop of rain! From the inflamed pupil of that sky of bronze no tear has ever yet fallen upon the desolation of this land; it is only a vast covering for a tomb,—the dome of a necropolis,—a sky dead and dried up like the mummies it hangs over; it weighs upon my shoulders like an over-heavy mantle; it constrains and terrifies me; it seems to me that I

could not stand up erect without striking my forehead against it. And, moreover, this land is truly an awful land;—all things in it are gloomy, enigmatic, incomprehensible! Imagination has produced in it only monstrous chimeræ and monuments immeasurable; this architecture and this art fill me with fear; those colossi, whose stone-entangled limbs compel them to remain eternally sitting with their hands upon their knees, weary me with their stupid immobility,—they trouble my eyes and my horizon. When indeed shall the giant come who is to take them by the hand and relieve them from their long watch of twenty centuries? For even granite itself must grow weary at last! Of what master, then, do they await the coming, to leave their mountain seats and rise in token of respect? of what invisible flock are those huge sphinxes the guardians, crouching like dogs on the watch, that they never close their eyelids and forever extend their claws in readiness to seize? why are their stony eyes so obstinately fixed upon eternity and infinity? what weird secret do their firmly locked lips retain within their breasts? On the right hand, on the left, whithersoever one turns, only frightful monsters are visible,—dogs with the heads of men; men with the heads of dogs; chimæras begotten of hideous couplings in the shadowy depths of the labyrinths; figures of Anubis, Typhon, Osiris; partridges with great yellow eyes that seem to pierce through you with their inquisitorial gaze, and see beyond and behind you things which one dare not speak of,—a family

of animals and horrible gods with scaly wings, hooked beaks, trenchant claws,—ever ready to seize and devour you should you venture to cross the threshold of the temple, or lift a corner of the veil.

“Upon the walls, upon the columns; on the ceilings, on the floors; upon palaces and temples; in the long passages and the deepest pits of the necropoli,—even within the bowels of the earth where light never comes, and where the flames of the torches die for want of air; for ever and everywhere are sculptured and painted interminable hieroglyphics, telling in language unintelligible of things which are no longer known, and which belong, doubtless, to the vanished creations of the past;—prodigious buried works wherein a whole nation was sacrificed to write the epitaph of one king! Mystery and granite!—this is Egypt; truly a fair land for a young woman, and a young queen!

“Menacing and funereal symbols alone meet the eye,—the emblems of the *pedum*, the *tau*, allegorical globes, coiling serpents, and the scales in which souls are weighed,—the Unknown, death, nothingness! In the place of any vegetation only *stelæ* limned with weird characters; instead of avenues of trees avenues of granite obelisks; in lieu of soil vast pavements of granite for which whole mountains could each furnish but one slab; in place of a sky ceilings of granite:—eternity made palpable,—a bitter and everlasting sarcasm upon the frailty and brevity of life!—stairways built

only for the limbs of Titans, which the human foot cannot ascend save by the aid of ladders; columns that a hundred arms cannot encircle; labyrinths in which one might travel for years without discovering the termination!—the vertigo of enormity,—the drunkenness of the gigantic,—the reckless efforts of that pride which would at any cost engrave its name deeply upon the face of the world!

“And, moreover, Charmion, I tell you a thought haunts me which terrifies me:—in other lands of the earth, corpses are burned, and their ashes soon mingle with the soil. Here, it is said that the living have no other occupation than that of preserving the dead; potent balms save them from destruction; the remains endure after the soul has evaporated; —beneath this people lie twenty peoples;—each city stands upon twenty layers of necropoli;—each generation which passes away leaves a population of mummies to a shadowy city; beneath the father you find the grandfather and the great-grandfather in their gilded and painted boxes, even as they were during life; and should you dig down forever, forever you would still find the underlying dead.

“When I think upon those bandage-swathed myriads,—those multitudes of parched specters who fill the sepulchral pits and who have been there for two thousand years, face to face in their own silence which nothing ever breaks, not even the noise which the graveworms make in crawling, and who will be found intact after yet another two

thousand years with their crocodiles, their cats, their ibises, and all things that lived in their lifetime,—then terrors seize me, and I feel my flesh creep! What do they mutter to each other?—for they still have lips; and every ghost would find its body in the same state as when it quitted it, if they should all take the fancy to return!

“Ah, truly is Egypt a sinister kingdom, and little suited to me, the laughter-loving and merry one!—everything in it encloses a mummy: that is the heart and the kernel of all things. After a thousand turns you must always end there;—the pyramids themselves hide sarcophagi. What nothingness and madness is this! Disembowel the sky with gigantic triangles of stone,—you can not hereby lengthen your corpse an inch. How can one rejoice and live in a land like this, where the only perfume you can respire is the acrid odor of the naphtha and bitumen which boil in the caldrons of the embalmers, where the very flooring of your chamber sounds hollow because the corridors of the hypogea and the mortuary pits extend even under your alcove? To be the queen of mummies,—to have none to converse with but statues in constrained and rigid attitudes,—this is in truth a cheerful lot! Again: if I only had some heartfelt passion to relieve this melancholy—some interest in life; if I could but love somebody or something—if I were even loved! but I am not!

“This is why I am weary, Charmion: with love this grim and arid Egypt would seem to me fairer than even Greece with her ivory gods, her temples

of snowy marble, her groves of laurel and fountains of living water. There I should never dream of the weird face of Anubis, and the ghastly terrors of the cities under ground."

Charmion smiled incredulously: "That ought not, surely, to be a source of much grief to you, O queen; for every glance of your eyes transpierces hearts, like the golden arrows of Eros himself."

"Can a queen," answered Cleopatra, "ever know whether it is her face or her diadem that is loved? The rays of her starry crown dazzle the eyes and the heart—were I to descend from the height of my throne, would I even have the celebrity or the popularity of Bacchis or Archianassa?—of the first courtesan from Athens or Miletus? A queen is something so far removed from men,—so elevated, so widely separated from them,—so impossible for them to reach! What presumption dare flatter itself in such an enterprise? It is not simply a woman: it is an august and sacred being that has no sex, and that is worshipped kneeling without being loved. Who was ever really enamored of Hera, the snowy-armed, or Pallas of the sea-green eyes?—who ever sought to kiss the silver feet of Thetis or the rosy fingers of Aurora?—what lover of the divine beauties ever took unto himself wings that he might soar to the golden palaces of heaven? Respect and fear chill hearts in our presence; and in order to obtain the love of our equals, one must descend into those necropoli of which I have just been speaking!"

Although she offered no further objection to the arguments of her mistress, a vague smile which played about the lips of the handsome Greek slave showed that she had little faith in the inviolability of the royal person.

"Ah," continued Cleopatra, "I wish that something would happen to me—some strange, unexpected adventure! The songs of the poets; the dances of the Syrian slaves; the banquets, rose-garlanded, and prolonged into the dawn; the nocturnal races; the Laconian dogs; the tame lions; the humpbacked dwarfs; the brotherhood of the Inimitables; the combats of the arena; the new dresses; the byssus robes; the clusters of pearls; the perfumes from Asia; the most exquisite of luxuries, the wildest of splendors—nothing any longer gives me pleasure: everything has become indifferent to me—everything is insupportable to me!"

"It is easily to be seen," muttered Charmion to herself, "that the queen has not had a lover, nor had any one killed for a whole month."

Fatigued with so lengthy a tirade, Cleopatra once more took the cup placed beside her, moistened her lips with it; and putting her head beneath her arm, like a dove putting its head under its wing, composed herself for slumber as best she could. Charmion unfastened her sandals, and commenced to gently tickle the soles of her feet with a peacock's feather; and Sleep soon sprinkled his golden dust upon the beautiful eyes of Ptolemy's sister.

While Cleopatra sleeps, let us ascend upon deck and enjoy the glorious sunset view. A broad band of violet color, warmed deeply with ruddy tints toward the west, occupies all the lower portion of the sky; encountering the zone of azure above, the violet shade melts into a clear lilac, and fades off through half-rosy tints into the blue beyond: afar, where the sun, red as a buckler fallen from the furnace of Vulcan casts his burning reflection, the deeper shades turn to pale citron hues, and glow with turquoise tints. The water rippling under an oblique beam of light shines with the dull gleam of the quicksilver side of a mirror, or like a damascened blade: the sinuosities of the bank, the reeds, and all objects along the shores are brought out in sharp black relief against the bright glow. By the aid of this crepuscular light you may perceive afar off, like a grain of dust floating upon quicksilver, a little brown speck trembling in the network of luminous ripples. Is it a teal diving?—a tortoise lazily drifting with the current?—a crocodile raising the tip of his scaly snout above the water to breathe the cooler air of evening?—the belly of a hippopotamus gleaming amid-stream; or perhaps a rock left bare by the falling of the river: for the ancient Opi-Mou, Father of Waters, sadly needs to replenish his dry urn from the solstitial rains of the Mountains of the Moon.

It is none of these.—By the atoms of Osiris so deftly resewn together! it is a man, who seems to walk, to skate upon the water!—now the frail

bark which sustains him becomes visible,—a very nutshell of a boat,—a hollow fish!—three strips of bark fitted together (one for the bottom and two for the sides) and strongly fastened at either end by cord well smeared with bitumen. The man stands erect with one foot on either side of this fragile vessel, which he impels with a single oar that also serves the purpose of a rudder;—and although the royal cangia moves rapidly under the efforts of the fifty rowers, the little black bark visibly gains upon it.

Cleopatra desired some strange adventure, something wholly unexpected; this little bark which moves so mysteriously seems to us to be conveying an adventure, or at least an adventurer. Perhaps it contains the hero of our story;—the thing is not impossible.

At any rate, he was a handsome youth of twenty, with hair so black that it seemed to own a tinge of blue, a skin blond as gold, and a form so perfectly proportioned that he might have been taken for a bronze statue by Lysippus;—although he had been rowing for a very long time he betrayed no sign of fatigue, and not a single drop of sweat bedewed his forehead.

The sun half sank below the horizon; and against his broken disk figured the dark silhouette of a far distant city, which the eye could not have distinguished but for this accidental effect of light; his radiance soon faded altogether away; and the stars,—fair night-flowers of heaven,—opened their chalices of gold in the azure of the firmament.

The royal cangia, closely followed by the little bark, stopped before a huge marble stairway, whereof each step supported one of those spinxes that Cleopatra so much detested. This was the landing place of the summer palace.

Cleopatra, leaning upon Charmion, passed swiftly like a gleaming vision between a double line of lantern-bearing slaves.

The youth took from the bottom of his little boat a great lion skin, threw it across his shoulders, drew the tiny shell upon the beach, and wended his way toward the palace.

Chapter III

Who is this young man, balancing himself upon a fragment of bark, who dares to follow the royal cangia, and is able to contend in a race of speed against fifty strong rowers from the land of Kush, all naked to the waist, and anointed with palm-oil? what secret motive urges him to this swift pursuit? That, indeed, is one of the many things we are obliged to know in our character of the intuition-gifted poet, for whose benefit all men, and even all women (a much more difficult matter), must have in their breasts that little window which Momus of old demanded.

It is not a very easy thing to find out precisely what a young man from the land of Kemi,—who followed the barge of Cleopatra, queen and goddess Evergetes, on her return from the Mammisi of Hermonthis two thousand years ago,—was then

thinking of. But we shall make the effort notwithstanding.

Meïamoun, son of Mandouschopsh, was a youth of strange character; nothing by which ordinary minds are affected made any impression upon him; he seemed to belong to some loftier race, and might well have been regarded as the offspring of some divine adultery. His glance had the steady brilliancy of a falcon's gaze; and a serene majesty sat on his brow as upon a pedestal of marble; a noble pride curled his upper lip, and expanded his nostrils like those of a fiery horse;—although owning a grace of form almost maidenly in its delicacy, and though the bosom of the fair and effeminate god Dionysos was not more softly rounded or smoother than his, yet beneath this soft exterior were hidden sinews of steel, and the strength of Hercules—a strange privilege of certain antique natures to unite in themselves the beauty of woman with the strength of man!

As for his complexion, we must acknowledge that it was of a tawny orange color,—a hue little in accordance with our white-and-rose ideas of beauty, but which did not prevent him from being a very charming young man, much sought after by all kinds of women,—yellow, red, copper-colored, sooty-black, or golden skinned; and even by one fair white Greek.

Do not suppose from this that Meïamoun's lot was altogether enviable;—the ashes of aged Priam, the very snows of Hippolytus, were not more insensible or more frigid;—the young white-

robed neophyte preparing for the initiation into the mysteries of Isis led no chaster life;—the young maiden benumbed by the icy shadow of her mother was not more shyly pure.

Nevertheless, for so coy a youth, the pleasures of Meïamoun were certainly of a singular nature:—he would go forth quietly some morning with his little buckler of hippopotamus hide, his *harpe* or curved sword, a triangular bow and a snakeskin quiver, filled with barbed arrows; then he would ride at a gallop far into the desert upon his slender-limbed, small-headed, wild-maned mare, until he could find some lion-tracks:—he especially delighted in taking the little lion-cubs from underneath the belly of their mother. In all things he loved the perilous or the unachievable; he preferred to walk where it seemed impossible for any human being to obtain a foothold, or to swim in a raging torrent; and he had accordingly chosen the neighborhood of the cataracts for his bathing place in the Nile: the Abyss called him!

Such was Meïamoun, son of Mandouschopsh.

For some time his humors had been growing more savage than ever: during whole months he buried himself in the Ocean of Sands, returning only at long intervals. Vainly would his uneasy mother lean from her terrace, and gaze anxiously down the long road with tireless eyes. At last, after weary waiting, a little whirling cloud of dust would become visible in the horizon; and finally the cloud would open to allow a full view of Meïamoun, all covered with dust, riding upon a mare

gaunt as a wolf with red and blood-shot eyes, nostrils trembling, and huge scars along her flanks—scars which certainly were not made by spurs!

After having hung up in his room some hyena or lion skin, he would start off again.

And yet no one might have been happier than Meïamoun: he was beloved by Nephthe, daughter of the priest Afomouthis, and the loveliest woman of the Nome, Arsinoïtes. Only such a being as Meïamoun could have failed to see that Nephthe had the most charmingly oblique and indescribably voluptuous eyes, a mouth sweetly illuminated by ruddy smiles; little teeth of wondrous whiteness and transparency; arms exquisitely round, and feet more perfect than the jasper feet of the statue of Isis:—assuredly there was not a smaller hand nor longer hair than hers in all Egypt. The charms of Nephthe could have been eclipsed only by those of Cleopatra. But who could dare to dream of loving Cleopatra? Ixion, enamored of Juno, strained only a cloud to his bosom, and must forever roll the wheel of his punishment in hell.

It was Cleopatra whom Meïamoun loved.

He had at first striven to tame this wild passion; he had wrestled fiercely with it: but love cannot be strangled even as a lion is strangled; and the strong skill of the mightiest athlete avails nothing in such a contest. The arrow had remained in the wound, and he carried it with him everywhere;—the radiant and splendid image of Cleopatra with her golden-pointed diadem and her imperial purple, standing above a nation on their knees, illumined

his nightly dreams and his waking thoughts: like some imprudent man who has dared to look at the sun and forever thereafter beholds an impalpable blot floating before his eyes,—so Meïamoun ever beheld Cleopatra. Eagles may gaze undazzled at the sun; but what diamond eye can with impunity fix itself upon a beautiful woman—a beautiful queen?

He commenced at last to spend his life in wandering about the neighborhood of the royal dwelling, that he might at least breathe the same air as Cleopatra,—that he might sometimes kiss the almost imperceptible print of her foot upon the sand (a happiness, alas! rare indeed); he attended the sacred festivals and *panegyreis* striving to obtain one beaming glance of her eyes—to catch in passing one stealthy glimpse of her loveliness in some of its thousand varied aspects. At other moments filled with sudden shame of this mad life, he gave himself up to the chase with redoubled ardor, and sought by fatigue to tame the ardor of his blood and the impetuosity of his desires.

He had gone to the panegyris of Hermonthis; and in the vague hope of beholding the queen again for an instant as she disembarked at the summer palace, had followed her cangia in his boat,—little heeding the sharp stings of the sun,—through a heat intense enough to make the panting sphinxes melt in lava-sweat upon their reddened pedestals.

And then he felt that the supreme moment was

nigh,—that the decisive instant of his life was at hand; and that he could not die with his secret in his breast.

It is a strange situation, truly, to find one's self enamored of a queen; it is as though one loved a star,—yet she, the star, comes forth nightly to sparkle in her place in heaven: it is a kind of mysterious rendezvous;—you may find her again, you may see her; she is not offended at your gaze! O, misery! to be poor, unknown, obscure, seated at the very foot of the ladder,—and to feel one's heart breaking with love for something glittering, solemn, and magnificent,—for a woman whose meanest female attendant would scorn you!—to gaze fixedly and fatefully upon one who never sees you, who never will see you;—one to whom you are no more than a ripple on the sea of humanity, in nowise differing from the other ripples; and who might a hundred times encounter you without once recognizing you!—to have no reason to offer, should an opportunity for addressing her present itself, in excuse for such mad audacity; neither poetical talent, nor great genius, nor any superhuman qualification,—nothing but love; and to be able to offer in exchange for beauty, nobility, power, and all imaginable splendor, only one's passion and one's youth,—rare offerings, forsooth!

Such were the thoughts which overwhelmed Meïamoun; lying upon the sand, supporting his chin on his palms, he permitted himself to be lifted and borne away by the inexhaustible current of reverie—he sketched out a thousand projects,

each madder than the last. He felt convinced that he was seeking after the unattainable; but he lacked the courage to frankly renounce his undertaking; and a perfidious hope came to whisper some lying promises in his ear.

"Athor, mighty goddess," he murmured in a deep voice,—“what evil have I done against thee that I should be made thus miserable?—art thou avenging thyself for my disdain of Nephthe, daughter of the priest Afomouthis?—hast thou afflicted me thus for having rejected the love of Lamia, the Athenian hetaira, or of Flora, the Roman courtesan? Is it my fault that my heart should be sensible only to the matchless beauty of thy rival, Cleopatra? Why hast thou wounded my soul with the envenomed arrow of unattainable love? What sacrifice, what offerings dost thou desire? Must I erect to thee a chapel of the rosy marble of Syene with columns crowned by gilded capitals, a ceiling all of one block, and hieroglyphics deeply sculptured by the best workmen of Memphis and of Thebes? Answer me!”

Like all gods or goddesses thus invoked, Athor answered not a word; and Meïamoun resolved upon a desperate expedient.

Cleopatra, on her part, likewise invoked the goddess Athor; she prayed for a new pleasure, for some fresh sensation: as she languidly reclined upon her couch, she thought to herself that the number of the senses was sadly limited; that the most exquisite refinements of delight soon yielded to satiety; and that it was really no small task

for a queen to find means of occupying her time. To test new poisons upon slaves; to make men fight with tigers, or gladiators with each other; to drink pearls dissolved; to swallow the wealth of a whole province: all these things had become commonplace and insipid!

Charmion was fairly at her wit's end, and knew not what to do for her mistress.

Suddenly a whistling sound was heard; and an arrow buried itself, quivering, in the cedar wainscoting of the wall.

Cleopatra well-nigh fainted with terror. Charmion ran to the window, leaned out, and beheld only a flake of foam on the surface of the river. A scroll of papyrus encircled the wood of the arrow; it bore only these words written in Phœnician characters: "I love you!"

Chapter IV

"I love you," repeated Cleopatra, making the serpent-coiling strip of papyrus writhe between her delicate white fingers; "those are the words I longed for; what intelligent spirit, what invisible genius has thus so fully comprehended my desire?"

And thoroughly aroused from her languid torpor, she sprang out of bed with the agility of a cat which has scented a mouse, placed her little ivory feet in her embroidered *tatbebs*, threw a byssus tunic over her shoulders, and ran to the window from which Charmion was still gazing.

The night was clear and calm; the risen moon

outlined with huge angles of light and shadow the architectural masses of the palace, which stood out in strong relief against a background of bluish transparency; and the waters of the river wherein her reflection lengthened into a shining column was frosted with silvery ripples: a gentle breeze such as might have been mistaken for the respiration of the slumbering sphinxes, quivered among the reeds and shook the azure bells of the lotus-flowers; the cables of the vessels moored to the Nile's banks groaned feebly; and the rippling tide moaned upon the shore like a dove lamenting for its mate. A vague perfume of vegetation, sweeter than that of the aromatics burned in the *anschir* of the priests of Anubis, floated into the chamber. It was one of those enchanted nights of the Orient, which are more splendid than our fairest days; for our sun can ill compare with that Oriental moon.

“Do you not see far over there, almost in the middle of the river, the head of a man, swimming? See! he crosses that track of light, and passes into the shadowy beyond!—he is already out of sight!” And supporting herself upon Charmion's shoulder she leaned out, with half of her fair body beyond the sill of the window, in the effort to catch another glimpse of the mysterious swimmer. But a grove of Nile acacias, dhoum-palms, and sayals flung its deep shadow upon the river in that direction, and protected the flight of the daring fugitive. If Meïamoun had but had the courtesy to look back, he might have beheld Cleopatra,

the sidereal queen, eagerly seeking him through he night gloom,—he, the poor obscure Egyptian! the miserable lion-hunter!

“Charmion! Charmion! send hither Phrehi-
pephbour, the chief of the rowers; and have two
boats dispatched in pursuit of that man!”—cried
Cleopatra, whose curiosity was excited to the
highest pitch.

Phrehipephbour appeared,—a man of the race
of Nahasi, with large hands and muscular arms,
wearing a red cap not unlike a Phrygian helmet in
form, and clad only in a pair of narrow drawers
diagonally striped with white and blue. His huge
torso, entirely nude, black and polished like a
globe of jet, shone under the lamplight. He re-
ceived the commands of the queen and instantly
retired to execute them.

Two long narrow boats, so light that the least
inattention to equilibrium would capsize them,
were soon cleaving the waters of the Nile with
hissing rapidity under the efforts of the twenty
vigorous rowers; but the pursuit was all in vain.
After searching the river banks in every direction
and carefully exploring every patch of reeds,
Phrehipephbour returned to the palace; having
only succeeded in putting to flight some solitary
heron which had been sleeping on one leg, or in
troubling the digestion of some terrified crocodile.

So intense was the vexation of Cleopatra at
being thus foiled, that she felt a strong inclination
to condemn Phrehipephbour either to the wild
beasts, or to the hardest labor at the grindstone.

Happily Charmion interceded for the trembling unfortunate who turned pale with fear despite his black skin. It was the first time in Cleopatra's life that one of her desires had not been gratified as soon as expressed; and she experienced in consequence a kind of uneasy surprise,—a first doubt as it were of her own omnipotence.

She, Cleopatra, wife and sister of Ptolemy,—she who had been proclaimed goddess Evergetes, living queen of the regions Above and Below, Eye of Light, Chosen of the Sun (as may still be read within the cartouches sculptured on the walls of the temples),—she to find an obstacle in her path! to have wished aught that failed of accomplishment! to have spoken and not been obeyed! As well be the wife of some wretched Parashistes,—some corpse-cutter,—and melt natron in a caldron! It was monstrous, preposterous!—and none but the most gentle and clement of queens could have refrained from crucifying that miserable Phrehipephbour!

You wished for some adventure, something strange and unexpected: your wish has been gratified. You find that your kingdom is not so dead as you deemed it. It was not the stony arm of a statue which shot that arrow;—it was not from a mummy's heart that came those three words which have moved even you,—you who smilingly watched your poisoned slaves dashing their heads and beating their feet upon your beautiful mosaic and porphyry pavements in the convulsions of death-agony!—you who even applauded the tiger

which boldly buried its muzzle in the flank of some vanished gladiator!

You could obtain all else you might wish for: chariots of silver starred with emeralds; griffin-quadrigeræ; tunics of purple thrice-dyed; mirrors of molten steel, so clear that you might find the charms of your loveliness faithfully copied in them; robes from the land of Serica so fine and subtly light that they could be drawn through the ring worn upon your little finger; orient pearls of wondrous color; cups wrought by Myron or Lysippus; Indian paroquets that speak like poets:—all things else you could obtain, even should you ask for the Cestus of Venus or the *pshent* of Isis; but most certainly you cannot this night capture the man who shot the arrow which still quivers in the cedar wood of your couch.

The task of the slaves who must dress you to-morrow will not be a grateful one; they will hardly escape with blows: the bosom of the unskilful waitingmaid will be apt to prove a cushion for the golden pins of the toilette; and the poor hair-dresser will run great risk of being suspended by her feet from the ceiling.

“Who could have had the audacity to send me this avowal upon the shaft of an arrow? Could it have been the Nomarch Amoun-Ra who fancies himself handsomer than the Apollo of the Greeks? what think you, Charmion?—or perhaps Cheâpsiro, commander of Hermothybia, who is so boastful of his conquests in the land of Kush? Or is it not more likely to have been young Sextus, that

Roman debauchee who paints his face, lisps in speaking, and wears sleeves in the fashion of the Persians?"

"Queen, it was none of those: though you are indeed the fairest of women, those men only flatter you; they do not love you. The Nomarch Amoun-Ra has chosen himself an idol to which he will be forever faithful; and that is his own person: the warrior Cheâpsiro thinks of nothing save the pleasure of recounting his victories;—as for Sextus, he is so seriously occupied with the preparation of a new cosmetic that he cannot dream of anything else. Besides, he had just purchased some Laconian dresses, a number of yellow tunics embroidered with gold, and some Asiatic children which absorb all his time. Not one of those fine lords would risk his head in so daring and dangerous an undertaking;—they do not love you well enough for that.

"Yesterday in your cangia, you said that men dared not fix their dazzled eyes upon you; that they knew only how to turn pale in your presence, —to fall at your feet and supplicate your mercy; that that your sole remaining resource would be to awake some ancient, bitumen-perfumed Pharaoh from his gilded coffin. Now here is an ardent and youthful heart that loves you: what will you do with it?"

Cleopatra that night sought slumber in vain; she tossed feverishly upon her couch, and long and vainly invoked Morpheus the brother of Death;—she incessantly repeated that she was the most

unhappy of queens,—that everyone sought to persecute her,—and that her life had become insupportable: woeful lamentations which had little effect upon Charmion, although she pretended to sympathize with them.

Let us for a while leave Cleopatra to seek fugitive sleep, and direct her suspicions successively upon each noble of the court;—let us return to Meïamoun;—and as we are much more sagacious than Phrehiptepbour, chief of the rowers, we shall have no difficulty in finding him.

Terrified at his own hardihood Meïamoun had thrown himself into the Nile, and had succeeded in swimming the current and gaining the little grove of dhoum-palms, before Phrehiptepbour had even launched the two boats in pursuit of him.

When he had recovered breath, and brushed back his long black locks, all damp with river foam, behind his ears, he began to feel more at ease,—more inwardly calm. Cleopatra possessed something which had come from him; some sort of communication was now established between them: Cleopatra was thinking of him,—Meïamoun! Perhaps that thought might be one of wrath; but then he had at least been able to awake some feeling within her,—whether of fear, anger, or pity: he had forced her to the consciousness of his existence. It was true that he had forgotten to inscribe his name upon the papyrus scroll; but what more of him could the queen have learned from the inscription,—*Meïamoun, Son of Mandouschopsh?* In her eyes the slave or the monarch

were equal. A goddess, in choosing a peasant for her lover, stoops no lower than in choosing a patrician or a king: the Immortals from a height so lofty can behold only love in the man of their choice.

The thought which had weighed upon his breast like the knee of a colossus of brass, had at last departed: it had traversed the air; it had even reached the queen herself,—the apex of the triangle,—the inaccessible summit! It had aroused curiosity in that impassive heart—a prodigious advance, truly, toward success!

Meïamoun indeed never suspected that he had so thoroughly succeeded in this wise; but he felt more tranquil,—for he had sworn into himself by that mystic Bari who guides the souls of the dead to Amenthi, by the sacred birds Bermou and Ghenghen, by Typhon and by Osiris and by all things awful in Egyptian mythology, that he should be the accepted lover of Cleopatra though it were but for a single night,—though for only a single hour,—though it should cost him his life and even his very soul.

If we must explain how he had fallen so deeply in love with a woman whom he had beheld only from afar off, and to whom he had hardly dared to raise his eyes—even he who was wont to gaze fearlessly into the yellow eyes of the lion,—or how the tiny seed of love, chance-fallen upon his heart, had grown there so rapidly and extended its roots so deeply, we can answer only that it is a mystery which we are unable to explain:—we have already said of Meïamoun,—The Abyss called him.

Once assured that Phrehipephbour had returned with his rowers, he again threw himself into the current and once more swam toward the palace of Cleopatra, whose lamp still shone through the window curtains like a painted star. Never did Leander swim with more courage and vigor toward the tower of Sestos; yet for Meiamoun no Hero was waiting, ready to pour vials of perfume upon his head to dissipate the briny odors of the sea, and banish the sharp kisses of the storm.

A strong blow from some keen lance or *harpe* was certainly the worst he had to fear; and in truth he had but little fear of such things.

He swam close under the walls of the palace which bathed its marble feet in the river's depths, and paused an instant before a submerged archway into which the water rushed downward in eddying whirls. Twice, thrice, he plunged into the vortex unsuccessfully;—at last, with better luck, he found the opening and disappeared.

This archway was the opening to a vaulted canal, which conducted the waters of the Nile into the baths of Cleopatra.

Chapter V

Cleopatra found no rest until morning, at the hour when wandering dreams reënter the Ivory Gate. Amidst the illusions of sleep she beheld all kinds of lovers swimming rivers and scaling walls in order to come to her; and through the vague souvenirs of the night before, her dreams

appeared fairly riddled with arrows bearing declarations of love. Starting nervously from time to time in her troubled slumbers, she struck her little feet unconsciously against the bosom of Charmion, who lay across the foot of the bed to serve her as a cushion.

When she awoke a merry sunbeam was playing through the window curtain, whose woof it penetrated with a thousand tiny points of light, and thence came familiarly to the bed; flitting like a golden butterfly over her lovely shoulders, which it lightly touched in passing by with a luminous kiss. Happy sunbeam, which the Gods might well have envied!

In a faint voice, like that of a sick child, Cleopatra asked to be lifted out of bed; two of her women raised her in their arms and gently laid her on a tiger skin stretched upon the floor, of which the eyes were formed of carbuncles and the claws of gold. Charmion wrapped her in a *calasiris* of linen whiter than milk; confined her hair in a net of woven silver threads; tied to her little feet cork *tatbebs* upon the soles of which were painted in token of contempt two grotesque figures representing two men of the races of Nahasi and Nahmou, bound hand and foot:—so that Cleopatra literally deserved the epithet, “Conculcatrix of Nations”¹ which the royal cartouche-inscriptions bestow upon her.

¹*Conculcatrice des peuples*. From the Latin *conculcare*, to trample under foot:—therefore the epithet literally signifies the “Trampler of Nations.”—TRANSLATOR.

It was the hour for the bath; Cleopatra went to bathe accompanied by her women.

The baths of Cleopatra were built in the midst of immense gardens filled with mimosas, aloes, carob-trees, citron-trees, and Persian apple-trees, whose luxuriant freshness afforded a delicious contrast to the arid appearance of the neighboring vegetation: there, too, vast terraces uplifted masses of verdant foliage, and enabled flowers to climb almost to the very sky upon gigantic stairways of rose-colored granite;—vases of Pentelic marble bloomed at the end of each step like huge lily-flowers; and the plants they contained seemed only their pistils;—chimeras caressed into form by the chisels of the most skilful Greek sculptors, and less stern of aspect than the Egyptian sphinxes, with their grim mien and moody attitudes, softly extended their limbs upon the flower-strewn turf, like shapely white leverettes upon a drawing-room carpet. These were charming feminine figures,—with finely chiseled nostrils, smooth brows, small mouths, delicately dimpled arms, breasts fair-rounded and daintily formed; wearing earrings, necklaces, and all the trinkets suggested by adorable caprice,—whose bodies terminated in bifurcated fishes' tails, like the women described by Horace, or extended into birds' wings, or rounded into lion's haunches, or blended into volutes of foliage according to the fancies of the artist or in conformity to the architectural position chosen. A double row of these

delightful monsters lined the alley which led from the palace to the bathing halls.

At the end of this alley was a huge fountain-basin, approached by four porphyry stairways; through the transparent depths of the diamond clear water the steps could be seen descending to the bottom of the basin, which was strewn with gold-dust in lieu of sand;—here figures of women terminating in pedestals like Caryatides¹ spirted from their breasts slender jets of perfumed water, which fell into the basin in silvery dew, pitting the clear watery mirror with wrinkle-creating drops. In addition to this task these Caryatides had likewise that of supporting upon their heads an entablature decorated with Nereids and Tritons in bas-relief, and furnished with rings of bronze to which the silken cords of a velarium might be attached. From the portico was visible an extending expanse of freshly humid, bluish-green verdure and cool shade,—a fragment of the Vale of Tempe transported to Egypt. The famous gardens of Semiramis would not have borne comparison with these.

We will not pause to describe the seven or eight other halls of various temperature, with their hot and cold vapors, perfume boxes, cosmetics, oils, pumice stone, gloves of woven horse-hair, and all

¹The Greeks and Romans usually termed such figures *Hermæ* and *Termini*. Caryatides were, strictly, entire figures of women.—TRANSLATOR.

the refinements of the antique balneatory art brought to the highest pitch of voluptuous perfection.

Hither came Cleopatra leaning with one hand upon the shoulder of Charmion; she had taken at least thirty steps all by herself—mighty effort!—enormous fatigue! A tender tint of rose commenced to suffuse the transparent skin of her cheeks, refreshing their passionate pallor;—a blue network of veins relieved the amber blondness of her temples; her marble forehead—low like the antique foreheads, but full and perfect in form,—united by one faultless line with a straight nose finely chiseled as a cameo, with rosy nostrils which the least emotion made palpitate like the nostrils of an amorous tigress; the lips of her small, rounded mouth, slightly separated from the nose, wore a disdainful curve; but an unbridled voluptuousness,—an indescribable vital warmth,—glowed in the brilliant crimson and humid luster of the under lip. Her eyes were shaded by level eyelids and eyebrows slightly arched and delicately outlined. We cannot attempt by description to convey an idea of their brilliancy; it was a fire, a languor, a sparkling limpidity which might have made even the dog-headed Anubis giddy; every glance of her eyes was in itself a poem richer than aught of Homer or Mimnermus. An imperial chin, replete with force and power to command, worthily completed this charming profile.

She stood erect upon the upper step of the basin,

in an attitude full of proud grace; her figure slightly thrown back, and one foot in suspense like a goddess about to leave her pedestal, whose eyes still linger on heaven: her robe fell in two superb folds from the peaks of her bosom to her feet, in unbroken lines. Had Cleomenes been her contemporary and enjoyed the happiness of beholding her thus, he would have broken his Venus in despair.

Before entering the water, she bade Charmion, for a new caprice, to change her silver hair-net;—she preferred to be crowned with reeds and lotus-flowers, like a water divinity. Charmion obeyed; and her liberated hair fell in black cascades over her shoulders, and shadowed her beautiful cheeks in rich bunches like ripening grapes.

Then the linen tunic, which had been confined only by one golden clasp, glided down over her marble body, and fell in a white cloud at her feet, like the swan at the feet of Leda. . . .

And Meïamoun, where was he?

O cruel lot, that so many insensible objects should enjoy the favors which would ravish a lover with delight! The wind which toys with a wealth of perfumed hair, or kisses beautiful lips with kisses which it is unable to appreciate; the water which envelopes an adorably beautiful body in one universal kiss, and is yet notwithstanding indifferent to that exquisite pleasure; the mirror which reflects so many charming images; the buskin

or *tatbeb* which clasps a divine little foot:—oh, what happiness lost!

Cleopatra dipped her pink heel in the water and descended a few steps: the quivering flood made a silver belt about her waist, and silver bracelets about her arms, and rolled in pearls like a broken necklace over her bosom and shoulders; her wealth of hair, lifted by the water, extended behind her like a royal mantle:—even in the bath she was a queen. She swam to and fro, dived and brought up handfuls of gold dust with which she laughingly pelted some of her women;—again, she clung suspended to the balustrade of the basin, concealing or exposing her treasures of loveliness,—now permitting only her lustrous and polished back to be seen,—now showing her whole figure, like Venus Anadyomene, and incessantly varying the aspects of her beauty.

Suddenly she uttered a cry as shrill as that of Diana surprised by Actæon: she had seen gleaming through the neighboring foliage a burning eye, yellow and phosphoric as the eye of a crocodile or lion.

It was Meïamoun who, crouching behind a tuft of leaves, and trembling like a fawn in a field of wheat, was intoxicating himself with the dangerous pleasure of beholding the queen in her bath. Though brave even to temerity, the cry of Cleopatra passed through his heart, coldly piercing as the blade of a sword: a death-like sweat covered his whole body; his arteries hissed through his temples with a sharp sound;—the iron hand of

anxious fear had seized him by the throat, and was strangling him.

The eunuchs rushed forward lance in hand: Cleopatra pointed out to them the group of trees, where they found Meïamoun crouching in concealment. Defence was out of the question: he attempted none, and suffered himself to be captured. They prepared to kill him with that cruel and stupid impassibility characteristic of eunuchs; but Cleopatra, who in the interim had covered herself with her calasiris, made signs to them to stop and bring the prisoner before her.

Meïamoun could only fall upon his knees and stretch forth suppliant hands to her, as to the altars of the gods.

"Are you some assassin bribed by Rome?—or for what purpose have you entered these sacred precincts from which all men are excluded?"—demanded Cleopatra with an imperious gesture of interrogation.

"May my soul be found light in the balance of Amenti, and may Tmeï, daughter of the Sun and goddess of Truth, punish me if I have ever entertained a thought of evil against you, O queen!" answered Meïamoun, still upon his knees.

Sincerity and loyalty were written upon his countenance in characters so transparent, that Cleopatra immediately banished her suspicions, and looked upon the young Egyptian with a look less stern and wrathful:—she saw that he was beautiful.

"Then what motive could have prompted you

to enter a place where you could only expect to meet death?"

"I love you!" murmured Meïamoun in a low but distinct voice; for his courage had returned, as in every desperate situation when the odds against him could be no worse.

"Ah!" cried Cleopatra, bending toward him, and seizing his arm with a sudden brusque movement,—“so then it was you who shot that arrow with the papyrus scroll!—by Oms, the Dog of Hell, you are a very foolhardy wretch! . . . I now recognize you: I long observed you wandering like a complaining Shade about the places where I dwell. . . . You were at the Procession of Isis,—at the Panegyris of Hermonthis: you followed the royal cangia. Ah!—you must have a queen? You have no mean ambitions; you expect without doubt to be well paid in return! Assuredly I am going to love you! Why not?"

"Queen," returned Meïamoun with a look of deep melancholy, "do not rail! I am mad, it is true; I have deserved death,—that is also true: be humane;—bid them kill me!"

"No: I have taken the whim to be clement to-day: I will give you your life."

"What would you that I should do with life?—I love you!"

"Well, then, you shall be satisfied;—you shall die," answered Cleopatra: "you have indulged yourself in wild and extravagant dreams; in fancy your desires have crossed an impassable threshold:

—you imagined yourself to be Cæsar or Mark Antony—you loved the queen! In some moment of delirium, you have been able to believe that—under some condition of things which takes place but once in a thousand years,—Cleopatra might some day love you. Well, what you thought impossible is actually about to happen:—I will transform your dream into a reality;—it pleases me, for once, to secure the accomplishment of a mad hope. I am willing to inundate you with glories and splendors and lightnings: I intend that your good fortune shall be dazzling in its brilliancy. You were at the bottom of the ladder:—I am about to lift you to the summit, abruptly, suddenly, without a transition. I take you out of nothingness; I make you the equal of a God; and I plunge you back again into nothingness: that is all;—but do not presume to call me cruel or to invoke my pity, —do not weaken when the hour comes. I am good to you: I lend myself to your folly;—I have the right to order you to be killed at once; but since you tell me that you love me I will have you killed to-morrow instead: your life belongs to me for one night. I am generous: I will buy it from you;—I could take it from you. But what are you doing on your knees at my feet! Rise; and give me your arm, that we may return to the palace.”

Chapter VI

Our world of to-day is puny indeed beside the antique world; our banquets are mean, niggardly,

compared with the appalling sumptuousness of the Roman patricians and the princes of ancient Asia;—their ordinary repasts would in these days be regarded as frenzied orgies; and a whole modern city could subsist for eight days upon the leavings of one supper given by Lucullus to a few intimate friends. With our miserable habits, we find it difficult to conceive of those enormous existences, realizing everything vast, strange, and most monstrously impossible that imagination could devise. Our palaces are mere stables in which Caligula would not quarter his horse;—the retinue of our wealthiest constitutional king is as nothing compared with that of a petty satrap or a Roman proconsul. The radiant suns which once shone upon the earth are forever extinguished in the nothingness of uniformity; above the dark swarm of men no longer tower those Titanic colossi, who bestrode the world in three paces, like the steeds of Homer;—no more towers of Lylacq; no giant Babel scaling the sky with its infinity of spirals; no temples immeasurable, builded with the fragments of quarried mountains; no kingly terraces for which successive ages and generations could each erect but one step, and from whence some dreamfully reclining prince might gaze on the face of the world as upon a man unfolded; no more of those extravagantly vast cities of cyclopean edifices, inextricably piled upon one another,—with their mighty circumvallations,—their circuses roaring night and day,—their reservoirs filled with ocean-brine and peopled with whales and

leviathans,—their colossal stairways,—their superimposition of terraces,—their tower-summits bathed in clouds,—their giant palaces,—their aqueducts,—their multitude-vomiting gates,—their shadowy necropoli. Alas! henceforth only plaster hives upon chessboard pavements!

One marvels that men did not revolt against such confiscation of all riches and all living forces for the benefit of a few privileged ones; and that such exorbitant fantasies should not have encountered any opposition on their bloody way. It was because those prodigious lives were the realizations by day of the dreams which haunted each man by night,—the personifications of the common ideal which the nations beheld living symbolized under one of those meteoric names that flame inextinguishably through the night of ages. To-day, deprived of such dazzling spectacles of omnipotent will,—of the lofty contemplation of some human mind, whose least wish makes itself visible in actions unparalleled,—in enormities of granite and brass,—the world becomes irredeemably and hopelessly dull: man is no longer represented in the realization of his imperial fancy.

The story which we are writing, and the great name of Cleopatra which appears in it, have prompted us to these reflections,—so ill-sounding, doubtless to modern ears. But the spectacle of the antique world is something so crushingly discouraging, even to those imaginations which deem themselves exhaustless, and those minds which

fancy themselves to have conceived the utmost limits of fairy magnificence that we cannot here forbear recording our regret and lamentation that we were not contemporaries of Sardanapalus,—of Teglathphalazar,—of Cleopatra, queen of Egypt,—or even of Elagabalus, emperor of Rome and priest of the Sun.

It is our task to describe a supreme orgie,—a banquet compared with which the splendors of Belshazzar's feast must pale,—one of Cleopatra's nights! How can we picture forth in this French tongue, so chaste, so icily prudish that unbounded transport of passions,—that huge and mighty debauch which feared not to mingle the double purple of wine and blood,—those furious outbursts of insatiate pleasure, madly leaping toward the Impossible with all the wild ardor of senses as yet untamed by the long fast of Christianity?

The promised night should well have been a splendid one; for all the joys and pleasures possible in a human lifetime were to be concentrated into the space of a few hours;—it was necessary that the life of Meïamoun should be converted into a powerful elixir, which he could imbibe at a single draught. Cleopatra desired to dazzle her voluntary victim, and plunge him into a whirlpool of dizzy pleasures,—to intoxicate and madden him with the wine of orgy; so that death, though freely accepted, might come invisibly and unawares.

Let us transport our readers to the banquet-hall!

Our existing architecture offers few points for

comparison with those vast edifices whose very ruins resemble the crumbings of mountains rather than the remains of buildings. It needed all the exaggeration of the antique life to animate and fill those prodigious palaces, whose halls were too lofty and vast to allow of any ceiling save the sky itself,—a magnificent ceiling, and well worthy of such mighty architecture!

The banquet-hall was of enormous and Babylonian dimensions; the eye could not penetrate its immeasurable depth: monstrous columns—short, thick, and solid enough to sustain the pole itself,—heavily expanded their broad-swelling shafts upon socles variegated with hieroglyphics, and sustained upon their bulging capitals gigantic arcades of granite rising by successive tiers, like vast stairways reversed. Between each two pillars a colossal sphinx of basalt crowned with the *pschent*, bent forward her oblique-eyed face and horned chin, and gazed into the hall with a fixed and mysterious look. The columns of the second tier, receding from the first, were more elegantly formed, and crowned in lieu of capitals with four female heads addorsed, wearing caps of many folds and all the intricacies of the Egyptian headdress: instead of sphinxes bull-headed idols,—impassive spectators of nocturnal frenzy and the furies of orgy,—were seated upon thrones of stone, like patient hosts awaiting the opening of the banquet.

A third story constructed in a yet different style of architecture—with elephants of bronze spouting perfume from their trunks—crowned the edifice:

above the sky yawned like a blue gulf; and the curious stars leaned over the frieze.¹

Prodigious stairways of porphyry, so highly polished that they reflected the human body like a mirror, ascended and descended on every hand, and bound together these huge masses of architecture.

We can only make a very rapid sketch here, in order to convey some idea of this awful structure proportioned out of all human measurements. It would require the pencil of Martin,²—the great painter of enormities passed away; and we can present only a weak pen-picture in lieu of the Apocalyptic depth of his gloomy style: but imagination may supply our deficiencies;—less

¹Does not this suggest the lines which DeQuincy so much admired:

“A wilderness of building, sinking far,
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth.
Far sinking into splendour,—without end!
Fabric it seemed of diamond, and of gold,
With alabaster domes and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted: here serene pavilions bright,
In avenues disposed; their towers begirt
With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars.”—TRANSLATOR.

²John Martin, the English painter, whose creations were unparalleled in breadth and depth of composition. His pictures seem to have made a powerful impression upon the highly imaginative author of these Romances. There is something in these descriptions of antique architecture that suggests the influence of such pictured fantasies as Martin's “Seventh Plague”; “The Heavenly City”; and perhaps especially the famous “Pandemonium,” with its infernal splendor, in Martin's illustrations to “Paradise Lost.”—TRANSLATOR.

fortunate than the painter and the musician, we can only present objects and ideas separately in slow succession. We have as yet spoken of the banquet-hall only, without referring to the guests; and yet we have but barely indicated its character. Cleopatra and Meïamoun are waiting for us: we see them drawing near. . . .

Meïamoun was clad in a linen tunic constellated with stars, and a purple mantle, and wore a fillet about his locks, like an Oriental king. Cleopatra was appareled in a robe of pale green, open at either side, and clasped with golden bees: two bracelets of immense pearls gleamed around her naked arms; upon her head glimmered the golden-pointed diadem. Despite the smile on her lips, a slight cloud of preoccupation shadowed her fair forehead; and from time to time her brows became knitted in a feverish manner. What thoughts could trouble the great queen? As for Meïamoun, his face wore the ardent and luminous look of one in ecstasy or vision,—light beamed and radiated from his brow and temples, surrounding his head with a golden nimbus like one of the twelve great gods of Olympus.

A deep, heartfelt joy illuminated his every feature: he had embraced his restless-winged chimera; and it had not flown from him;—he had reached the goal of his life. Though he were to live to the age of Nestor or Priam,—though he should behold his veined temples hoary with locks whiter than those of the high priest of Ammon, he could never know another new experience,—

never feel another new pleasure. His maddest hopes had been so much more than realized that there was nothing in the world left for him to desire.

Cleopatra seated him beside her upon a throne with golden griffins on either side, and clapped her little hands together. Instantly lines of fire, bands of sparkling light, outlined all the projections of the architecture: the eyes of the sphinxes flamed with phosphoric lightnings;—the bull-headed idols breathed flame;—the elephants in lieu of perfumed water, spouted aloft bright columns of crimson fire;—arms of bronze, each bearing a torch, started from the walls; and blazing aigrettes bloomed in the sculptured hearts of the lotus-flowers.

Huge blue flames palpitated in tripods of brass; giant candelabras shook their disheveled light in the midst of ardent vapors: everything sparkled, glittered, beamed. Prismatic irises crossed and shattered each other in the air: the facets of the cups, the angles of the marbles and jaspers, the chiseling of the bases,—all caught a sparkle, a gleam, or a flash as of lightning. Radiance streamed in torrents, and leaped from step to step like a cascade over the porphyry stairways; it seemed the reflection of a conflagration on some broad river;—had the Queen of Sheba ascended thither she would have caught up the folds of her robe, and believed herself walking in water, as when she stepped upon the crystal pavements of Solomon. Viewed through that burning haze, the

monstrous figures of the colossi, the animals, the hieroglyphics, seemed to become animated and to live with a factitious life; the black marble rams bleated ironically, and clashed their gilded horns; the idols breathed harshly through their panting nostrils.

The orgie was at its height: the dishes of phenicopters' tongues, and the livers of scarus fish; the eels fattened upon human flesh, and cooked in brine; the dishes of peacock's brains; the boars stuffed with living birds;—and all the marvels of the antique banquets were heaped upon the three table-surfaces of the gigantic triclinium. The wines of Crete, of Massicus, and of Falernus foamed up in craters wreathed with roses, and filled by Asiatic pages whose beautiful flowing hair served the guests to wipe their hands upon. Musicians playing upon the sitrum, the tympanum, the sambuke, and the harp with one-and-twenty strings, filled all the upper galleries, and mingled their harmonies with the tempest of sound that hovered over the feast: even the deep-voiced thunder could not have made itself heard there.

Meïamoun, whose head was lying on Cleopatra's shoulder, felt as though his reason were leaving him: the banquet-hall whirled around him like a vast architectural nightmare;—through the dizzy glare he beheld perspectives and colonnades without end;—new zones of porticos seemed to uprear themselves upon the real fabric, and bury their summits in heights of sky to which Babel never rose. Had he not felt within his hand the

soft, cool hand of Cleopatra, he would have believed himself transported into an enchanted world by some witch of Thessaly or Magian of Persia.

Toward the close of the repast, hump-backed dwarfs and mummers engaged in grotesque dances and combats: then young Egyptian and Greek maidens representing the black and white Hours danced with inimitable grace a voluptuous dance after the Ionian manner.

Cleopatra herself arose from her throne, threw aside her royal mantle, replaced her starry diadem with a garland of flowers, attached golden *crotali*¹ to her alabaster hands, and began to dance before Meïamoun, who was ravished with delight. Her beautiful arms, rounded like the handles of an alabaster vase, shook out bunches of sparkling notes; and her *crotali* prattled with ever-increasing volubility. Poised on the pink tips of her little feet, she approached swiftly to graze the forehead of Meïamoun with a kiss:—then she recommenced her wondrous art, and flitted around him; now backward-leaning, with head reversed, eyes half closed, arms lifelessly relaxed, locks uncurled and loose-hanging like a Bacchante of Mount Mænalus; now, again, active, animated, laughing, fluttering—more tireless and capricious in her movements than the pilfering bee. Heart-consuming love,—sensual pleasure,—burning passion,—youth inexhaustible and ever fresh,—the promise of bliss to come: she expressed all! . . .

¹Antique castanets.—TRANSLATOR.

The modest stars had ceased to contemplate the scene: their golden eyes could not endure such a spectacle; the heaven itself was blotted out; and a dome of flaming vapor covered the hall. Cleopatra seated herself once more by Meïamoun. Night advanced: the last of the black Hours was about to take flight;—a faint blue glow entered with bewildered aspect into the tumult of ruddy light as moonbeam falls into a furnace; the upper arcades became suffused with pale azure tints: day was breaking.

Meïamoun took the horn vase which an Ethiopian slave of sinister countenance presented to him, and which contained a poison so violent that it would have caused any other vase to burst asunder. Flinging his whole life to his mistress in one last look, he lifted to his lips the fatal cup in which the envenomed liquor boiled up, hissing.

Cleopatra turned pale, and laid her hand on Meïamoun's arm to stay the act. His courage touched her;—she was about to say,—“Live to love me yet: I desire it! . . .” when the sound of a clarion was heard. Four heralds-at-arms entered the banquet-hall on horseback; they were officers of Mark Antony, and rode but a short distance in advance of their master. Cleopatra silently loosened the arm of Meïamoun. A long ray of sunlight played upon her forehead, as though trying to replace her absent diadem.

“You see the moment has come: it is daybreak; it is the hour when happy dreams take flight,” said Meïamoun. Then he emptied the fatal vessel

at a draught; and fell as though struck by lightning. Cleopatra bent her head; and one burning tear,—the only one she had ever shed,—fell into her cup to mingle with the molten pearl.

“By Hercules, my fair queen! I made all speed in vain,—I see I have come too late,” cried Mark Antony, entering the banquet-hall,—“the supper is over. But what signifies this corpse upon the pavement?”

“Oh, nothing!” returned Cleopatra with a smile;—“only a poison I was testing with the idea of using it upon myself should Augustus take me prisoner.—My dear lord, will you not please take a seat beside me, and watch those Greek buffons dance?”

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

JUNE 12

OUT OF THE SHADOW

I

I AM no longer a roadmender; the stretch of white highway which leads to the end of the world will know me no more; the fields and hedgerows, grass and leaf stiff with the crisp rime of winter's breath, lie beyond my horizon; the ewes in the folding, their mysterious eyes quick with the consciousness of coming motherhood, answer another's voice and hand; while I lie here, not in the lonely companionship of my expectations, but where the shadow is bright with kindly faces and gentle hands, until one kinder and gentler still carries me down the stairway into the larger room.

But now the veil was held aside and one went by crowned with the majesty of years, wearing the ermine of an unstained rule, the purple of her people's loyalty. Nations stood with bated breath to see her pass in the starlit mist of her children's tears; a monarch—greatest of her time; an empress—conquered men called mother; a woman—Englishmen cried queen; still the crowned captive of her people's heart—the prisoner of love.

The night-goers passed under my window in silence, neither song nor shout broke the welcome

dark; next morning the workmen who went by were strangely quiet.

“VICTORIA DEI GRATIA BRITANNIARUM REGINA.”

Did they think of how that legend would disappear, and of all it meant, as they paid their pennies at the coffee-stall? The feet rarely know the true value and work of the head; but all Englishmen have been and will be quick to acknowledge and revere Victoria by the grace of God a wise woman, a great and loving mother.

Years ago, I, standing at a level crossing, saw her pass. The train slowed down, and she caught sight of the gatekeeper's little girl who had climbed the barrier. Such a smile as she gave her! And then I caught a quick startled gesture as she slipped from my vision; I thought afterward it was that she feared the child might fall. Mother first, then Queen; even so rest came to her—not in one of the royal palaces, but in her own home, surrounded by the immediate circle of her nearest and dearest, while the world kept watch and ward.

I, a shy lover of the fields and woods, longed always, should a painless passing be vouchsafed me, to make my bed on the fragrant pine needles in the aloneness of a great forest; to lie once again as I had lain many a time, bathed in the bitter sweetness of the sun-blessed pines, lapped in the manifold silence; my ear attuned to the wind of Heaven with its call from the Cities of Peace. In sterner mood, when Love's hand held a scourge, I craved

rather the stress of the moorland with its bleaker mind imperative of sacrifice. To rest again under the lee of Rippon Tor swept by the strong peat-smelling breeze; to stare untired at the long cloud-shadowed reaches, and watch the mist-wraiths huddle and shrink round the stones of blood; until my sacrifice, too, was accomplished, and my soul had fled. A wild waste moor; a vast void sky; and naught between heaven and earth but man, his sin-glazed eyes seeking afar the distant light of his own heart.

With years came counsels more profound, and the knowledge that man was no mere dweller in the woods to follow the footsteps of the piping god, but an integral part of an organized whole, in which Pan, too, has his fulfilment. The wise Venetians knew; and read pantheism into Christianity when they set these words round Ezekiel's living creatures in the altar vault of St. Mark's:

QUAEQUE SUB OBSCURIS DE CRISTO DICTA FIGURIS
HIS APERIRE DATUR ET IN HIS, DEUS IPSE NOTATUR

"Thou shalt have none other gods but me." If man had been able to keep this one commandment perfectly the other nine would never have been written; instead he has comprehensively disregarded it, and perhaps never more than now in the twentieth century. Ah, well! this world, in spite of all its sinning, is still the Garden of Eden where the Lord walked with man, not in the cool of evening, but in the heat and stress of the im-

mediate working day. There is no angel now with flaming sword to keep the way of the Tree of Life, but tapers alight morning by morning in the Hostel of God to point us to it; and we, who are as gods knowing good and evil, partake of that fruit "whereof whoso eateth shall never die"; the greatest gift or the most awful penalty—Eternal Life.

I then, with my craving for tree and sky, held that a great capital with its stir of life and death, of toil and strife and pleasure, was an ill place for a sick man to wait in; a place to shrink from as a child shrinks from the rude blow of one out of authority. Yet here, far from moor and forest, hillside and hedgerow, in the family sitting room of the English-speaking peoples, the London much misunderstood, I find the fulfilment by antithesis of all desire. For the loneliness of the moorland, there is the warmth and companionship of London's swift-beating heart. For silence there is sound—the sound and stir of service—for the most part far in excess of its earthly equivalent. Against the fragrant incense of the pines I set the honest sweat of the man whose lifetime is the measure of his working day. "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how shall he love God whom he hath not seen?" wrote Blessed John, who himself loved so much that he beheld the Lamb as it had been slain from the beginning when Adam fell, and the City of God with light most precious. The burden of corporate sin, the sword of corporate sorrow, the joy of corporate righteousness; thus we become citizens in the Kingdom of God,

and companions of all His creatures. "It is not good that the man should be alone," said the Lord God.

I live now as it were in two worlds, the world of sight, and the world of sound; and they scarcely ever touch each other. I hear the grind of heavy traffic, the struggle of horses on the frost-breathed ground, the decorous jolt of omnibuses, the jangle of cab bells, the sharp warning of bicycles at the corner, the swift rattle of costers' carts as they go south at night with their shouting, goading crew. All these things I hear, and more; but I see no road, only the silent river of my heart with its tale of wonder and years, and the white beat of sea-gulls' wings in strong inquiring flight.

Sometimes there is naught to see on the waterway but a solitary black hull, a very Stygian ferry-boat, manned by a solitary figure, and moving slowly up under the impulse of the far-reaching sweeps. Then the great barges pass with their coffined treasure, drawn by a small self-righteous steam-tug. Later, lightened of their load, and waiting on wind and tide, I see them swooping by like birds set free; tawny sails that mind me of red-roofed Whitby with its northern fleet; black sails as of some heedless Theseus; white sails that sweep out of the morning mist "like restless gossameres." They make the bridge, which is just within my vision, and then away past Westminster and Blackfriars where St. Paul's great dome lifts the cross high over a self-seeking city; past Southwark where England's poet illuminated the scroll

of divine wisdom at the sign of the Tabard; past the Tower with its haunting ghosts of history; past Greenwich, fairy city, caught in the meshes of riverside mist; and then the salt and spear of the sea, the accompanying with great ships, the fresh burden.

At night I see them again, silent, mysterious; searching the darkness with unwinking yellow stare, led by a great green light. They creep up under the bridge which spans the river with its watching eyes, and vanish, crying back a warning note as they make the upper reach, or strident hail, as a chain of kindred phantoms passes, plowing a contrary tide.

Throughout the long watches of the night I follow them; and in the early morning they slide by, their eyes pale in the twilight; while the stars flicker and fade, and the gas lamps die down into a dull yellow blotch against the glory and glow of a new day.

II

February is here, February fill-dyke; the month of purification, of cleansing rains and pulsing bounding streams, and white mist clinging insistent to field and hedgerow so that when her veil is withdrawn greenness may make us glad.

The river has been uniformly gray of late, with no wind to ruffle its surface or to speed the barges dropping slowly and sullenly down with the tide through a blurring haze. I watched one yester-

day, its useless sails half furled and no sign of life save the man at the helm. It drifted stealthily past, and a little behind, flying low, came a solitary seagull, gray as the river's haze—a following bird.

Once again I lay on my back in the bottom of the tarry old fishing smack, blue sky above and no sound but the knock, knock of the waves, and the thud and curl of falling foam as the old boat's blunt nose breasted the coming sea. Then Daddy Whiddon spoke.

"A follerin' bürrd," he said.

I got up and looked across the blue field we were plowing into white furrows. Far away a tiny sail scarred the great solitude, and astern came a gull flying slowly close to the water's breast.

Daddy Whiddon waved his pipe toward it.

"A follerin' bürrd," he said again; and again I waited; questions were not grateful to him.

"There be a carpse there, sure enough, a carpse driftin' and shiftin' on the floor of the sea. There be those as can't rest, poor sawls, and her'll be mun, her'll be mun, and the sperrit of her is with the bürrd."

The clumsy boom swung across as we changed our course, and the water ran from us in smooth reaches on either side: the bird flew steadily on.

"What will the spirit do?" I said.

The old man looked at me gravely.

"Her'll rest in the Lard'stime, in the Lard's gude time—but now her'll just be follerin' on with the bürrd."

The gull was flying close to us now, and a cold

wind swept the sunny sea. I shivered: Daddy looked at me curiously.

"There be reason enough to be cawld if us did but knaw it, but I be mos' used to 'em, poor sawls." He shaded his keen old blue eyes, and looked away across the water. His face kindled. "There be a skule comin', and by my sawl 'tis mackerel they be drivin'."

I watched eagerly, and saw the dark line rise and fall in the trough of the sea, and, away behind, the stir and rush of tumbling porpoises as they chased their prey.

Again we changed our tack, and each taking an oar, pulled lustily for the beach.

"Please God her'll break inshore," said Daddy Whiddon; and he shouted the news to the idle waiting men who hailed us.

In a moment all was stir, for the fishing had been slack. Two boats put out with the lithe brown seine. The dark line had turned, but the school was still behind, churning the water in clumsy haste; they were coming in.

Then the brit broke in silvery leaping waves on the shelving beach. The threefold hunt was over; the porpoises turned out to sea in search of fresh quarry; and the seine, dragged by ready hands, came slowly, stubbornly in with its quivering treasure of fish. They had sought a haven and found none; the brit lay dying in flickering iridescent heaps as the bare-legged babies of the village gathered them up; and far away over the water I saw a single gray speck; it was the following bird.

The curtain of river haze falls back; barge and bird are alike gone, and the lamplighter has lit the first gas-lamp on the far side of the bridge. Every night I watch him come, his progress marked by the great yellow eyes that wake the dark. Sometimes he walks quickly; sometimes he loiters on the bridge to chat, or stare at the dark water; but he always comes, leaving his watchful deterrent train behind him to police the night.

Once Demeter in the black anguish of her desolation searched for lost Persephone by the light of Hecate's torch; and searching all in vain, spurned beneath her empty feet an earth barren of her smile; froze with set brows the merry brooks and streams; and smote forest, and plain, and fruitful field, with the breath of her last despair, until even Iambe's laughing jest was still. And then when the desolation was complete, across the wasted valley where the starveling cattle scarcely longed to browse, came the dreadful chariot—and Persephone. The day of the prisoner of Hades had dawned; and as the sun flamed slowly up to light her thwarted eyes the world sprang into blossom at her feet.

We can never be too Pagan when we are truly Christian, and the old myths are eternal truths held fast in the Church's net. Prometheus fetched fire from Heaven, to be slain forever in the fetching; and lo, a Greater than Prometheus came to fire the cresset of the Cross. Demeter waits now patiently enough. Persephone waits, too, in the faith of the sun she cannot see: and

every lamp lit carries on the crusade which has for its goal a sunless, moonless city whose light is the Light of the world.

*Lume è lassù, che visibile face
lo creatore a quella creatura,
che solo in lui vedere ha la sua pace.*

Immediately outside my window is a lime tree—a little black skeleton of abundant branches—in which sparrows congregate to chirp and bicker. Farther away I have a glimpse of graceful planes, children of moonlight and mist; their dainty robes, still more or less unsullied, gleam ghostly in the gaslight athwart the dark. They make a brave show even in winter with their feathery branches and swinging tassels, whereas my little tree stands stark and uncompromising, with its horde of sooty sparrows cockney to the last tail feather, and a pathetic inability to look anything but black. Rain comes with strong caressing fingers, and the branches seem no whit the cleaner for her care; but then their glistening blackness mirrors back the succeeding sunlight, as a muddy pavement will sometimes lap our feet in a sea of gold. The little wet sparrows are for the moment equally transformed, for the sun turns their dun-colored coats to a ruddy bronze, and cries Chrysostom as it kisses each shiny beak. They are dumb Chrysostoms; but they preach a golden gospel, for the sparrows are to London what the rainbow was to

eight saved souls out of a waste of waters—a perpetual sign of the remembering mercies of God.

Last night there was a sudden clatter of hoofs, a shout, and then silence. A runaway cab-horse, a dark night, a wide crossing, and a heavy burden: so death came to a poor woman. People from the house went out to help; and I heard of her, the center of an unknowing curious crowd, as she lay bonnetless in the mud of the road, her head on the kerb. A rude but painless death: the misery lay in her life; for this woman—worn, white-haired, and wrinkled—had but fifty years to set against such a condition. The policeman reported her respectable, hard-working, living apart from her husband with a sister; but although they shared rooms, they “did not speak,” and the sister refused all responsibility; so the parish buried the dead woman, and thus ended an uneventful tragedy.

Was it her own fault? If so, the greater pathos. The lonely souls that hold out timid hands to an unheeding world have their meed of interior comfort even here, while the sons of consolation wait on the threshold for their footfall: but God help the soul that bars its own door! It is kicking against the pricks of Divine ordinance, the ordinance of a triune God; whether it be the dweller in crowded street or tenement who is proud to say, “I keep myself to myself,” or Seneca writing in pitiful complacency, “Whenever I have gone among men, I have returned home less of a man.”

Whatever the next world holds in store, we are bidden in this to seek and serve God in our fellow-men, and in the creatures of His making whom He calls by name.

It was once my privilege to know an old organ-grinder named Gawdine. He was a hard swearer, a hard drinker, a hard liver, and he fortified himself body and soul against the world: he even drank alone, which is an evil sign.

One day to Gawdine sober came a little dirty child, who clung to his empty trouser leg—he had lost a limb years before—with a persistent, unintelligible request. He shook the little chap off with a blow and a curse; and the child was trotting dismally away, when it suddenly turned, ran back, and held up a dirty face for a kiss.

Two days later Gawdine fell under a passing dray which inflicted terrible internal injuries on him. They patched him up in hospital, and he went back to his organ-grinding, taking with him two friends—a pain which fell suddenly upon him to rack and rend with an anguish of crucifixion, and the memory of a child's upturned face. Outwardly he was the same save that he changed the tunes of his organ, out of long-hoarded savings, for the jugs and reels which children hold dear, and stood patiently playing them in child-crowded alleys, where pennies are not as plentiful as elsewhere.

He continued to drink; it did not come within his new code to stop, since he could "carry his liquor well"; but he rarely, if ever, swore. He

told me this tale through the throes of his anguish as he lay crouched on a mattress on the floor; and as the grip of the pain took him he tore and bit at his hands until they were maimed and bleeding, to keep the ready curses off his lips.

He told the story, but he gave no reason, offered no explanation: he has been dead now many a year, and thus would I write his epitaph:

He saw the face of a little child and looked on God.

III

On Sunday my little tree was limned in white and the sparrows were craving shelter at my window from the blizzard. Now the mild thin air brings a breath of spring in its wake and the daffodils in the garden wait the kisses of the sun. Hand-in-hand with memory I slip away down the years, and remember a day when I awoke at earliest dawn, for across my sleep I had heard the lusty golden-throated trumpeters heralding the spring.

The air was sharp-set; a delicate rime frosted roof and road; the sea lay hazy and still like a great pearl. Then as the sky stirred with flush upon flush of warm rosy light, it passed from misty pearl to opal with heart of flame, from opal to gleaming sapphire. The earth called, the fields called, the river called—that pried piper to whose music a man cannot stop his ears. It was with me as with the Canterbury pilgrims:

So priketh hem nature in hir corages;
Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages.

Half an hour later I was away by the early train that carries the branch mails and a few workmen, and was delivered at the little wayside station with the letters. The kind air went singing past as I swung along the reverberating road between the high tree-crowned banks which we call hedges in merry Devon, with all the world to myself and the Brethren. A great blackbird flew out with a loud "chook, chook," and the red of the haw on his yellow bill. A robin trilled from a low rose-bush; two wrens searched diligently on a fallen tree for breakfast, quite unconcerned when I rested a moment beside them; and a shrewmouse slipped across the road followed directly by its mate. March violets bloomed under the sheltered hedge with here and there a pale primrose; a frosted bramble spray still held its autumn tints clinging to the semblance of the past; and great branches of snowy blackthorn broke the barren hedgeway as if spring made a mock of winter's snows.

Light of heart and foot with the new wine of the year I sped on again, stray daffodils lighting the wayside, until I heard the voice of the stream and reached the field gate which leads to the lower meadows. There before me lay spring's pageant; green pennons waving, dainty maids curtsying, and a host of joyous yellow trumpeters proclaiming "Victory" to an awakened earth. They range in

serried ranks right down to the river, so that a man must walk warily to reach the water's edge where they stand gazing down at themselves in fairest semblance like their most tragic progenitor, and, rising from the bright grass in their thousands, stretch away until they melt in a golden cloud at the far end of the misty mead. Through the field gate and across the road I see them, starring the steep earth bank that leads to the upper copse, gleaming like pale flames against the dark tree-boles. There they have but frail tenure; here, in the meadows, they reign supreme.

At the upper end of the field the river provides yet closer sanctuary for these children of the spring. Held in its embracing arms lies an island long and narrow, some thirty feet by twelve, a veritable untrod Eldorado, glorious in gold from end to end, a fringe of reeds by the water's edge, and save for that—daffodils. A great oak stands at the meadow's neck, an oak with gnarled and wandering roots where a man may rest, for it is bare of daffodils save for a group of three, and a solitary one apart growing close to the old tree's side. I sat down by my lonely little sister, blue sky overhead, green grass at my feet decked, like the pastures of the Blessed, in glorious sheen; a sea of triumphant golden heads tossing blithely back as the wind swept down to play with them at his pleasure.

It was all mine to have and to hold without severing a single slender stem or harboring a thought of covetousness; mine, as the whole earth was mine, to appropriate to myself without the

burden and bane of worldly possession. "Thou sayest that I am—a King," said the Lord before Pilate, and "My kingdom is not of this world." We who are made kings after His likeness possess all things, not after this world's fashion but in proportion to our poverty; and when we cease to toil and spin, are arrayed as the lilies, in a glory transcending Solomon's. Bride Poverty—she who climbed the Cross with Christ—stretches out eager hands to free us from our chains, but we flee from her, and lay up treasure against her importunity, while Amytas on his seaweed bed weeps tears of pure pity for crave-mouth Cæsar of great possessions.

Presently another of spring's lovers cried across the water "Cuckoo, cuckoo," and the voice of the stream sang joyously in unison. It is free from burden, this merry little river, and neither weir nor mill bars its quick way to the sea as it completes the eternal circle, lavishing gifts of coolness and refreshment on the children of the meadows.

It has its birth on the great lone moor, cradled in a wonderful peat-smelling bog, with a many-hued coverlet of soft mosses—pale gold, orange, emerald, tawny, olive and white, with the red stain of sun-dew and tufted cotton-grass. Under the old gray rocks which watch it rise, yellow-eyed tormantil stars the turf, and bids "Godspeed" to the little child on earth and sky. Thus the journey begins; and with ever-increasing strength the stream carves a way through the dear brown peat, wears a fresh wrinkle on the patient stones, and

patters merrily under a clapper bridge which spanned its breadth when the mistletoe reigned and Bottor, the grim rock idol, exacted the toll of human life that made him great. On and on goes the stream, for it may not stay; leaving of its freshness with the great osmunda that stretches eager roots toward the running water; flowing awhile with a brother stream, to part again east and west as each takes up his separate burden of service—my friend to cherish the lower meadows in their flowery joyance—and so by the great seagate back to sky and earth again.

The river of God is full of water. The streets of the City are pure gold. Verily, here also having nothing we possess all things.

The air was keen and still as I walked back in the early evening, and a daffodil light was in the sky as if Heaven mirrored back earth's radiance. Near the station some children flitted past, like little white miller moths homing through the dusk. As I climbed the hill the moon rode high in a golden field—it was daffodils to the last.

MICHAEL FAIRLESS.

JUNE 13

DARBY O'GILL AND THE LEPRECHAUN*

THE news that Darby O'Gill had spint six months with the Good People spread fast and far and wide.

At fair or hurlin' or market he would be backed be a crowd agin some convaynient wall and there for hours men, women, and childher with jaws dhroppin' and eyes bulgin' 'd, stand ferninst him listening to half-frightened questions or to bould, mystarious answers.

Alway, though, one bit of wise advise inded his disoorse: "Nayther make nor moil nor meddle with the fairies," Darby 'd say, "If you're going along the lonely boreen at night and you hear, from some fairy fort, a sound of fiddles, or of piping, or of sweet woices singing, or of little feet patthering in the dance, don't turn your head, but say your prayers an' hould on your way. The pleasures the Good People'll share with you have a sore sorrow hid in them, an' the gifts they'll offer are only made to break hearts with."

Things went this a-way till one day in the market, over among the cows, Maurteen Cavanaugh, the schoolmaster—a cross-faced, argifying ould

*From "Darby O'Gill and the Good People," by permission of the author and of the publishers, Reilly and Lee.

man he was—contradicted Darby pint blank. "Stay a bit," says Maurteen, catching Darby by the coat-collar. "You forget about the little fairy cobbler, the Leprechaun," he says. "You can't deny that to catch the Leprechaun is great luck entirely. If one only fix the glance of his eye on the cobbler, that look makes the fairy a presner—one can do anything with him as long as a human look covers the little lad—and he'll give the favour of three wishes to buy his freedom," says Maurteen.

At that Darby, smiling high and knowledgeable, made answer over the heads of the crowd.

"God help your sinse, honest man!" he says. "Around the favours of thim same three wishes is a bog of thricks an' cajoleries and con-ditions that'll defayt the wisest.

"First of all, if the look be taken from the little cobbler for as much as the wink of an eye, he's gone forever," he says. "Man alive, even when he does grant the favours of the three wishes, you're not safe, for, if you tell anyone you've seen the Leprechaun, the favours melt like snow, or if you make a fourth wish that day—whiff! they turn to smoke. Take my advice—nayther make nor moil nor meddle with the fairies."

"Thru for ye," spoke up long Pether McCarthy, siding in with Darby. "Didn't Barney McBride, on his way to early mass one May morning, catch the fairy cobbler sewing an' workin' away under a hedge. 'Have a pinch of snuff, Barney agra,' says the Leprechaun, handing up the little snuff-box. But, mind ye, when my poor Barney bint

to take a thumb an' finger full, what did the little villain do but fling the box, snuff and all, into Barney's face. An' thin, whilst the poor lad was winkin' and blinkin', the Leprechaun gave one leap and was lost in the reeds.

"Thin, again, there was Peggy O'Rourke, who captured him fair an' square in a hawthorn bush. In spite of his wiles she wrung from him the favour of the three wishes. Knowing, of course, that if she towld of what had happened to her the spell was broken and the wishes wouldn't come thrue, she hurried home, aching and longing to in some way find from her husband Andy what wishes she'd make.

"Throwing open her own door, she said, 'What would ye wish for most in the world, Andy dear? Tell me an' your wish'll come thrue,' says she. A peddler was crying his wares out in the lane. 'Lanterns, tin lanterns!' cried the peddler. 'I wish I had one of thim lanterns,' says Andy, careless, and bendin' over to get a coal for his pipe, when, lo and behold, there was the lantern in his hand.

"Well, so vexed was Peggy that one of her fine wishes should be wasted on a palthry tin lantern, that she lost all patience with him. 'Why, thin, bad scran to you!' says she—not mindin' her own words—'I wish the lantern was fastened to the ind of your nose!'

"The word wasn't well out of her mouth till the lantern *was* hung swinging from the ind of Andy's nose in a way that the wit of man couldn't loosen.

It took the third and last of Peggy's wishes to relayse Andy."

"Look at that, now!" cried a dozen woices from the admiring crowd. "Darby said so from the first."

Well, after a time people used to come from miles around to see Darby and sit undher the sthraw-stack beside the stable to advise with our hayro about their most important business—what was the best time for the settin' of hins, or what was good to curecolic in childer, an' things like that.

Any man so parsecuted with admiration an' hayrofication might aisily feel his chest swell out a bit, so it's no wondher that Darby set himself up for a knowledgeable man.

He took to talkin' slow an' shuttin' one eye whin he listened, and he walked with a knowl-edgeable twist to his chowlders. He grew monsthrously fond of fairs and public gatherings where people made much of him, and he lost every ounce of liking he ever had for hard worruk.

Things wint on with him in this way from bad to worse, and where it would have inded no man knows, if one unlucky morning he hadn't rayfused to bring in a creel of turf his wife Bridget had axed him to fetch her. The unfortunate man said it was no work for the likes of him.

The last word was still on Darby's lips whin he rayalised his mistake, an' he'd have given the world to have the sayin' back again.

For a minute you could have heard a pin dhrop. Bridget, instead of being in a hurry to begin at

him, was crool dayliberate. She planted herself in the door, her two fists on her hips, an' her lips shut.

The look Julius Sayser'd trow at a servant-girl he'd caught stealing sugar from the rile cupboard was the glance she waved up and down from Darby's toes to his head, and from his head to his brogues agin.

Thin she began an' talked steady as a fall of hail that has now an' then a bit of lightning an' tunder mixed in it.

The knowledgeable man stood purtendin' to brush his hat and tryin' to look brave, but the heart inside of him was meltin' like butther.

Bridget began aisily be carelessly mentioning a few of Darby's best known wakenesses. Afther that she took up some of them not so well known, being ones Darby himself had sayrious doubts about having at all. But on these last she was more savare than on the first. Through it all he daren't say a word—he only smiled lofty and bitther.

'Twas but natural next for Bridget to explain what a poor crachure her husband was the day she got him, an' what she might have been if she had married ayther one of the six others who had axed her. The step for her was a little one, thin, to the shortcomings and misfortunes of his blood relaytions, which she follyed back to the blaggardisms of his fourth cousin, Phelim McFadden.

Even in his misery poor Darby couldn't but marvel at her wonderful memory.

By the time she began talking of her own family, and especially about her Aunt Honoria O'Shaugh-

nessy, who had once shook hands with a Bishop, and who in the rebellion of '98 had trun a brick at a Lord Liffenant, whin he was riding by, Darby was as wilted and as forlorn-looking as a rooster caught out in the winther rain.

He lost more pride in those few minutes than it had taken months to gather an' hoard. It kept falling in great drops from his forehead.

Just as Bridget was lading up to what Father Cassidy calls a purroar-ration—that being the part of your wife's discoorse whin, after telling you all she's done for you, and all she's stood from your relaytions, she breaks down and cries, and so smothers you entirely—just as she was coming to that, I say, Darby scrooged his caubeen down on his head, stuck his fingers in his two ears, and, making one grand rush through the door, bolted as fast as his legs could carry him down the road toward Sleive-na-mon Mountains.

Bridget stood on the step looking afther him, too surprised for a word. With his fingers still in his ears, so that he couldn't hear her commands to turn back, he ran without stopping till he came to the willow-tree near Joey Hooligan's forge. There he slowed down to fill his lungs with the fresh, sweet air.

'Twas one of those warm-hearted, laughing autumn days which steals for a while the bonnet and shawl of the May. The sun, from a sky of feathery whiteness, laned over, telling jokes to the worruld, an' the goold harvest-fields and purple hills, lasy and continted, laughed back at the

sun. Even the blackbird flying over the haw-tree looked down an' sang to those below, "God save all here"; an' the linnet from her bough answered back quick an' sweet, "God save you kindly, sir!"

With such pleasant sights and sounds an' twiterings at every side, our hayro didn't feel the time passing till he was on top of the first hill of the Sleive-na-mon Mountains, which, as everyone knows, is called the Pig's Head.

It wasn't quite lonesome enough on the Pig's Head, so our hayro plunged into the walley an' climbed the second mountain—the Divil's Pillow—where 'twas lonesome and desarted enough to shuit anyone.

Beneath the shade of a three, for the days was warm, he sat himself down in the long, sweet grass, lit his pipe, and let his mind go free. But, as he did, his thoughts rose together like a flock of frightened, angry pheasants, an' whirred back to the owdacious things Bridget had said about his relations.

Wasn't she the mendageous, humbrageous woman, he thought, to say such things about as illegant stock as the O'Gills and the O'Gradys?

Why, Wullum O'Gill, Darby's uncle, at that minute, was head butler at Castle Brophy, and was known far an' wide as being one of the foinest scholars an' as having the most beautiful pair of legs in all Ireland!

This same Wullum O'Gill had tould Bridget in Darby's own hearing, on a day when the three were going through the great picture-gallery at

Castle Brophy, that the O'Gills at one time had been Kings in Ireland.

Darby never since could raymember whether this time was before the flood or after the flood. Bridget said it was durin' the flood, but surely that sayin' was nonsinse.

Howsumever, Darby knew his Uncle Wullum was right, for he often felt in himself the signs of greatness. And now as he sat alone on the grass he said out loud:

"If I had me rights I'd be doing nothing all day long but sittin' on a throne, an' playin' games of forty-five with the Lord Liffenant an' some of me generals. There never was a lord that likes good ating or dhrinking betther nor I, or who hates worse to get up airly in the morning. That last disloike I'm tould is a great sign entirely of gentle blood the worruld over," says he.

As for the wife's people, the O'Hagans an' the O'Shaughnessys, well—they were no great shakes, he said to himself, at laste so far as looks were consarned. All the handsomeness in Darby's childher came from his own side of the family. Even Father Cassidy said the childher took after the O'Gills.

"If I were rich," said Darby, to a lazy ould bumble-bee who was droning an' tumbling in front of him, "I'd have a castle like Castle Brophy, with a picture-gallery in it. On one wall I'd put the picture of the O'Gills and the O'Gradys, and on the wall ferninst them I'd have the O'Hagans an' the O'Shaughnessys."

At that ideah his heart bubbled in a new and fierce deloight. "Bridget's people," he says agin, scowling at the bee, "would look four times as common as they raylly are, whin they were compared in that way with my own relations. An' whenever Bridget got rampageous I'd take her in and show her the difference betwixt the two clans, just to punish her, so I would."

How long the lad sat that way warming the cowl'd thoughts of his heart with drowsy, pleasant dhrames an' misty longings he don't rightly know, whin—tack, tack, tack, tack, came the busy sound of a little hammer from the other side of a fallen oak.

"Be jingo!" he says to himself with a start, "'tis the Leprechaun that's in it."

In a second he was on his hands an' knees, the tails of his coat flung across his back, an' he crawling softly toward the sound of the hammer. Quiet as a mouse he lifted himself up on the mossy log to look over, and there before his two popping eyes was a sight of wondheration.

Sitting on a white stone an' working away like fury, hammering pegs into a little red shoe, half the size of your thumb, was a bald-headed ould cobbler of about twice the hoight of your hand. On the top of a round, snub nose was perched a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles, an' a narrow fringe of iron-gray whuskers grew undher his stubby chin. The brown leather apron he wore was so long that it covered his green knee-breeches an' almost hid the knitted gray stockings.

The Leprechaun—for it was he indade—as he

worked, mumbled an' mutthered in great discontent:

"Oh, haven't I the hard, hard luck," he said. "I'll never have thim done in time for her to dance in to-night. So, thin, I'll be kilt entirely," says he. "Was there ever another quane of the fairies as wearing on shoes an' brogues an' dancin'-slippers? Haven't I the——" Looking up, he saw Darby.

"The top of the day to you, dacint man!" says the cobbler, jumpin' up, Giving a sharp cry, he pintoed quick at Darby's stomach. "But, wirra, wirra, what's that woolly, ugly thing you have crawling an' creepin' on your weskit?" he said, purtendin' to be all excited.

"Sorra thing on my weskit," answered Darby, cool as ice, "or anywhere else that'll make me take my two bright eyes off'n you—not for a second," says he.

"Well! Well! Will you look at that now?" laughed the cobbler. "Mark how quick an' handy he took me up! Will you have a pinch of snuff, clever man?" he axed, houlding up the little box.

"Is it the same snuff you gave Barney McBride awhile ago?" axed Darby, sarcastic. "Lave off your foolishness," says our hayro, growin' fierce, "and grant me at once the favours of the three wishes, or I'll have you smoking like a herring in my own chimney before nightfall," says he.

At that the Leprechaun, seeing that he but wasted time on so knowledgeable a man as Darby O'Gill, surrendhered, and granted the favours of the three wishes.

"What is it you ask?" says the cobbler, himself turning on a sudden very sour an' sullen.

"First an' foremost," says Darby, "I want a home of my ansisthers, an' it must be a castle like Castle Brophy, with pictures of my kith an' kin on the wall, and then facing them pictures of my wife Bridget's kith an' kin on the other wall."

"That favour I give ye, that wish I grant ye," says the fairy, making the shape of a castle on the ground with his awl.

"What next?" he grunted.

"I want goold enough for me an' my generations to enjoy in grandeur the place forever."

"Always the goold," sneered the little man, bending to dhraw with his awl on the turf the shape of a purse.

"Now for your thirld and last wish. Have a care!"

"I want the castle set on this hill—the Divil's Pillow—where we two stand," says Darby. Then sweeping with his arm, he says, "I want the land about to be my demesne."

The Leprechaun stuck his awl on the ground. "That wish I give you, that wish I grant you," he says. With that he straightened himself up, and grinning most aggravaytin' the while, he looked Darby over from top to toe. "You're a foine, knowledgeable man, but have a care of the fourth wish!" says he.

Bekase there was more of a challenge than friendly warning in what the small lad said, Darby snapped his fingers at him an' cried:

"Have no fear, little man! If I got all Ireland

ground for making a fourth wish, however small, before midnight I'd not make it. I'm going home now to fetch Bridget an' the childher, and the only fear or unaisiness I have is that you'll not keep your word, so as to have the castle here ready before us when I come back."

"Oh! I'm not to be thrusted, amn't I?" screeched the little lad, flaring into a blazing passion. He jumped upon the log that was betwixt them, an' with one fist behind his back shook the other at Darby.

"You ignorant, auspicious-minded blaggard!" says he. "How dare the likes of you say the likes of that to the likes of me!" cried the cobbler. "I'd have you to know," he says, "that I had a repitation for truth an' voracity ayquill if not shuperior to the best, before you were born!" he shouted. "I'll take no high talk from a man that's afraid to give words to his own wife whin she's in a tantrum!" says the Leprechaun.

"It's aisy to know you're not a married man," says Darby, mighty scornful, "bekase if you——"

The lad stopped short, forgetting what he was going to say in his surprise an' aggaytation, for the far side of the mountain was waving up an' down before his eyes like a great green blanket that is being shook by two women, while at the same time high spots of turf on the hillside toppled sidewise to level themselves up with the low places. The enchantment had already begun to make things ready for the castle. A dozen foine threes that stood in a little grove bent their heads

quickly together, and thin by some invisibile hand they were plucked up by the roots an' dhropped aside much the same as a man might grasp a handful of weeds an' fling them from his garden.

II

The ground under the knowledgeable man's feet began to rumble an' heave. He waited for no more. With a cry that was half of gladness an' half of fear, he turned on his heel an' started on a run down into the walley, leaving the little cobbler standing on the log, shouting abuse after him an' ballyraggin' him as he ran.

So excited was Darby that, going up the Pig's Head, he was nearly run over by a crowd of great brown building stones which were moving down slow an' ordherly like a flock of driven sheep,—but they moved without so much as bruising a blade of grass or bendin' a twig, as they came.

Only once, and that at the top of the Pig's Head, he trew a look back.

The Divil's Pillow was in a great commotion; a whirlwind was sweeping over it—whether of dust or of mist he couldn't tell.

Afther this, Darby never looked back again or to the right or the left of him, but kept straight on till he found himself panting and puffing, at his own kitchen door. 'Twas tin minutes before he could spake, but at last, whin he tould Bridget to make ready herself and the childher to go up to the Divil's Pillow with him, for once in her life that raymarkable woman, without axing, How

comes it so, What rayson have you, or Why should I do it, set to work washing the childher's faces.

Maybe she dabbed a little more soap in their eyes than was needful, for 'twas a habit she had; though this time if she did, not a whimper broke from the little hayros. For the matther of that, not one word, good, bad or indifferent, did herself spake till the whole family were trudging down the lane two by two, marching like sojers.

As they came near the first hill along its sides the evening twilight turned from purple to brown, and at the top of the Pig's Head the darkness of a black night swooped suddenly down on them. Darby hurried on a step or two ahead, an' resting his hand upon the large rock that crowns the hill, looked anxiously over to the Divil's Pillow. Although he was ready for something foine, yet the greatness of the foineness that met his gaze knocked the breath out of him.

Across the deep walley, and on top of the second mountain, he saw lined against the evening sky the roof of an imminse castle, with towers an' parrypets an' battlements. Undher the towers a thousand sullen windows glowed red in the black walls. Castle Brophy couldn't hould a candle to it.

"Behold!" says Darby, flinging out his arm, and turning to his wife, who had just come up—"behold the castle of my ansisters who were my forefathers!"

"How," says Bridget, quick and scornful—"how could your aunt's sisters be your four fathers?"

What Darby was going to say to her he don't

just raymember, for at that instant from the right-hand side of the mountain came a cracking of whips, a rattling of wheels, an' the rush of horses, and, lo and behold! a great dark coach with flashing lamps, and drawn by four coal-black horses, dashed up the hill and stopped beside them. Two shadowy men were on the driver's box.

"Is this Lord Darby O'Gill?" axed one of them, in a deep, muffled woice. Before Darby could reply Bridget took the words out of his mouth.

"It is!" she cried, in a kind of a half cheer, "an' Lady O'Gill an' the childher."

"Then hurry up!" says the coachman. "Your supper's gettin' cowl'd."

Without waiting for any one Bridget flung open the carriage-door, an' pushin' Darby aside jumped in among the cushions. Darby, his heart sizzlin' with vexation at her audaciousness, lifted in onc after another the childher, and then got in himself.

He couldn't undherstand at all the change in his wife, for she had always been the odherliest, modestist woman in the parish.

Well, he'd no sooner shut the door than crack went the whip, the horses gave a spring, the carriage jumped, and down the hill they went. For fastness there was never another carriage-ride like that before nor since. Darby hildt tight with both hands to the window, his face pressed against the glass. He couldn't tell whether the horses were only flying or whether the coach was falling down the hill into the walley. By the hollow feeling in his stomach he thought they

were falling. He was striving to think of some prayers when there came a terrible jolt which sent his two heels against the roof an' his head betwixt the cushions. As he righted himself the wheels began to grate on a gravelled road, an' plainly they were dashing up the side of the second mountain.

Even so, they couldn't have gone far when the carriage threw up in a flurry, an' he saw through the gloom a high iron gate being slowly opened.

"Pass on," said a voice from somewhere in the shadows; "their supper's getting cold."

As they flew under the great archway Darby had a glimpse of the thing which had opened the gate, and had said their supper was getting cold. It was standing on its hind legs—in the darkness he couldn't be quite sure as to its shape, but it was either a Bear or a Lion.

His mind was in a pondher about this when, with a swirl an' a bump, the carriage stopped another time, an' now it stood before a broad flight of stone steps which led up to the main door of the castle. Darby, half afraid, peering out through the darkness, saw a square of light high above him which came from the open hall door. Three servants in livery stood waiting on the threshold.

"Make haste, make haste!" says one, in a doleful voice; "their supper's gettin' cold."

Hearing these words, Bridget impatiently bounced out, an' was halfway up the steps before Darby could catch her an' hold her till the child came up.

"I never in all my life saw her so audacious," he

says, half cryin', an' linkin' her arm to keep her back, an' thin, with the childher follying two by two, according to size, the whole family payraded up the steps, till Darby, with a gasp of deloight, stopped on the thrashol of a splendid hall. From a high ceiling hung great flags from every nation an' domination, which swung and swayed in the dazzlin' light.

Two lines of men and maid servants dhressed in silks an' satin an' brocades, stood facing aich other, bowing an' smiling an' wavin' their hands in welcome. The two lines stretched down to the goold stairway at the far ind of the hall.

For half of one minute Darby, every eye in his head as big as a taycup, stood hesitaytin'. Thin he said, "Why should it flutter me? Arrah, ain't it all mine? Aren't all these people in me pay? I'll engage it's a pritty penny all this grandeur is costing me to keep up this minute." He trew out his chist. "Come on, Bridget!" he says; "let's go into the home of my ansisthers."

Howandever, scarcely had he stepped into the beautiful place whin two pipers with their pipes, two fiddlers with their fiddles, two flute-players with their flutes, an' they dhressed in scarlet an' goold, stepped out in front of him, and thus to maylodius music the family proudly marched down the hall, climbed up the goolden stairway at its ind, an' thin turned to enter the biggest room Darby had ever seen.

Something in his sowl whuspered that this was the picture-gallery.

"Be the powers of Pewther!" says the knowledgeable man to himself, "I wouldn't be in Bridget's place this minute for a hatful of money! Wait, oh just wait, till she has to compare her own relations with my own foine people! I know how she'll feel, but I wondher what she'll say," he says.

The thought that all the unjust things, all the unraysonable things Bridget had said about his kith an' kin were just going to be disproved and turned against herself, made him proud an' almost happy.

But wirrasthrue! He should have raymembered his own advise not to make nor moil nor meddle with the fairies, for here he was to get the first hard welt from the little Leprechaun.

It was the picture-gallery sure enough, but how terribly different everything was from what the poor lad expected. There on the left wall, grand an' noble, shone the pictures of Bridget's people. Of all the well-dressed, handsome, proud-appearin' persons in the whole worruld, the O'Hagans an' the O'Shaughnessys would compare with the best. This was a hard enough crack, though a crusher knock was to come. Ferninst them on the right wall glowered the O'Gills and the O'Gradys, and of all the ragged, sheep-stealing, hang-dog-looking villains one ever saw in jail or out of jail, it was Darby's kindred.

The place of honour on the right wall was given to Darby's fourth cousin, Phelem McFadden, an' he was painted with a pair of handcuffs on him. Wullum O'Gill had a squint in his right eye, and his thin legs bowed like hoops on a barrel.

If you have ever at night been groping your way through a dark room, and got a sudden, hard bump on the forehead from the edge of the door, you can undherstand the feelings of the knowl-edgeable man.

"Take that picture out!" he said, hoarsely, as soon as he could speak. "An' will someone kindly inthrojuice me to the man who med it? Bekase," he says, "I intend to take his life! There was never a crass-eyed O'Gill since the world began," says he.

Think of his horror an' surprise whin he saw the left eye of Wullum G'Gill twist itself slowly over toward his nose and squint worse than the right eye.

Purtending not to see this, an' hoping no one else did, Darby fiercely led the way over to the other wall.

Fronting him stood the handsome picture of Honoria O'Shaughnessy, an' she dhressed in a shuit of tin clothes like the knights of ould used to wear—armour I think they calls it.

She hildt a spear in her hand with a little flag on the blade, an' her smile was proud and high.

"Take that likeness out, too," says Darby, very spiteful; "that's not a dacint shuit of clothes for any woman to wear!"

The next minute you might have knocked him down with a feather, for the picture of Honoria O'Shaughnessy opened its mouth an' stuck out its tongue at him.

"The supper's getting cowl'd, the supper's

getting cowld!" someone cried at the other ind of the picture-gallery. Two big doors were swung open, an' glad enough was our poor hayro to folly the musicianers down to the room where the ating and drinking were to be thransacted.

This was a little room with lots of looking-glasses, and it was bright with a thousand candles, and white with the shining-ist marble. On the table was biled beef an' reddishes an' carrots an' roast mutton an' all kinds of important ating an' drinking. Beside there stood fruits an' sweets an' —but, sure, what is the use in talkin'?

A high-backed chair stood ready for aich of the family, an' 'twas a lovely sight to see them all whin they were sitting there—Darby at the head, Bridget at the foot, the childher—the poor little paythriarchs—sitting bolt upright on aich side, with a bewigged and befrilled serving-man standing haughty behind every chair.

The atin' and dhrinkin' would have begun at once—in throth there was already a bit of biled beef on Darby's plate—only that he spied a little silver bell beside him. Sure, 'twas one like those the quality keep to ring whin they want more hot wather for their punch, but it puzzled the knowledgeable man and 'twas the beginning of his misfortune.

"I wondher," he thought, "if 'tis here for the same raison as the bell is at the Curragh races—do they ring this one so that all at the table will start ating and dhrinking fair, an' no one will have the advantage, or is it," he says to himself agin,

"to ring whin the head of the house thinks every-one has had enough. Haven't the quality quare ways! I'll be a long time learning them," he says.

He sat silent and puzzling an' staring at the biled beef on his plate, afeard to start in without ringing the bell, an' dhreadin' to risk ringing it. The grand sarvants towered cowlidly on every side, their chins tilted, but they kep' throwing over their chowlders glances so scornful and haughty that Darby shivered at the thought of showing uncultivaytion.

While our hayro sat thus in unaisy contimplation an' smouldherin' mortification an' flurried hesitaytion a powdhered head was poked over his chowlder, and a soft, beguiling voice said, "Is there anything else you'd wish for?"

The foolish lad twisted in his chair, opened his mouth to spake, and gave a look at the bell; shame rushed to his cheeks, he picked up a bit of the biled beef on his fork, an' to consale his turpitytion gave the misfortunit answer:

"I'd wish for a pinch of salt, if you plaze," says he.

'Twas no sooner said than came the crash. Oh, tunderation an' murdheration, what a roaring crash it was! The lights winked out together at a breath an' left a pitchy, throbbing darkness. Overhead and to the sides was a roaring, smashing, crunching noise, like the ocean's madness when the winthry storm breaks agin the Kerry shore, an' in that roar was mingled the tearing and the splitting of the walls and the falling of the chim-

neys. But through all this confusion could be heard the shrill, laughing voice of the Leprechaun. "The clever man med his fourth grand wish," it howled.

Darby—a thousand wild voices screaming an' mocking above him—was on his back kicking and squirming and striving to get up, but some load hilt him down, an' something bound his eyes shut.

"Are you kilt, Bridget asthore?" he cried; "where are the childher?" he says.

Instead of answer there suddenly flashed a fierce an' angry silence, an' its quickness frightened the lad more than all the wild confusion before.

'Twas a full minute before he dared to open his eyes to face the horrors which he felt were standing about him; but when courage enough to look came, all he saw was the night-covered mountain, a purple sky, and a thin, new moon, with one trembling goold star a hand's space above its bosom.

Darby struggled to his feet. Not a stone of the castle was left, not a sod of turf but what was in its ould place; every sign of the little cobbler's work had melted like April snow. The very threes Darby had seen pulled up by the roots that same afternoon now stood a waving blur below the new moon, an' a nightingale was singing in their branches. A cricket chirped lonesomely on the same fallen log which had hidden the Leprechaun.

"Bridget! Bridget!" Darby called agin an' agin. Only a sleepy owl on a distant hill answered.

A shivering thought jumped into the boy's be-

wildered sowl—maybe the Leprechaun had stolen Bridget an' the childher.

The poor man turned, and for the last time darted down into the night-filled walley.

Not a pool in the road he waited to go around, not a ditch in his path he didn't leap over, but ran as he never ran before till he raiched his own front door.

His heart stood still as he peeped through the window. There were the childher croodled around Bridget, who sat with the youngest asleep in her lap before the fire, rocking back an' forth, an' she crooning a happy, continted baby-song.

Tears of gladness crept into Darby's eyes as he looked in upon her. "God bless her!" he says to himself. "She's the flower of the O'Hagans and the O'Shaughnessys, and she's a proud feather in the caps of the O'Gills and the O'Gradys."

'Twas well he had this happy thought to cheer him as he lifted the door-latch, for the manest of all the little cobbler's spiteful thricks waited in the house to meet Darby—nayther Bridget nor the childher raymembered a single thing of all that had happened to them during the day. They were willing to make their happydavitts that they had been no farther than their own petatie-patch since morning.

HERMINIE TEMPLETON KAVANAGH.

JUNE 14 (Flag Day)

THE AMERICAN FLAG

I

WHEN Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand,
The symbol of her chosen land.

II

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning-lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given

To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

III

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on:
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
Where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance;
And when the canon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;
Then shall thy meteor-glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

IV

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail

And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

V

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?
JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

THE FLAG GOES BY

HATS off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by:

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State:
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor,—all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT.

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

O BEAUTIFUL for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

WASHINGTON AND ITS ROMANCE

FROM Babel down a certain romance appears
to attach to the rising of capitals.
On through the years in which to the music of

Apollo's lute, great "Ilion, like a mist, rose into towers"; on through those when Dido encircled the Bursa with the Bull's Hide; and those in which Rome sprang on her Seven Hills above the She-wolf's Den, down to the founding of Washington, hovers something of this romance.

The capitals of most countries are the especial pride of their people. It is not so with us—at least, it has not been so in the past. Happily, it appears as though this condition were changing. It has, indeed, ever appeared to me strange that Americans know so little of and care so little for the capital of their own country. Nature, prodigal of gracious slope and curve and tone, has endowed it with, perhaps, more charm than any other national capital—at least, than any large European capital—and its founders laid it off on a generous plan which has left the opportunity of furthering what Nature presented, in a way to appeal to the pride of our people. Yet how large a proportion of Americans turn their eyes and their steps, not toward its majestic buildings, but to some foreign capital with its gaudy shops and commercial allurements, returning with an alien's ideas on many subjects and boasting of beauties which are not comparable to those of our own capital city.

Not long since, in a club in our chief commercial city, a group of gentlemen were discussing foreign cities with the familiarity of regular habitués, and a provincial visitor from a small territory on the banks of the Potomac suggested that in the spring,

at least, Washington might vie with any capital that he had ever seen.

"I have never been to Washington," said a member of the club, who was an annual visitor to nearly every European capital, and had, indeed, a familiarity with them second only to his familiarity with his native city.

"You mean that you have never visited Washington?"

"No! I have passed through Washington frequently going back and forth to Florida or some other Southern winter resort, but I have never spent an hour there."

"Come with me to-night, man, and see the most beautiful city in the world!" exclaimed his guest, gathering courage.

But he did not go.

Washington with its noble buildings, its charming parks; its sunlit stretches and shady avenues; its majestic monument bathed now in the sunshine, now reflecting the moonlight, now towering amid the clouds, meant nothing to him. Washington and its charming society, its cosmopolitan flavor; its interesting circles, social, political, scientific, artistic, diplomatic, meant nothing to him. Why was it?

"I have never been able to read a history of the United States," said one, not long since. "It is so dull." Is this the answer? Has the history of Washington been too dull to interest our people? "Happy that people whose annals are dull!"

Washington has a unique life, though how long it will remain so, no one can tell. Fresh with the beauty of youth, situated at the pleasant mean between the extremes of heat and cold, possessing a climate which throughout the greater portion of the year admits of the only proper life—life in the open air, with sunshine as sparkling and skies as blue as Italy's—it presents, according to one's wishes, political, scientific, and social life, and soon it will offer a literary and artistic life, which, second to none in the New World, may possibly, in no long time, be equal to that of any in the whole world. In Washington one may, according to taste, hear discussed the most advanced theories of science in every field, the political news of every country, and enjoy a society as simple, cultured, and refined—or, if one prefers it, as pretentious, as empty and diverting—as in any capital of the globe.

It has a social life, if not as brilliant, at least as agreeable as that of any other national capital.

Commerce, we are assured by those interested in it, covers as wide if not as extensive a field as in any other metropolis, and we are promised soon an increase of manufacture, so that those who love it need not despair of having in time substituted for our present pure and uncontaminated air as filthy an atmosphere as that of the greatest manufacturing city in the country. As to the spirit which produces this, we already have that in abundance.

In fact, Washington naturally demands con-

sideration from every standpoint. Historically, politically, and socially, it is a field for the investigator, the student, the loungeur. And he will be hard to please who cannot find in its various and diverse activities as many varied objects of pursuit as he will find in the varied scenes amid its elegant avenues, lined with trees of every kind and variety.

Crossing the Potomac in a railway train, not long ago, as it reached the Washington side, with its broad green park along the river, bathed in the sunshine, with the White House beyond on one side, and the noble dome of the capitol on the other, while above the whole towered the noble shaft of Washington—a splendid bar of snowy marble reaching to the heavens—a traveler exclaimed to the strangers about him, “What a wonderful city this will be fifty years from now. Think what the people who will come here then will see!”

“What a wonderful city it is now!” replied another. “Think what we see. You may travel the world over and see nothing like this. More splendid cities perhaps, but none so beautiful and charming.” And he was right. Fifty years ago, travelers from abroad returned home with lurid accounts of slave auctions and highwaymen; with impressions of mud-holes and squalor and mediæval barbarism. Travelers from all over the world go home to-day with impressions of a capital city set in a park, still unfinished, yet endowed by Nature with beauties which centuries of care would not equal and beginning to show the great-

ness which, designed by the founders of its plan, has, though often retarded by folly, been promoted from time to time by the far-sightedness of some of the great statesmen and by the genius of some of the great artists of our generation. Yet, even fifty years ago, the place must have had a beauty of its own, a beauty of trees and gracious slopes, which must have appealed to those who, unlike Mammon, were willing to lift their eyes from the pavements to the skies.

The Capitol and the White House, the Treasury and the old Patent Office, stood then, as now, gleaming in the sunshine, with their beautiful proportions speaking of the genius of a race of architect-artists whose successors had not yet appeared; the gracious mansions lying in the part of the city to the southwest of the White House and crowning the heights of Georgetown, amid their noble groves, must already have given Washington a charm which made it worthy to be the capital of the nation; while below, the Potomac on its course to the sea, as though resting from the turmoil of its rapids, spread in a silvery lake which has no counterpart in the precincts of any capital of the world.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON

BEFORE the Revolution Mount Vernon bore its share of the open-handed hospitality which distinguished Virginia colonial life. The brief call of visitors whose home base is near by

was practically unknown. Distances were great, travelers came with their own coach and horses and servants, and an arrival meant additional places at the master's table and in the servants' hall, additional beds, and stabling and feed for from six to twelve horses. It was part of the flexible cordial social system, and the hospitality and provision was on a large scale. Everyone was welcome: brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, and cousins to remote degrees; friends passing north and south, crossing from Maryland to lower Virginia, or only on their way to the plantation next beyond. Not least welcome were strangers, with and often without letters. Washington is several times at a loss, in his diary, to recall the names of visitors in his house. But without distinction the horses were sent to the stables, the servants to quarters, and the visitors were welcomed to all the big house afforded.

Not less true of this period than a little later was De Chastellux's description of the guests' reception at Mount Vernon: "Your apartments were your house; the servants of the house were yours; and, while every inducement was held out to bring you into the general society of the drawing-room, or at the table, it rested with yourself to be served or not with everything in your own chamber."

The family were so rarely alone that when they were it was a matter of surprised comment and record. Day after day, year after year, the diary details the seemingly never-ending procession of

guests. Here is a week in August, 1769, which is not unlike other weeks in other years:

- 10 Mr. Barclay dined with us again as did Mr. Power, and Mr. Geo. Thornton—
- 11 Lord Fairfax & Colo. Geo. Fairfax dined with us—
- 12 Mr. Barclay dined with us this day also
- 13 We dined with Lord Fairfax—
- 14 Colo. Loyd, Mr. Cadwallader & Lady, Mrs. Dalton & Daughter & Miss Terrett dined with us
- 15 Had my horses brought in to carry Colo. Loyd as far as Hedges on his return home & rid with him as far as Sleepy Creek— returned to Dinner & had Mr. Barclay & a Mr. Brown to dine with me—
- 16 Horses returnd from carrying Colo. Loyd— Mr. Barclay, Mr. Goldsbury, Mr. Hardwick, Mr. Jno. Lewis & Mr. Wr. Washington Junr. dined here—
- 17 Mr. Jno. Lewis, & Mr. W. Washington Junr. dined here— We drank Tea with My Lord—
- 18 Mr. Barclay, Mr. Woodrow & Mr. Wood dined here—My Lord ye two Colo. Fx's & others drank Tea here . . .

Mount Vernon was the center of a neighborhood life of much activity. "Neighborhood" is a relative term. Virginia country gentlemen of colonial days called any man their neighbor who lived within a day's ride. Separated from Washington's home only by Dogue's Creek was Belvoir, the seat of his lifelong friends the Fairfaxes. They were his nearest neighbors, but by water Belvoir was a

barge ride of two miles and on land it was a ride of about eight miles around the head of the creek. Next beyond Belvoir and separated from it only by Gunston Cove, was Gunston Hall, home of George Mason, an active planter on a large scale and a philosophic statesman of the first order. His son Thomson Mason's house, Hollin Hall, was a few miles to the north of Mount Vernon, beyond the River Farm and on the well-traveled road to Alexandria. At a somewhat greater distance, but still in the wide colonial latitude of neighborhood, was Belle Aire, of which Gunston Hall was in many features a replica, high on the hills of Neabsco, the home of the Ewells, cousins of the Washingtons, and a family connected by marriage with William Grayson, Virginia's first Senator; Parson Weems, one of Washington's early if not most reliable biographers, and Doctor James Craik, Mount Vernon family surgeon and later Surgeon General of the Revolutionary Army.

Like many other colonial country houses Mount Vernon, Gunston Hall, and Belle Aire are all set identically the same in relation to the compass, with each corner pointing to one of the cardinal points. In this way each side of the house admits the sunlight at some time during the day.

Across the Potomac to the eastward, where now rises Fort Washington, was the estate of the Digges family and their seat Warburton Manor. Washington and Digges had a code of signals between Mount Vernon and Warburton, and when the signal went up that there were guests on the way

the handsome barges which each house maintained shot out from the shores, driven by the oars of gayly liveried black men, and met in midstream to transfer the visitors.

At Warburton the Washingtons met not only the extensive connection of the Digges family but Governor Eden, Major Fleming, Mr. Boucher who tutored John Parke Custis, the Calverts, Daniel of Saint Thomas Jenifer, and other Maryland notables. At times the whole party would cross the river for a hunt and dinner at Mount Vernon, spend the night there, and next day press on in a body to Belvoir for further entertainment, and even on to Gunston Hall and Belle Aire, picking up recruits to the merry party enroute, and on their leisurely return dropping them at their homes after partaking of renewed hospitality.

The races at Annapolis always drew the family from Mount Vernon. The visit to the Maryland Capital gave country life a touch of urbanity. On these occasions the great coach, the horses, the coachman, footmen, and postilions were sent across the river the day before, to be in readiness without delay, for the arrival of the master and mistress next morning for an early start. The trip was broken by stops in Marlboro and at Mount Airy, home of the Calverts, who were later to be connected with the family at Mount Vernon by the marriage of Miss Eleanor Calvert and John Parke Custis.

Washington's pastors and friends at Pohick

Church were frequent and welcome visitors at his home, among them Doctor Green, the Rev. Lee Massey, Captain Daniel McCarty of Cedar Grove on Accotink Creek, Colonel Alexander Henderson, Dr. Peter Wagener, Colonel William Grayson, Mr. George Johnston, and Mr. Martin Cockburn of Springfield, near Gunston Hall.

Two other neighbors within sight of the villa were Thomas Hanson Marshall of Marshall Hall on the Maryland shore about two miles to the south, and John Posey of Rover's Delight, the sentimental name he gave his house on the Dogue Creek tract later added to Mount Vernon. As revealed in their letters to Washington they were as definitely opposite types as could well be imagined. Marshall was precise, unyielding, self-sufficient, and admirable. Dear old Posey was easy-going, dependent, timid, irresolute, and delightful. Indeed a single passage from one of Posey's letters sent up to his friend Colonel Washington gives his character in a paragraph:

"I could [have] been able to [have] Satisfied all my old Arrears, Some months AGoe, by marrying [an] old widow woman in this County, She has Large soms [of] cash by her, and Prittey good Es^t—She is as thick, as she is high—And gits drunk at Least three or foure [times] a weak—which is Dis^agreable to me—has Viliant Sperrit when Drunk—it's been [a] Great Dispute in my mind what to Doe,—I believe I shu'd Run all Resk's—if my Last wife, had been [an] Even temper'd woman, but her Sperrit, has Given me such [a]

Shock—that I am afraid to Run the Resk Again, when I see the object before my Ey[e]s [it] is Disagreeable.”¹

The Mount Vernon coach and horses were nowhere more familiar than on the road to Alexandria. The little city eight miles up river was the background of a large part of Washington's life and of some of the most important events of his career. Here at one time he is said to have had his office as surveyor; it was the base of his departure on his trips westward on surveying bound and later to fight in the wars with the French, he represented it in the House of Burgesses, he surveyed its streets, he was a member of the town council, here he cast his votes, here later in life he worshipped at Christ Church, and here he held his last review. Alexandria was warehouse and market town for the products of Mount Vernon farms, its physicians attended the family in illness, and not only did the Washingtons enter fully into the social life of the little city, but their friends there were in an intimate sense their neighbors, and stood out conspicuously in the picture of social life at Mount Vernon.

The assemblies at Alexandria were a never-failing lure to Washington. One of the first to which he took Mrs. Washington after their marriage was thus recorded in the diary:

¹“Letters to Washington” (Edited by Stanislaus Murray Hamilton), published by the Society of the Colonial Dames of America, Volume IV, page 66.

Went to a ball at Alexandria, where Musick and dancing was the chief Entertainment however in a convenient room detached for the purpose abounded great plenty of bread and butter, some biscuits, with tea and coffee, which the drinkers of could not distinguish from hot water sweet'ned—

“Be it remembered that pocket handkerchiefs served the purposes of Table cloths & Napkins and that no apologies were made for either. I shall therefore distinguish this ball by the stile and title of the Bread & Butter Ball. . . .

One of the great attractions at Mount Vernon for Washington's friends was the hunting. Though the Potomac has always been famous for duck and fish, Washington only occasionally went gunning, and less often did he try his skill with hook and line. The latter sport was little in evidence on this river where fishing has always been done on a wholesale scale by seines and nets and traps.

His prime outdoor diversion was fox hunting. The pursuit of Brer Fox seems sometimes to have been less an object in itself than an excuse to be in the saddle and to ride afield, for he loved to feel a horse under him, and he rode with famous skill. He loved the yelp of the pack and the excitement of a galloping group of horsemen, and the hard ride for hours at a time “across a country that was only for those who dared.” They justified the day whatever its end. It is inevitable that he was “fashionably” dressed for the hunt. His stepson says he “was always superbly mounted, in true sporting costume, of blue coat, scarlet waist-

coat, buckskin breeches, top boots, velvet cap, and whip with long thong."

Some notion of the out-of-door life at Mount Vernon, as well as the relative number of days devoted to ducking and fox hunting may be gathered from these quotations from the diary for the the months of January and February, 1769:

Jan. 4, Fox hunting; 10, Fox hunting; 11, Fox hunting; 12, Fox hunting; 16, Went a ducking; 17, Fox hunting; 18, Fox hunting; 19, Fox hunting; 20, Fox hunting; 21, Fox hunting; 25, Hunting below Accotinck; 28, Fox hunting; Feb. 3, Went a Gunning up the Creek; 9, Went a Ducking; 10, Went a shooting again; 11, Ducking till Dinner; 14, Fox hunting; 17, Rid out with my hounds; 18, Went a hunting with Doctr. Rumney Started a fox or rather 2 or 3 & caught none—Dogs mostly got after deer & never joined; 27, Fox hunting. . . .

There was a famous pack of hounds at Mount Vernon in the kennels down on the western slope leading to the wharf. Their names ring across the years fresh and inspiring: Pilot, Musick, Countess, Truelove, Lawlor, Forrister, Singer, Ringwood, Mopsey, Cloe, Dutchess, Chaunter, Drunkard and, doubtless his son, Topsy. From a stable full of thoroughbred mounts the names of Blueskin, Valiant Ajax, and Chinkling are preserved.

The races in Fairfax or neighboring counties in Virginia and Maryland were potent in drawing forth the squire of Mount Vernon. He con-

tributed liberally, entered horses from his stables, and occasionally laid a wager on the result. Washington was a steward of the Alexandria Jockey Club. Nearer Mount Vernon was Bogg's Race Track in the meadow below and to the west of Pohick Church, but the reader is left to wonder where might have been the track referred to in the brief entry: "Went up to a Race by Mr. Beckwith's & lodgd at Mr. Edwd. Paynes."

Rainy days or the early winter evenings were devoted to cards. Washington's account books indicate that playing cards were quickly used up. The profit and loss columns record his winnings and losses, which at times mounted to nine pounds at a sitting. It was a liberal age. Not only was gambling on a moderate scale considered a fashionable diversion, but the family at Mount Vernon patronized the lotteries on various occasions. These institutions were under distinguished social and even, in one instance, ecclesiastical patronage. Among the many lotteries in which Washington bought tickets were the Alexandria Street Lottery, "Colo. Byrds Lottery," Peregrine and Fitzhugh's Lottery, the Mountain Road Lottery, and Earl Sterling's Land and Cash Lottery. From letters and accounts it would seem that the last was much trafficked in. One item is for "£83 . . . 6—" for twelve tickets. Washington took quantities of Lord Sterling's Delaware lottery tickets and then resold them. His agent in this transaction was the Reverend Walter Magowan, of Saint James Parish, Anne Arundel County, Maryland,

who was a frequent visitor at Mount Vernon and was one of John Parke Custis' tutors.

One of the fashionable customs which was not tolerated at Mount Vernon, however, was duelling. Thackeray was under another impression, for he hinged the plot of "The Virginians" on the challenge sent to Washington by young Warrington, and it is implied that Washington will fight. Thackeray had evidently not read this letter of George Mason's: "You express a fear that General Lee will challenge our friend. Indulge in no such apprehensions, for he too well knows the sentiments of General Washington on the subject of duelling. From his earliest manhood I have heard him express his contempt of the man who sends and the man who accepts a challenge, for he regards such acts as no proof of moral courage; and the practice he abhors as a relic of old barbarisms, repugnant alike to sound morality and christian enlightenment."

Such are some of the aspects of life at Mount Vernon and of the character of its occupant before the Revolution. But such a survey would be incomplete if it carried the impression that so much social activity diminished interest in the family spirit, which in this instance rose out of the presence of Mrs. Washington's two children, Martha Custis and her brother, John Parke Custis.

Washington met the demands of his wife's children with the same tenderness and generosity as if he had been their own father. Martha, or Patty as she was more often called, was an invalid all

her short life. It was in large part for her that Doctor Green and Doctor Laurie and Doctor Rumney made their repeated visits to Mount Vernon. Once, in their hope to relieve the child, "Joshua Evans, who came here last night, put an Iron ring upon Patey (for fits)."

Mrs. Washington took her children on the trips away from Mount Vernon, though once she made the experiment of leaving Jacky at home, as she wrote her sister, Mrs. Bassett, and with such anxiety to herself that the boy probably accompanied his mother on future trips: "I carried my little patt with me and left Jacky at home for a trial to see how well I could stay without him though we ware gon but wone fortnight I was quite impatient to get home. If I at aney time heard the doggs barke or a noise out, I thought thair was a person sent for me."

There was a tutor at Mount Vernon to instruct Patty and Jack in their letters and figures, but the popular occasions of instructions were the days when Mr. Christian, the dancing master, arrived on his way over his itinerary, which extended the length of the Potomac's tidewater valley. The classes were held at Mount Vernon and Gunston Hall in turn, when all the children of the neighborhood assembled to be taught the rollicking country dances or the formal minuet. When the afternoon had been danced away and candles were brought, Mr. Christian retired, and the young people romped at "Button to get Pauns for Redemption" or "Break the Pope's Neck." The fun was

carried on with "sprightliness and Decency," but the "Pauns" were potent to wring "kisses from the Ladies."

Washington was fond of dancing and he took an interest in the dancing classes and the after sport of the children. Though his manner was gentle and kindly, his presence was so imposing that young people as well as their elders were inclined to become reserved when with him. The reminiscence of an old Virginia lady of ninety-one, who in her twelfth year romped under the eyes of Colonel and Mrs. Washington, is a likely one: "Often, when at their games in the drawing-room at night—perhaps romping, dancing and noisy—they [the children] would see the General watching their movements at some side door, enjoying their sport, and if at any time his presence seemed to check them, he would beg them not to mind him, but go on just as before, encouraging them in every possible way to continue their amusement to their hearts' content."

The little family kept together until 1768, when the Reverend Walter Magowan, of lottery fame, who had been tutoring the Custis children, left for England. The education of girls was not a serious matter in those days, and Miss Patty was considered sufficiently accomplished in Mr. Magowan's rudiments and the graces Mr. Christian had given her. With a man it was different. He had to be educated. So in the same year Jack went over to Annapolis under the care of Reverend Jonathan Boucher, who had several other young

gentlemen under his charge. During the next five years Jack was away from home much of the time, either at Annapolis or at King's College in New York.

Running parallel with Washington's private life at Mount Vernon, throughout the pre-Revolutionary period, was an active public life, for he met and recognized the responsibilities of citizenship always in full. The period of this public service was so much over-shadowed by his earlier and later military career and by his supreme service under the new Republic, that it is easy to think of Mount Vernon at this time merely as a home of an industrious, pleasure-loving planter. Bound up in his home though he was, there emanated from Mount Vernon wider and more unselfish interests than those which were merely social and domestic.

PAUL WILSTACH.

JEFFERSON AT MONTICELLO

WHERE is there another instance of a young man of twenty-six who owned a mountain for a plaything and, inspired by the ambitious plans of one of the greatest architectural classicists, set about at once to crown his mountain and realized the fabrication of his dream?

He was often, nearly always, from home at this time, on the wing, or more properly on the hoof, for his trips were generally made on horseback, journeying from court to court in the counties round

about his own, with fixed spring and winter stops at Williamsburg where he sat for Albemarle County in the House of Burgesses.

Life at the capital was a gay relief for Jefferson. He found varied companionship. Nearly all the clippers in from England anchored near by in the James or the York, and they sent the latest news and the newest comers the few miles inland. There was a company of players in Williamsburg, and Jefferson's expense book records many an "eleven and six" spent for a ticket to the play, and the record is in nearly every instance preceded or followed immediately by a note of other shillings spent "at the Coffee-house," significant of a dinner before the performance or a snack or drink after it. As a member of the Burgesses, although a junior, his associates were George Washington, Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee, Benjamin Harrison, Peyton Randolph, James Mercer, Robert Carter Nicholas, and Thomas Nelson, Jr. He met them on the floor of the House, and about the tables and firesides of the homes of the town. He renewed his visits to the great plantation houses, oftenest no doubt to Rosewell across the York in Gloucester County, where he found his friend John Page married and possibly fathering the first of his remarkable sequence of twenty children.

Another estate visited at this time, and of more especial significance to this story, was the Forest, home of John Wayles, in Charles City County, not far from the capital. Wayles had a daughter who

married Bathurst Skelton in 1766 and in less than two years was a childless girl widow, not yet twenty years old. She must have been a young person of great personal charm or beauty, and probably of both, for in the first days of her widowhood the Forest was alive with stalking suitors. They were so numerous that they got in each other's way. The story of how they settled their problem has been told in several ways. All agree, however, that they drew lots to see who should first have the opportunity to propose to her. Before the first man's interview with her was over it seems that they were deep in a duet, she playing the spinet and he the violin, with intervals of song. The others heard the strains of this music, and something about the performance told them that they had lost. Though devoted to music, it was often said that the performer was no great fiddler, and in this case it has been hinted that the young lady's seeming enjoyment of such indifferent playing convinced the other young men of her devotion to him and of the futility of their own or any other suits. The reader has already guessed that the winner was Thomas Jefferson. Whatever may have been the circumstances, the time when this proposal was made is not quite clear. Perhaps the best hint of it is found in the nature and intensity of the work at Monticello, with some inquiry into the orders which appeared in his letters to foreign correspondents.

There is in Jefferson's handwriting a list of purchases which he requested a friend to make for

him in London, October 2, 1767, which likelier were for Shadwell than for the mountain, but it is amusing and significant of the trend of his interest: "Sent by James Ogilvie for two swing dovetail door hinges . . . thermometer . . . case of bottles . . . music for spinet and violin . . . strings for violincello . . . glass cylinders . . . stock locks . . . locks of the mortise kind . . . a Scotch carpet 17 ft. 3 ft. . . . calendar for pressing clothes."

But it was at Monticello certainly that he set out so carefully the orchards he had planted. The date of the record is March 14, 1769:

"planted on the S. E. side of the hill as follows.
On the Ridge beginning at the bottom

1 row of Pears, 25 f. apart 12 in row. left vacant

1 row of do ingrafted.

2 rows of cherries. Intended for stocks to in-
oculate.

2 of New York apples ingrafted.

1 of Peach stocks for inoculating almonds.

1 of do for do apricots.

$\frac{1}{2}$ row do for nectarines— $\frac{1}{2}$ row of
quinces.

In the Hollow

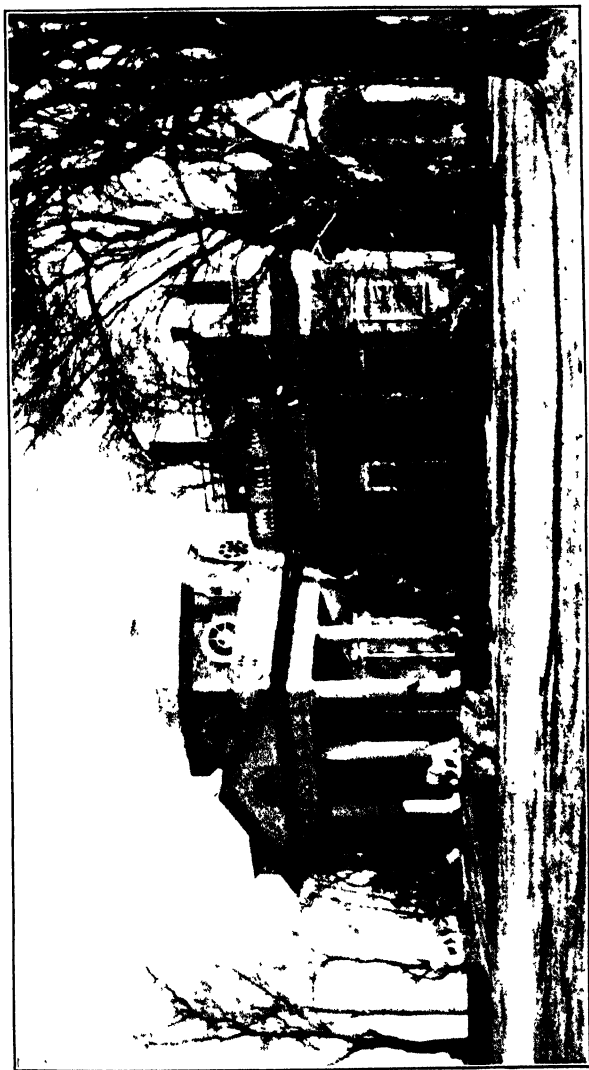
1 row of Pomegranates $12\frac{1}{2}$ feet apart 12 in row.

2 do of figs.

2 do of peach stocks for inoculating apricots.

1 do walnuts."

How characteristic of the novelty-seeker, as he revealed himself to be, to have introduced nectarines and pomegranates into a colony where they had never been grown before and probably not



MONTICELLO, THE HOME OF THOMAS JEFFERSON

since. The idea, and perhaps the stocks and pits, he may have picked up from the little group of Italians who had settled in the neighborhood just before the Revolution, if it were by chance so early as this year of 1769. In the October following he noted "delivered Jas Ogilvie £14.18 to buy articles for house etc. in England."

There was nothing in this to suggest imminent marriage as there may have been in an entry made the following July: "Nichs. Meriweather sais that 30 hills of Cucumbers 4 ft. apart will supply a middling family plentifully," however little cucumbers may be suggestive of romance.

The sources of information during all the next year are barren of any suggestions of preparations for a bride. In 1770, however, activities on the mountain speeded up, and there is a sly suggestion or two in his impatience and in the nature of his orders that his suit has prospered and he must be prepared for his new estate as a married man.

In February he wrote to Ogilvie in England: "I have lately removed to the mountain from whence this is dated and with which you are not unacquainted. I have here but one room, which, like the cobblers, serves me for parlor, for kitchen and hall. I may add for bedchamber and study, too. My friends sometimes take a temperate dinner with me and then retire to look for beds elsewhere." So by 1770 at least he was evidently in the brick house which still survives as the southeast terminal of the domestic colonnade. In the

same letter he continues: "If anything should obstruct your setting out immediately for Virginia I should beg the favor of you to send the things I asked of you to purchase by some careful Captain coming on James River. Such of them as were for my buildings, or for housekeeping I am particularly in want of."

The same day to another correspondent about to sail for England, he wrote: "One farther favor and I am done; to search the Herald's office for the arms of my family. I have what I have been told were the family arms, but on what authority I know not. It is possible there may be none. If so, I would with your assistance become a purchaser, having Stearne's word for it that a coat of arms may be purchased as cheap as any other coat. The things I have desired you to purchase for me I would beg you to hasten, particularly the Clavichord, which I have directed to be purchased in Hamburg, because they are better made there, and much cheaper."

He wrote this same correspondent the first of June following with more particularity: "I must alter one article in the invoice. I wrote therein for a Clavichord. I have since seen a Forte-piano and am charmed with it. Send me this instrument then instead of the Clavichord: let the case be of fine mahogany, solid, not veneered, the compass from Double G. to F. in alt, a plenty of spare strings; and the workmanship of the whole very handsome and worthy of the acceptance of a lady for whom I intend it. I must add also $\frac{1}{2}$

dozen pair cotton stockings for myself @ 10/ sterling per pair, $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen pair best white silk do.; and a large umbrella with brass ribs, covered with green silk, and neatly finished. By this change of the Clavichord into a Forte-piano and addition of the other things, I shall be brought in debt to you, to discharge which I will ship you of the first tobacco I get to the warehouse in the fall. I expect by that time, and also from year to year afterwards, I must send you an invoice, with tobacco, somewhat enlarged, as I have in prospect to become more regularly a paterfamilias. I desire the favor of you to procure me an architect. I must repeat the request earnestly, and that you will send him in as soon as you can. [There were in the colonies at that time no architects in the sense in which the term is now understood. Jefferson meant a master builder.] I shall conclude with one petition: that you send me the articles contained in my invoice and written for above as soon as you receive this, as I suppose they may be bought ready-made; and particularly the Forte-piano, for which I shall be very impatient."

Had these confessions not been available he would nevertheless have stood confessed the lover preparing his bower in the notes he set out at great length in his pocket account book for this year. They are delightful revelations of a state of mind. They were probably written on dull evenings when there was no post to carry letters away next day to the little widow on the James.

Choose out for a burying place some unfrequented vale in the park, where is "no sound to break the stillness but a brook, that bubbling winds among the weeds; no mark of any human shape that has been there, unless the skeleton of some poor wretch, who sought that place out to despair and die in." Let it be among ancient and venerable oaks; intersperse some gloomy evergreens. The area circular, about sixty feet diameter, encircled with an untrimmed hedge of cedar, or of stone wall with a holly hedge on it in the form below. In the centre of it erect a small Gothic temple of antique appearance. Appropriate one half to the use of my own family, the other to strangers, servants, etc. Erect pedestals with urns, etc., and proper inscriptions. The passage between the walls, four feet wide. On the grave of a favorite and faithful servant might be a pyramid erected of the rough rockstone; the pedestal made plain to receive an inscription. Let the exit of the spiral . . . look on a small and distant part of the Blue Mountains In the middle of the temple an altar, the sides of turf, the top a plain stone. Very little light, perhaps none at all, save only the feeble ray of an half-extinguished lamp.

In planning a spring-house in the form of a temple, the lower and upper rooms were to be eight feet cube, "the roof to be Chinese, Grecian, or in the taste of the Lantern of Demosthenes at Athens." Here and elsewhere he reminds to plant "jessamine, honeysuckle, sweet-briar etc. . . . under the temple an Æolian harp . . . form a couch of moss . . . the English inscription will then be proper

"Nymph of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,
And to the murmur of these waters sleep;
Ah! spare my slumbers! gently tread the cave!
And drink in silence, or in silence lave!"

As for the grounds in general his dream would be: "Keep it in deer, rabbits, peacocks, guinea poultry, pigeons, etc. Let it be an asylum for hares, squirrels, pheasants, partridges, and every other wild animal (except those of prey). Court them to it, by laying food for them in proper places. Procure a buck-elk, to be, as it were, monarch of the wood; but keep him shy, that his appearance may not lose its effect by too much familiarity. A buffalo might be confined too." And as a final touch: "Inscriptions in various places, on the barks of trees or metal plates, suited to the character or expression of the particular spot."

Thomas Jefferson and Martha Wayles Skelton were married at the Forest, January 1, 1772, he in his twenty-ninth and she in her twenty-third year. His fixed habits did not abandon him even on his wedding day. In his account book he set down exactly what he paid the two clergymen, the musicians, and the servants.

This January saw some of the heaviest snowfalls that the then living generation remembered. The bride and groom were not daunted, however, but set out almost immediately in a two horse chaise for their new home on the mountain more than one hundred miles away. The road they followed is not indicated, except that they went by way of

Blenheim, an estate some eight miles from Monticello, where the snow was so deep that they were forced to abandon their chaise. There was no one at Blenheim but an overseer. Such was their eagerness to reach their home that, although there was a mere mountain track rather than an actual road much of the rest of the way, with from eighteen inches to two feet of snow over it, and already the setting sun was near the horizon, they pushed forward on horseback. It was late in the night when they reached the mountain and attained the summit, and Jefferson led his bride into the little one-room brick house which he had been using and which they were now to share. There was neither light nor fire. The slaves had not believed the young people would come on such a night and were fast asleep in their own cabins. Much nonsense has been written about how they spent the rest of the night with books, a fiddle, and a bottle of wine. The enthusiastic surmise of Parton probably comes nearer than any other: "What a welcome on a cold night in January! They burst into the house and flooded it with the warmth and light of their own unquenchable good humor! Who could wish a better place for a honeymoon than a snug brick cottage, lifted five hundred and eighty feet above the world . . . and three feet of snow blocking out all intruders?"

With what easily imagined pride he must, in the bright sunshine of the next morning, have ex-

plained to her the drawings of the house he had planned for their future, where the mansion would stand, how the mysterious terraced passages would reach out and lead into other long unguessed elbows of domestic offices, quarters, and stables, terminating in two square pavilions, one of which was then their temporary housing and the other to be built across the lawn for his law office. This was promise.

He had another surprise, actual, completed, permanent: the matchless panorama from the summit of Monticello. To the east lay the level plain whose rivers drain the mountains into the Chesapeake and the Atlantic. Here the outlook was checked only by the limitation of vision. Tumbling off diagonally to the northeast they saw that continuation of the detached ridge on which they stood, the Southwest Mountains. Through the broad sweeping gap between them and the next mountain northeast ran the winding Rivanna, a mile away, one of the boundaries of Monticello but not of the entire estate. It begins a few miles west where it gathers to itself the Meechum River, Moorman's River, and an indefinite number of streams which have their beginnings in the melted snows of the perennial springs of the main range. It is only to the southwest that the wide horizon is interrupted by anything really near. Here rise somewhat above Monticello the green heights of Carter's Mountain, the continuation of the Southwest Mountains to the south. Westward and northward, across a broad and gently rolling

valley, they beheld the spectacle of the Blue Ridge, a rim on the horizon twenty miles away at its nearest crest and diminishing in perspective as its blue summits blend into the azure of the sky far away to the north. That morning in January, 1772, the world was white, but in the warmer months the coloring of all the prospect about Monticello holds the varying greens of vast forest reaches and occasional cultivated fields, and far away all the blues and purples and grays that nature blends in long distances. This view was the enchantment of his boyhood. It was surely the determining reason for the location of his mansion, it was his delight all his life long, and it remains to-day a notable panorama into whatever comparison it may be drawn.

PAUL WILSTACH.

END OF VOLUME XI

